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# THE THEATRE

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VOL. XIII, 1911



NEW YORK

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

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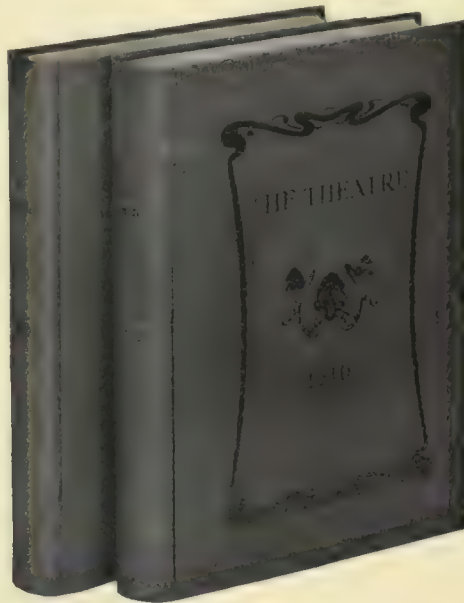
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GIACOMO PUCCINI

The famous Italian composer who has done this country the honor of giving it the première of his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 10 last for the first time on any stage



Photo White

Olga Nethersole

Edward Mackay

Act III. Verus tells Mary how she can liberate Christ

SCENE IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "MARY MAGDALENE," AT THE NEW THEATRE

## SOME RECENT PLAYS

NEW THEATRE. "MARY MAGDALENE." Play in three acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Produced December 5 with this cast:

Lucius Verus.....Edward Mackay	Nicodemus.....Reginald Barker
Annoeus Silanus.....Arthur Forrest	Joseph of Arimathaea.....A. B. Ineson
Appius.....Charles B. Hanford	Martha.....Beatrice Moreland
Coelius.....Frederick Macklyn	Mary Magdalene.....Olga Nethersole
Lazarus.....Wilfrid Roger	

That Maeterlinck's poetic imagination should have been drawn to the story of Mary Magdalene and her regeneration through her love of the Divine Figure whose voice, whose authority, and whose uttered truths thrilled her soul, is proof of his own loving tenderness of heart. He did not seize upon the subject for mere theatrical use, and yet it was the woman that appealed to him. Maeterlinck's work up to his writing of this play has been Pagan in his sympathies and not Christian. We do not undertake, for a moment, to determine his religious views, but in the very nature of the play, "Mary Magdalene," the woman, is the central figure. The necessity for this in a dramatic sense presents at once an enormous difficulty in the successful writing and production of such a play. Keeping the chief figure of the drama, and He must

be the chief figure, out of the visible action, does not make the undertaking easier. It is possible that the action of the play might be so well balanced that Maeterlinck's intent to centre our sympathies on the repentant woman might be made effective; but Miss Nethersole's acting does not accomplish that end. She played the part with unaccustomed restraint, but her passionate love for the Roman soldier and suitor was too violent in its embraces and kisses and undulations and physical allurements to denote the change (or a possible change at any time) in the spiritual nature of Mary Magdalene. The portrayal of such a character with such a struggle of emotions rending her requires something more, a great deal more, than theatrical art. Miss Nethersole acted the part well, but she was not Mary Magdalene. The play in book form, read as literature, reaches its aim and is very satisfactory if one does not project himself, with an adequate knowledge of the stage, into the possible performance of it. Technically the play is not equal to any other of Maeterlinck's plays.

The first act is full of talk and discussion. The development

of the plot is slow. The action gathers itself into a few supreme moments that are thrilling, but the human side of it is not put forward well. It is not a good acting play at every moment. A good acting play must never let up in its action. The stage pictures are beautiful. There is perhaps some overelaboration. Mary Magdalene first appears in raiment that only the Queen of Sheba could have devised or had the assurance to wear. This figure of the supposedly captivating woman was enmeshed in silks, shining in colors, the head surmounted by a structure of gold and jewels of a most uncomfortable kind. The splendor and worldly estate of this woman could have been indicated better in some simpler way. It was the woman and not her finery that had a significance. Her splendor had only a subordinate part in what befell her. The rabble did not assail her because of her proud magnificence, but because of her character. This head-piece of Mary Magdalene is pure theatricalism. We need not recount the story, surely not. Mary Magdalene's soul is born anew, and she refuses further degradation in not consenting to the alternative offered to her by the Roman officer. She cannot save her benefactor. It is a tragedy of the soul, a tragedy that was experienced in actual life, and it is very impressive. It is even possible that Miss Nethersole might bring out this impressiveness by greater simplicity. The play, in any event, will remain a beautiful work of literature, whether the desired result is ever obtained with it or not. The production was over-burdened with music. The attempt to have the Lord speak to us through horns and stringed instruments was not entirely successful, although the music is of the highest possible quality. Perhaps the music also might be restored to helpfulness if the acting were simplified and made more sincere. Theatrically Mr. Arthur Forrest, as Silanus, and of Mr. Charles B. Hanford, as Appius, were capable, but they, too, might be simpler in their methods. The scene in which the rabble appeared, the blind and the halt, those who had been healed, and Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead, contributed to a success that does not go quite far enough.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra interpreted a symphonic arrangement, by Mr. Modest Altschuler, based on various Hebraic and Oriental melodies, designed to convey the spirit of the play.

BROADWAY. "MACBETH." Tragedy in six acts by William Shakespeare. Presented December 5 with this cast:

Duncan .....	William Harris	A Doctor .....	Albert S. Howson
Malcolm .....	Eric Blind	A Sergeant .....	Thomas Coleman
Donalbain .....	P. J. Kelly	A Porter .....	Rowland Buckstone
Macbeth .....	Mr. Sothorn	A Messenger .....	Milano Tilden
Banquo .....	Sydney Mather	Murderers .....	Wilton Lord
Macduff .....	Frederick Lewis	Gentlewoman .....	Arthur Morris
Lennox .....	France Bendtsen	Lady Macbeth .....	Norah Lamson
Ross .....	John Taylor	First Witch .....	Miss Marlowe
Menteith .....	Arthur Norton	Second Witch .....	Albert S. Howson
Angus .....	Frederick Roland	Third Witch .....	Malcolm Bradley
Caithness .....	Ernest Sinclair	Apparitions .....	Leonore Chippendale
Fleance .....	Eleanor Fraleigh	.....	Eleanor Frank
Seward .....	Paul Roberts	.....	Charlotte Lewis
Seyton .....	Wendell Morse	.....	William Sumpter

The Sothorn-Marlowe production of "Macbeth" will be remembered as one of the most elaborate and satisfying the present generation has seen of Shakespeare's tragedy. From the standpoint of *mise en scene* there is only praise to be recorded. The costuming is beautiful and artistic throughout, and there are no crude anachronisms in the sets for the "Castle." The Sir Arthur Sullivan music is occasionally too obtrusive, but this is a minor fault. All in all, the production as made by these distinguished players is a distinct credit to their taste and intelligence.

One can scarcely imagine a Lord and Lady Macbeth further removed from a "butcher and his fiend-like queen"—Malcolm's characterization of the pair, and the keynote of the rôles as generally played—than these two characters in the hands of Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe. At no time was Sothorn in the least like a ruthless conqueror, seeking whom he could devour. And in only one speech, the famous

*"I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I sworn as you have done to this."*

was Miss Marlowe even remotely "fiendish." Here she could not help herself, of course; there is something very uncompromising about that speech. Even as a means of inciting an adored husband to reach out and seize a crown, it cannot well be fitted in to a conception of Lady Macbeth as a sweet, gracious and loving personality. Yet, for the most, this is what Miss Marlowe makes of the ambitious queen. She is a woman (Continued on page ix)



Photo White

Cochus  
(Frederick Macklyn)

Silanus (Arthur Forrest) Appius (Charles B. Hanford)

Mary Magdalene  
(Olga Nethersole)

Lucius Verna  
(Edward Mackay)

Act I. Mary learns from Silanus that the Nazarene is at the house next door

SCENE IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "MARY MAGDALENE," AT THE NEW THEATRE



Mishkin

Caruso

Destinn

Amato

The girl (Emmy Destinn) arrives in time to save Johnson (Signor Caruso) from being hanged

SCENE IN ACT III OF PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

## New York Acclaims Puccini's New Opera

AT last the operatic tables have been turned on Europe, for on December 10th, at the Metropolitan Opera House, there was celebrated the first performance on any stage of Giacomo Puccini's latest opera, "La Fanciulla del West," more familiarly known in the colloquial as "The Girl of the Golden West." The libretto is by C. Zangarini and G. Civinini, who have merely made an operatic version of that successful and familiar play by David Belasco, seen here years ago with Blanche Bates and Frank Keenan in the principal rôles.

Puccini saw the play acted here several years ago, on the occasion of his first visit to this country, when his earlier opera, "Madama Butterfly," was being prepared at the Metropolitan. He fell in love with "The Girl" at first sight and decided then and there that here was a stirring dramatic action simply begging for a wide-awake composer to perpetuate it on the opera stage.

So if the disgruntled American composer is wailing and gnashing his teeth—and there were some in the lobbies of the Metropolitan on the night of the première—let him blame nobody but himself if he allowed an enterprising and artistic Italian to be the first to take a typically American story and fashion it into a grand opera for home consumption.

Let it be admitted at the outset that "The Girl of the Golden West" is a success. The scenes of enthusiasm attending its first performance have been graphically described in the daily newspapers—applause, cheers, curtain calls without end for Puccini, Belasco, Gatti-Casazza, Toscanini and the principal singers. And let a special note of thanks be sounded to the active members of the Metropolitan Opera House directors who made this première possible in New York, even before Europe had heard a note of the work. This artistic energy should be encouraged. New York has an ensemble of the greatest

opera artists in the world, it has a magnificent opera house, so why should not composers bring their new works here to us first? A few important premières like that of "The Girl" will do more toward establishing New York's fame as an opera centre than a thousand excellent productions of operas familiar to Europe.

So hail to "The Girl of the Golden West!" And hats off to David Belasco who slaved for weeks to inject spirit, movement and "atmosphere" into this array of great artists who, however, are not Americans but are natives of Italy, Bohemia, Poland, Algiers, Germany and France.

The result of David Belasco's work was very apparent at the première, for a more realistic production has never been seen on the Metropolitan stage. Never has an operatic mob acted with such spirit as did this gang of miners and cowpunchers in the last act; and all through the performance there were just those little touches that stamp a Belasco production.

It is a remarkable production scenically. There are but three acts—one act having been sacrificed in the process of turning the play into an opera. Acts one and two—the interiors of the "Polka" and of Minnie's hut are almost identical with the play, but the third act, the Redwood Forest, is entirely new. There the sheriff's posse captures Johnson and is about to hang him upon a convenient tree when Minnie dashes in on her bronco and pleads for his life. She wins, and the two lovers turn their faces eastward while singing an Italian farewell to the beloved California.

And the music? Puccini has garbed this story with the most ambitious score that he has ever written. It is often brutal, it is so fully orchestrated as to give the impression of boisterousness in spots. But these are oases in a wilderness of cleverness.



Dupont

ARTURO TOSCANINI

Who conducted with masterly skill the first performance of "The Girl of the Golden West"



LULU GLASER AS CHRIST'L IN "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

Some of the Puccinists will be disappointed in this music because they will miss those saccharine lines of melody that stamp "La Bohème" and "Madama Butterfly." They exist in "The Girl" but in much lesser quantity. If it needs be compared to any other of Puccini's writing, "Tosca" will more nearly approach it in character.

But a yell has already arisen that this opera is not "American." What a pity! Perhaps some of the learned dissenters will arise to explain how "Madama Butterfly" is Japanese, or how "Manon Lescaut" is French. In "Madama Butterfly" he throws a sop to searching ears by using a really Japanese tune, but to a Japanese this opera is provocative of nothing but laughter. So why put the yell to "The Girl" just because its action happens to take place in a California mining camp three scores of years ago. It is a safe gamble to assert that none of those who find this opera un-American have but the faintest and vaguest idea of the "atmosphere" of that mining camp during the days of the gold fever.

A truce to such niggling. If Puccini's music fits the Belasco action then the artist has achieved his task. And it certainly does fit the action. It reflects every mood of this rough tale, mirrors every sentiment that is loosed by the dramatist. And when it is brutal it is consistently so, as dictated by the plot. What more can one ask?

Here, too, there is a sop to musical chauvinists, for Puccini has used "rag time" rhythm to indicate the approach of Johnson, the Road Agent. This ought to appease those who search for operatic notes in the eye of this score. Also are there some of the fine sentimental bursts for which this composer is famous. And for those who weep for the decline of easy flowing melody they will find here a waltz tune that is bound to be really popular music before the opera is a month old.

More than all these details, there is in this score a big dramatic surge that silences caption. One of the greatest incidents is the

music accompanying the card scene, the crux of the opera. Then there is heard in the orchestra a continual thumping which suggests to the listener the beat of Minnie's heart as she gambles with the Sheriff for the life of the man she loves. That is almost a stroke of genius on the part of the musician who wrote it. It spreads a feeling of tense suspense in the audience, and then, after Minnie has cheated her way to success, the orchestra looses all its forces in one wild, triumphant burst, a perfect deluge of tonal frenzy. There is one thing about this score, however, that must be admitted, and it is the fact that this music really demands more than one or even two hearings before its full dramatic significance is entirely revealed. And, after all, that is a virtue rather than a fault for it proves that the composer has not strewn all his cleverness along the surface of his music.

The artists fairly outdid themselves in performing this difficult work. Miss Destinn, in the title rôle, sang and acted as she never has here before. There were none of the usual meaningless operatic gestures about her impersonation, and vocally she rose to new heights.

Nor has Caruso ever acted as well as he did in the part of Johnson—and he sang like a proverbial angel, especially his solo in the final act. As Sheriff Jack Rance, Amato gave a startlingly impressive reading—it was as though Frank Keenan had found himself possessed of a barytone voice. Reiss, as Nick, and Didur, as Ashby—they were excellent, and Gilly swaggered about in a red flannel shirt and a sombrero as though he had been to the cowboy man-nor born.

Arturo Toscanini conducted a performance that was nothing short of masterly. He had memorized this score and conducted it with infinite understanding of all its effective possibilities. The orchestra under him played superbly; the chorus sang well; the stage "business" was flawless—

(Continued on page viii)



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WALTER DAMROSCH

Whose Sunday concerts of the New York Symphony Society have attracted crowds of music lovers to the New Theatre



THE RUSSIAN BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA, LATELY HEARD AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

# The Real Bernhardt

By Robert Grau

FOR the eighth time in a total period of more than three decades, and at the age of sixty-seven, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has come to America for a tournée which is likely to be her last.

Madame Sarah's visits to the land of dollars have come in cycles, yet there has been a lapse of but three years since her last tour, when she broke all records in a financial way, playing to the largest gross receipts ever recorded for any attraction outside of grand opera, and excelling even the famous Bernhardt-Coquelin tour, when the scale of prices was almost double that which prevails when Sarah alone is the magnet.

It will be recalled that on this last visit Bernhardt was supposedly barred from the theatres controlled by the Theatrical Syndicate, and was compelled to appear in tents, Convention halls and armories. Much was heard, too, of Madame's indignation at the time, and it was said that she vowed she would never be seen again in any theatre in which this syndicate had an interest, yet on this tour, now in progress, the Syndicate theatres are the only ones to which the Bernhardt entourage will be confined. As a matter of fact, Mme. Bernhardt is just a normal, shrewd, business woman. In her entire career she has never permitted herself to utter one of the radical things regarding the theatre and the public with which she has been credited.

The general impression, too, seems to be that Sarah is difficult to manage, whereas just the contrary is the exact truth. During the fifteen years that she was under the direction of my brother, Maurice Grau, she never had a written contract with him, and the terms under which her tours were conducted remained absolutely the same throughout the entire period. It is also true that Bernhardt's present manager, William F. Connor, has only a verbal agreement with her, but notwithstanding efforts made to effect a change by offering greatly increased terms, the word alone of Bernhardt was held to be absolutely binding.

There may yet be some persons who believe some of the "coffin" stories which have always surrounded this illustrious woman, but the truth is that Sarah is the most superb illustration of the absolutely normal artiste-woman that theatrical history of this generation can record. That Madame has a temper is true enough, but, as a rule, this trait becomes evident only in a desire for artistic perfection in her stage representations. I have known her to keep an audience waiting fifteen minutes, because a portière was not hung properly, and in such matters Sarah never has been known to capitulate, but once appeased, her anger ceases instantly. No one appreciates conciliation more than she.

With all that has been written, true and untrue, of this remarkable woman, it is not known that Bernhardt, although she has had the longest and most sustained career of any living stage celebrity, has no personal fortune whatever. In fact, it has always been necessary for any impresario to advance to Madame from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars before she could proceed on any new journey, and as security she would always offer her life insurance policy. This financial status has existed throughout her unexampled career, even in the years when her tour's earnings exceeded \$200,000.

Sarah Bernhardt is the most prodigious worker the theatre has



From Sketch Photographs by Bert and Reutlinger  
THE DIVINE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER: SARAH BERNHARDT; HER SON, MAURICE BERNHARDT; HER SON'S DAUGHTER, MME. EDGARD GROSS, AND MME. GROSS'S BABY

The divine Sarah is a great-grandmother—a remarkable fact, for Sarah Bernhardt retains her youth in wonderful manner, and her voice has lost none of its golden quality

ever known. It should silence forever those "stars" who object to an extra matinée to see the great French woman play nine and ten times a week the most fatiguing rôles in her repertoire. I have seen her again and again call a rehearsal after a performance in which she has taken the principal rôle, and remain in the theatre until long after midnight, in order that some flaw in the presentation might be remedied.

The mystery as to where the actress' extraordinary earnings go to is yet to be solved. When her son Maurice was much younger, he was allotted \$50,000 a year, and his managerial experiments in Paris at the Bernhardt Theatre are said to have cost his mother a fortune. Sarah has been for some time a great-grandmother, but if even her generosity extends to the children of Maurice, this would not account for her abnormal financial position.

It is difficult to predict when Mme. Bernhardt will elect to close her remarkable career, but that she is well aware of the limitations of age and physique is attested by her acceptance of a weekly honorarium of \$5,000 at the Colosseum, in London—an ordinary music-hall where she appeared just before coming to America.

Madame's colleagues threw up their hands in horror, but again Bernhardt showed herself to be the sensible artiste-woman, for she claimed that she could maintain her standard in any class of theatre. Besides, did she not need the money before embarking on her eighth American tour?



CELINE BONHEUR  
As Amneris in "Aida"



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BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. (Inset) HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR



LEON SIBIRIAKOFF  
Russian basso, who makes his début

**B**OSTON, at last, has an opera house of its own. For years music lovers have been sedu-

lously sighing for permanent opera. Now they have it, adequately housed, and given with devoted attention to all the details of stage management, with a large and well-trained orchestra and with excellent ensemble. The price of the best seats has advanced this year, and the people who sit up in the balcony feel a bit aggrieved because they cannot, during the long entr'acts, mingle in the foyer with the "great world" of the boxes! Accordingly, there is at the present moment, no more pressing question in Boston than: How shall the cheaper seats be filled at every performance? Mr. Eben D. Jordan, the chief benefactor of the Opera House, has found one way to answer this question, and his example might well be followed by other of the wealthy shareholders. He buys up large numbers of seats in the gallery, which he then distributes at half price or at no price at all to students and others who desire to cultivate their taste for opera.

As for Boston's lack of transcendent stars, as a regular thing there are only so many superlative singers in the country, and

these do not sing every night, even in the Metropolitan Opera House. Moreover, Philadelphia and Chicago also have permanent opera in these days, and they, as well as Boston, have their rights in Caruso, Farrar, Destinn and Amato. As a matter of fact, our own list of regular singers, which includes Lipkowska, Neilsen, Baklanoff and Constantino, — to mention only a few, contains deservedly

## Grand Opera in Boston

distinguished names. New York at any rate seems glad enough to borrow these artists in exchange for its

Geraldine Farrar, its Emmy Destinn, and its Louise Homer. Boston's usual casts need not be apologized for; and ere the season is over, all the greatest singers now in this country will have appeared on the Boston Opera House stage.

The director, Mr. Henry Russell, does the finest possible thing in giving here, night after night, week in and week out, grand opera, which is better sung from start to finish than in any other opera-producing city of the country. In regard to scenery and costumes, nothing is left to be desired and, already, there have been several performances which should be characterized by no less an adjective than brilliant.

One such was when "Faust" was given, early in December, with Nordica as Marguerite. This popular prima donna is New England's own and, for nearly two decades, she has won deserved praise wherever heard. Nowadays she confines herself chiefly to concert work, but Mr. Russell, with his keen scent for what will give pleasure to his patrons, went to her last summer with an

urgent offer to appear at the Boston Opera House as Gioconda, Isolde, and Marguerite, all parts which have helped make her famous.

The Faust of this altogether satisfying Marguerite was Hermann Jadlowker, whom the German Emperor brought to the Royal Opera at Berlin, after accidentally hearing him sing at Karlsruhe. He has been loaned for a brief period to Boston,



Marceau, Boston  
LEO DEVAUX



Copyright Marceau  
LUCETTE DE LIEVIN



Copyright Mishkin  
GIOVANNI ZENATELLO

(Cont'd on page vi)





Matzene  
JEANNE KOROLEWICZ  
LILLIAN GRENVILLE



EXTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO.  
(Inset) ANDREAS DIPPEL, DIRECTOR (Copyright Dupont)



Matzene  
CAROLINA WHITE  
ALICE ZEPELLI

# CHICAGO would have none of "Salome." Though the receipts for the first performance aggregated \$15,000, and an audience, as brilliant, as poignantly interested as any audience in Europe or America had been, had gathered to fill the Auditorium, though they had come eagerly with almost breathless anticipation of a great artistic feast, somehow when the thing was done, and the final curtain lowered, they wandered out oppressed, silent and disappointed. On the occasion of the second performance of this sensational Strauss-Wilde work, silently they evinced their disapproval by remaining away. There had been only a faint few murmurs of protest or disapproval, but Andreas Dippel understood. It scarcely required a polite hint from the Chief of Police. Always with a finger on the public pulse, this astute and diplomatic impresario knew unerringly which pawn to move. His swift action in withdrawing the opera from the company's Chicago repertoire, combined with the suggestive element of commercial shrewdness in the worldwide gratuitous advertising gleaned from that action, has somehow more than ever lifted the manager of the Chicago Grand Opera Company in the estimation of the public, as a man pre-eminently fitted for the position. For Dippel already with marked adaptability has put himself in touch with his new environment. The first four weeks of opera in Chicago, the average weekly subscription, added to actual box-office receipts for twenty-six operas and four concerts, has amounted to \$180,000.

## Grand Opera in Chicago

After all, the production of "Salome" in Chicago was but an experiment. Its withdrawal meant

little. Announced as a Friday special on a non-subscription night, the original scheme seems to have been to leave that evening open for test performances. Several other complete novelties, absolutely new to America, are announced for similar tests, including Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," Jean Nougues' "Quo Vadis" and the Herbert-Redding "Natoma." Though these works have been relegated for trial on special Friday nights, it does not mean that such novelties as "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Samson et Delila," "Thais," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"—never before heard in the West—must also face relative uncertainty. One by one they have been marshalled out, tried and found supremely acceptable, and have taken their places in the regular repertoire of the company. Though the West has rejected "Salome," on the other hand "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande," with their pure beauty and poetic idealism, "Thais," with its tonal magnificence, are growing steadily in favor. Mary Garden has established herself

in this trio of works as a star of the first magnitude, created widespread delight, and won unqualified approval. Already one hears the name of Garden on the lips of the very gamins of the gutter. That means it has spread far, even though the street urchin is quick to recognize the sign of the times. Little by little permanent grand opera is striking deep into the hearts of the people.



Copyright Matzene  
MARY GARDEN



Matzene  
ELEANORA DE CISNEROS



Falk  
MARGUERITE SYLVA

(Cont'd on page vii)



SCENE IN THE "ELECTRA" OF EURIPIDES AS PRESENTED RECENTLY BY THE COBURN PLAYERS

## The Coburn Players in the "Electra" of Euripides

THE Coburn Players is a very earnest, intelligent and hard-working organization. Its purpose is sincere, and if its accomplishments are not of the very highest level, it deserves well of those whose interests lie in the realms of exalted art. It is progressive, too, for in addition to including in its repertoire the Elizabethan masterpieces, it is adding gradually the works of the ancients and the poetical output of the deserving moderns.

At the Hudson Theatre at two matinées it recently gave a very impressive rendition of Gilbert Murray's rhyming version of the "Electra" of Euripides. The verse of this talented English student is of a very high order. The bold, fluent yet simple poetry of the great original is preserved with marked distinction, vivid strength and graceful form. It was recited, too, with grateful feeling by Mr. Coburn and his associates, while the scenic setting was adequately appropriate and the costumes simple but correct.

It will never probably be possible to decide which of the two versions of the tragic story of "Electra" that the public prefers, that of Euripides or that of Sophocles, but for acting purposes, as the stage taste of to-day goes, it is safe to predict that Hofmansthal's version of the Sophoclean play will always prevail. However true Murray's rendering of Euripides' verse may be,

the fact remains that every one of the characters persists in talking at interminable lengths, while much that is dramatic happens off stage, only to be told about by some loquacious eye witness.

Interest in the production of a classic Greek play is necessarily academic. That the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides can by any possible means be made popular entertainments is perhaps not believed by the most ardent admirer of Greek literature. Scholarship is required on all hands. The stage-manager and the actors must commit no solecisms. The student of the drama must understand the differences between the classic form and modern usages in technique. He is interested in noting that some of the virtues of Greek art in play-writing are vices in the modern. The limitations of the classic stage constantly become obvious to him. He is impressed by the sincerity of every line and of every artifice which, in modern thinking, are even childlike. In its religious aspects he finds that these plays are fathomless, but full of meaning according to the religious views of the Greeks. He sees passions and crimes that could not be presented on the modern stage made the staples of dramas that were undoubtedly impressive at the time of their production and acclaimed as masterpieces, but which with our lacking knowledge of every detail of their significance are but

torsos. However scholarly the production, this impression must be felt by every student, however well he may be informed. These plays were written to be acted, consequently something can be learned from a production which might escape one in the most studious reading of a play. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn produced "Electra" in what may be assumed a most highly satisfactory manner with reference to scholarship. If here and there the acting fell short of the intent, it was impressive. Simplicity is the characteristic of the Greek drama. The story of "Electra" may be summed up briefly. In fact, the argument of the play as it is given in the bill conveys the story of the action:

Clytemnestra, mother of Electra and Orestes, murders her husband, Agamemnon, and marries Ægisthus. By decree of this unholy pair, Electra is forced in marriage to a peasant, while Orestes escapes death in exile. With the years brother and sister dream of vengeance. Orestes, wandering with his friend, Pylades, ultimately discovers Electra, and their hate and wrongs culminate in the murder of their mother and stepfather. Despite the sanction of this deed by the Delphic oracles, the gods ordained that Orestes shall ever be a wanderer, while Electra, mated to Pylades, seeks the restoration of a shattered life in distant lands.

It is obvious from this recital that the most horrible passions and crimes are involved, and that the most sacred affections are motives, while the most depraved conduct of which human beings are capable of give rise to the action. Clytemnestra corresponds to the most odious figure in the English drama, Hamlet's mother. Shakespeare's religion, however, was not Greek, and he refrained from having Hamlet kill her. In "Electra" the daughter and the son visit vengeance on their mother and their stepfather. This simply would be horrible if the play did not have an ethical purpose, and that ethical purpose is made plain in the production. Of course it exists in the written play, but we are speaking particularly of value, and we might even say the excuse and the justification for the cultivation of the Greek drama by the Coburn players or any other players. In itself it may not be worth the while. As an educational cult it has some reason in it. Our sympathies are greatly aroused for Electra, who has been cast out from her rightly high estate and been forced to wed a simple but uncouth peasant. Mrs. Coburn does not act Electra with the characteristics of a person of high birth, but she makes her a pitiful figure. In the emotional sense, this is extremely effective. We can almost sympathize with her in her design to murder her mother. Complete sympathy is not possible, but if we can be Greek enough in our religious feeling, for the moment, and believe that Electra is carrying out the august and inevitable purpose of the gods in punishing crime, we may permit ourselves to give her our entire consent to the deed. Orestes slays the stepfather. The ethical purpose of the play, which is to "purge the soul," is driven home by the punishment that is meted out to the slayers. That the old classic drama fell into its conventionalities, which were merits at that time, was evident in the use and effectiveness of the description by the messenger of the slaying of Ægisthus, which had taken place off stage. Another old but effective bit of classic conventionality was the recognition between brother and sister. This scene of suspense and others characteristic to the Greek drama were effectively played. The production, on the whole, was impressive. It satisfied the curious interest of the student, and conveyed the sense of consistency and perfect art in its form to all who witnessed it.

The honors of the afternoon fell to John E. Kellard for his really beautiful bit of elocution describing the death of Ægisthus at the hands of Orestes. It was splendid in diction and relative values. As Orestes, Mr. Coburn was fervent and picturesque. Howard Kyle as Castor, J. Malcolm Dunn as Electra's platonic



Bangs

MRS. COBURN AS ELECTRA

In the "Electra" of Euripides, presented by the Coburn Players at special matinées at the Hudson Theatre

husband, and Burr Caruth, as an old servant of the murdered King Agamemnon, by polished readings added force and effect. The title rôle, a most exacting part, was essayed by Mrs. Coburn. Physical strength was its only shortcoming. For plastic grace and suggested vigor it was eminently satisfying.

The complete cast was as follows: Clytemnestra, Charlotte Lambert; Electra, Mrs. Coburn; Orestes, Mr. Coburn; A Peasant, J. Malcolm Dunn; An Old Man, Burr Caruth; Pylades, David Kirkland; Messenger, John E. Kellard; An Attendant, Leopold Lane; Castor, Howard Kyle; Polydeuces, A. C. Carvel; Leader of Chorus, Dorothy Turner.

The production was followed by a performance of "Alcestis" by Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. This poetic drama, written on classic lines, proved pleasant and effective as acted, Mrs. Coburn appearing as Alcestis, wife of Admetus, and Mr. John E. Kellard as Admetus, King of Thessaly.



White

May Irwin

George Fawcett

Mrs. Jim persuades John Blake to go back to the mine and continue his search for gold

SCENE IN BOOTH TARKINGTON'S AND HARRY LEON WILSON'S PLAY, "GETTING A POLISH," NOW RUNNING AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

## How Much Is First-Night Opinion Worth?

DAVID BELASCO told me the other day that first-night opinion of a play was usually final with him. "About eleven o'clock, after the audience has filed out of the theatre, after the lights are out in the auditorium, and the actors are in their dressing-rooms taking off their make-up, I can assure myself whether or not I have a success. Sometimes there are slight deviations from this general rule, for which I make due allowance. The papers come next day with their criticisms which sometimes color the verdict; but I find that newspaper men usually reflect the public mind. If any first-night audience is wholly pleased, if there are the customary evidences of this feeling, I feel certain of success. If that first-night audience in any city in America is not pleased, I know that the play will never be a genuine success, and nothing can make it so. This is the result of my experience gleaned from a great many premières and extending over many years, so it is not a hasty conclusion on this very important matter."

On the contrary, the late Clyde Fitch, who endured over fifty "first performances," never accepted the first audience's verdict as anything more than an indication of which direction the wind was likely to blow. He said that the first-nighters approached the new play as the mob received Marc Antony after Brutus had given him the privilege of speaking over Cæsar's body. If they happened to be in a mood that was receptive to emotion, they were likely to completely turn the tables of precedent and loudly declare the new play to be a success; but, as was oftener the case, if they approached the new play in what has come to be popularly known as the "Missouri attitude," they were not competent judges, and were not typical of the people who would later pay their money to witness the drama.

Nor could Fitch bring himself to the conclusion of success or failure, after the newspaper critics had made their comments upon his efforts. If the reports were favorable, he was pleased but not sure of his work, nor would he accept any amount of first-night enthusiasm as an indication more than temporary of the probable final outcome. After his most dismal first-night and critical failures, he was always hopeful that the big theatre-going

public would rally to his standard and reverse the hasty decision of the "Roman mob, which came defying Antony to say anything good of Cæsar." He argued that the big public had endorsed his earlier effort, and that there was no reason to doubt that they would do so again. The fact remained, which he would never concede, that his most brilliant successes had been first-night successes, and that his failures were the plays over which the première audience declined to become enthusiastic.

America, however, has never taken premières seriously, which is natural perhaps because it has never yet taken the theatre seriously. In Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Italy, first-nights are usually attended by demonstrations almost comparable to

### THE VIOLIN

Softly singing, while I, dreaming,  
Blend thy tones to muted chord,  
Singing songs of half-mist castles,  
Castles on a dream-cloud fiord.

As the mists sift o'er a valley,  
Lightly drifting, Zephyr toy'd  
So thy tones go upward, outward,  
Till they vanish in the void.

Sing thou sweet and sing thou ever,  
For thy mystic under-tone,  
Richened by long years of silence,  
Thrills us with a power unknown.

EUGENE BLAISDELL BAKER.

election night in America, and frequently they have political significance that is difficult for an American to fully grasp. In Paris an important première prompts the issuing of special extra editions of the newspapers, and the crowd that is unable to attend the performance assembles in cafés, on the boulevards, anxiously awaiting the verdict of witnesses of the affair, and the first gossip that leaks out through the papers concerning the new play and its reception and probable fate. First-nights have occasioned many bloody riots and street fighting that continued until daybreak and after. They have afforded opportunities for



Notman. Boston

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS MACBETH AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE



White

HOPE LATHAM

Recently seen in "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre

Another notable first-night, which will remain forever a disgrace to art-loving Paris, was the crusade against Richard Wagner and "Tannhäuser," engineered and carried to a triumphant termination by the Jockey Club. Wagner had his adherents, but the organized clique succeeded in crushing him and his music, which latter was greeted by cat-calls, hisses and derisive laughter. The widow of the late violin virtuoso, Eduard Remenyi, a friend of Liszt, was present on that historic evening, and has told me the story of the composer's sufferings, which are known to the reading world. Wagner was sorely in need of money at the time, and his work had progressed to a point where he seemed to need recognition as never before; but he received exactly \$150 for the Paris production, or about 50 cents a day for the time he had labored upon the composition of the work.

Other Wagnerian premières, however, wholly compensated for the humiliation of "Tannhäuser's" first-night; but that event left a sting from which he never wholly recovered. After a part of "Parsifal" had been performed for the first time, with many notables present from all parts of the world, assembled at his shrine at Bayreuth, the eccentric Richard arose and roundly lectured the audience for its imbecilic applause, which reminds one of the similar occasion when Voltaire viewed one of his plays for the first time, and resenting the apathy of the audience, cried out from his box: "Applaud, you fools, that isn't Voltaire; Euripides wrote that."

Premières of some of Emile Zola's plays in Paris caused small riots. Reports of Verdi's "Aida," which received its première at Cairo, were flashed around the world the following morning, causing a sensation, as was the more recent case following the first performance of Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler" at Paris. The fame of Pietro Mascagni followed the day after the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." A similar fate awaited the composer of "I Pagliacci." Of all first-nights, however, perhaps the most romantic circumstances attended "Il Trovatore," which had not



Sarony

EDITH BARKER

Appearing in "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

one but two premières of importance: first when the drama was produced at Madrid, and later when Verdi's opera was first heard at Rome. Antonio Gultierrez, a youth, had drawn the number that was to send him to battle; but before leaving home, he hastily wrote "El Travador," and submitted it to a theatre-manager. It was quickly accepted and placed in rehearsal, and the première raised the house to such unbounded enthusiasm that the author was released from military duty, became a popular writer for the Madrid stage, and was quite a celebrity at the time of his death. It was this play that Cammarano used in writing the libretto to "Il Trovatore,"

which marked a critical moment in the career of Giuseppe Verdi. His critics claimed that Verdi having given nothing to the public for a period of two years, was written out and could not produce music equally as good as his earlier attempts. The Tiber overflowed the day before the first night, and people who purchased tickets were obliged to stand ankle-deep in water. They did so, however, and the house was packed. Immediately after the first performance, word was telegraphed around the world that the Italian composer had written the greatest opera of his life, and so far as popularity was concerned, this report was true.

First nights are more uncertain ordeals for the actors than for the play itself perhaps, if such a thing is possible. A triumph at the première for an actor often means a change in his entire career, often is the turning-point from the road of seeming hopeless endeavor to the pearl-paved alley of fame. The audience that assembled in the old Union Square Theatre in New York one night in January over a quarter century ago to witness the first performance of "A Parisian Romance," had little previous idea that a young chap of twenty-six, named Richard Mansfield, was to sound the trumpet that proclaimed him the greatest actor on the American stage. His enactment of the difficult rôle of Baron Chevrial amazed and electrified the first-nighters, caused the critics to marvel, and made him a famous man the next morning. He rose from comparative obscurity overnight, in consequence of a première. This, however,

was but a repetition of those historic first-nights, when at twenty-seven a comparatively unknown David Garrick played "Richard III" in London, and made himself the chief topic of conversation the next morning; when Edwin Booth at twenty-five played "Hamlet," and when Henry Irving at thirty appeared as Mathias in "The Bells." Fame does not always come in such theatrical fashion to the actors, however; it was a slow crawl from concert halls and cheap playhouses for David Warfield to the première of "The Music Master." E. H. Sothorn served an apprenticeship to the stage



Teikelson and Henry

ELLA SMYTHE

Seen recently in "Alma, Where Do You Live?"



Sarony

MARIELE BONEFELD

Appearing in "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre



Photo Sands, Providence

JULIA MARLOWE AS LADY MACBETH IN THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE



Copyright Charles Frohman

EDWIN STEVENS

As Dr. Grimesby Rylott in "The Speckled Band"

that would have discouraged men in almost any other line of business. Nance O'Neil spent years in seemingly thankless endeavor until that memorable first night in "The Lily," which was the signal for metropolitan libations.

Actors and producers, after frequent reading of a play and the customary rehearsals, often so thoroughly understand the locale and action that important lines and episodes are allowed to escape without due emphasis upon the opening night and are totally lost to the audience. Frequently they are little things, but of sufficient importance to suggest abnormalities of construction, their whereabouts and intentions and a score of similar details that give the reverse to the impression aimed for.

The opening night of one of Belasco's recent productions, "Nobody's Widow," affords an illustration. In the first act of the play the various characters in the action are assembled in the boudoir of an expected guest. She arrives, unpacks her trunk, tea is served, and a meeting with her husband, whom the others believe to be a stranger, takes place there—all rather unconventional proceedings in a lady's boudoir! The first-night audience wondered that Avery Hopwood, the author, and Belasco, the producer, would or could permit such a lapse from customary formalities. But the whole matter was plain to them, as it later developed, and to the actors on the stage. There were lines in the play, directly following the arrival of the guest, in which the hostess explained that she had brought the party to the boudoir to show them what a pretty view was to be obtained from the boudoir windows, and being delighted with it, upon arrival there, they had asked to remain for tea and were granted the desired permission. The arrival of the guest, however, who happened to be the star, caused a commotion of applause in the theatre, and the lines of explanation referred to were lightly passed over, so that no person unacquainted with the play received the necessary explanation until criticism of the matter brought it to the attention of those concerned. They could not have detected this detail at rehearsal, therefore first-night judgment was unfair, and had it been a vital incident in the action, instead of being merely one of apparently good taste, the result might have had serious consequences.

The opinion of première audiences has sometimes been reversed, as in such notable cases as "Florodora" and "Way Down East," which were at first thought to be failures and later became great popular successes; but in such instances it is easy to account for the change in popular sentiment and opinion. The Sextet number, which passed almost unnoticed on the first night, suddenly became a fad with the younger set of theatre-goers, was talked about, and finally advertised this musical play into a great financial success, just as years before, for some unaccountable reason, society women made a fad of "Chimmie Fadden," driving receipts in a single week to \$16,000, only to withdraw their patronage later, when receipts are said to have tumbled as low as \$80 a night. Bits of homely Yankeeism, which then passed as realism, and a few mechanical effects, such as the improved snowstorm, were woven into Lottie Blair Parker's melodrama, which have made it one of the most profitable theatrical properties in America.

Despite the pratings of authors and producers, there is little doubt that a genuinely good play fails to arouse enthusiasm at the first performance and interest thereafter. Written criticism does not always tell the story. Even Shakespeare has his critics. Count Tolstoi and Bernard Shaw in our day would shatter this world idol; but despite their chatter, the Shakespearean plays survive with the public as the best in our language and perhaps in any language. If the facts in the case were known, it would doubtless be revealed that the premières of these days were triumphs. Henry Arthur Jones relates the story of a man to whom a youth remarked at the theatre: "I don't see anything in Shakespeare myself." To this his elder replied: "that is quite optional," which closed the discussion. In about nine cases out of ten the première decides the fate of the drama for all time.

ARCHIE BELL.



# A "Frost" in Galveston

By James W. Morrissey

THE actor's snug harbor is New York. "The road" is his tempestuous sea. Much too often to suit his pleasure he must bid farewell to the lights of Broadway and go on journeys of vicissitude in the great interior. The theatrical bark may rise triumphant on waves of applause, or winds of adverse criticism may cast it upon some distant strand. Which it will be, the actor or manager is never sure. That uncertainty and variety which gives zest to life may be found in plenty "on the road." Galveston, Texas, at best, is a long way from Broadway, but there was a time, back in the days of Augustin Daly's management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, when the distance seemed to me about equal the circumference of the globe.

My Texas experience really began at the German Theatre, on East Fourteenth Street, New York, where Fanny Davenport and I sat in a box one night and laughed so at a comedy called "Ultimo," that at the fall of the final curtain we sought out the manager and made him an offer for the English rights, on behalf of Mr. Daly. He accepted. Under the name of "The Big Bonanza," the play was put on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where it scored an immediate and great success. On the strength of this, already feeling the money of the good people of the "provinces" in our pockets, J. C. Duff and I obtained Mr. Daly's consent to organize a second company for a tour. We selected Sara Jewett for leading woman, May Nunez for ingenue, Owen Fawcett for chief comedian, and James Hardie for the handsome lover.

With every part in competent hands we started for the "Sunny South," where we knew there would be smiling skies and thought there would be smiling audiences. But somehow the latter did not seem to go into ecstasies over "The Big Bonanza." In New Orleans, for instance, where one would never dream of such a thing, we encountered a biting "frost." Cold, I believe, has a tendency to contract things. I know that it had shriveled up our bank-roll by the time we got to Galveston. This then was only a "three-day" city, not being large enough to support an attraction for a longer time. At the end of the week we still were there, and after the all-too-brief labor of "counting up" on Saturday night Duff said to me:

"The question is, Morrissey, how are we going to get out of town?"

He was right—that was the question—but I appeared not to notice the remark, that evening having exhausted all my genial repartee on the hotel manager, who had mentioned something about a little bill.

All the next week we played in Galveston, not because we wanted to, or because the people were hankering to have us, but because we had nothing else to do. Our performances had assumed the appearance of dress rehearsals. The bright lights in front looked on; but that was about all. We distributed passes with a lavish hand in endeavors to "dress the house"; but this dress grew more and more scanty, and the company began to ask satirically if we were to make our permanent homes in Galveston. We were on our third week there when I decided on a heroic move; I had mentioned it to Duff, and he had answered with one word: "Absurd!" But he had nothing to suggest himself, so I called a meeting of the company to announce my project.

"It's plain, ladies and gentlemen," I began, "that we have exhausted this community. We can't stay here much longer."

"Oh, I don't know," broke in Fawcett. "The hotel people are cold; but the weather's warm. I suppose that soon now there will be good sleeping on the beach."

"You are the funniest when you are silent, Fawcett," I remarked. "If you want to talk, if you have any real ideas to offer, take the floor."

"I'd rather take the train," he answered.

"My proposal," I went on, "is that since we apparently have



WEDDING GIFTS

Zelda Spears



talked about this thing; so I said, 'I've heard you sing, and this.

"I mean it," I declared. "I've heard you sing, Miss Jewett, and you, too, Miss Nunez. Your rich contralto voice should thrill these Texans. You, Hardie, have a lovely tenor. Don't deny it. Haven't we all heard the trills issue from your dressing-room? As for you, Fawcett, you have a deep basso-buffo that may give rise to a public subscription to send us up to Houston."

"You're good to say so," answered Fawcett; but I think I'll confine my musical efforts to whistling for my salary."

"Well," I continued, laughing in spite of myself, "you'll all be whistling for not only your salaries, but for your suppers unless we do something. I think that a grand operatic concert by this company of stranded actors will appeal to the Texan sense of humor and fill enough of the empty seats to terminate this stand."

When I had finished everybody declared that they would have nothing to do with my foolish plan; but, proceeding on the principle that birds that can sing and won't must be made to. I announced the concert in the Galveston papers. As I had



MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO  
 Recently seen in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino Theatre

SARONY  
 CHARLOTTE IVES  
 Recently seen in "The Upstart" at the Ziegfeld Theatre, Chicago

...when a great  
 howl went up. The  
 house had broken  
 loose at last. Faw-  
 cett stood there  
 helpless a moment,  
 trying to speak,  
 while from every  
 side came jeering  
 shouts. There was  
 a bedlam of noise,  
 I rushed around to  
 the wings and beck-  
 oned to our com-  
 edian to come off.

"What'll we do,  
 what'll we do?"

cried Duff. "This is awful! For Heaven's sake, Jimmie, go out and tell them that we'll give them their money back, or they'll do us violence!"

"Not on your life!" I declared. "We'll ring down the curtain if we have to, but not a penny of their money shall they get."

Fawcett was still on the stage. With entire self-possession he stood and waited, as if well content to let them enjoy themselves in this way, of they cared to. The truth was, he possessed an innate ability in controlling audiences, and by degrees our noisy friends in front began to feel his influence. At last the tumult died away.

"Boys," he remarked, during a slight pause, "you have had your fun; now let me have mine. I am not a comedian—you will admit that—and I am not a singer—you would know that if I tried to sing. But I always have had an idea that I should be good in Shakespearean rôles, and I want to get your fair judgment on the question. Won't you listen to me for a moment? Thank you."

Almost before they realized it, Fawcett began again on the "Seven Ages," to a soft accompaniment by the orchestra, and almost instantly had become impressive. There was not a sound in the audience when he ended with the words: "The last scene of all in this strange, eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion: *sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything." Fawcett paused, assumed his most comic smile, and added: "*Sans* everything, including salary."

The house broke into real laughter, and the rest of us, watching nervously in the wings, knew that our comedian was master of the situation. He went on in a humorous speech, which he remarked that Miss Jewett had sung "Waiting" because she had been waiting so long in Galveston; that Miss Nunez had sung "The Old Folks at Home" because away down here in Texas she had been home-sick, and lastly, that he had recited "Seven Ages" be-



MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO'S HOME AT BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND

Scenes in the New Comedy, "The Nest Egg," at the Bijou Theatre



Blanche Hall      Walter Young      Evelyn Varden      M. Bratton Kennedy      Helen Lindroth      Zelda Sears  
 ACT II. HETTY GANDY'S FRIENDS PRESENT HER WITH CREAM PITCHERS AS WEDDING GIFTS



Photos White      Ruth Wells      Zelda Sears  
 ACT II. HETTY (ZELDA SEARS) PUNISHES PANSY-ETTA



Julian Barton      Zelda Sears  
 ACT II. HETTY EXHIBITS THE HEN THAT LAID THE EGG



Apeda Studio

MISS MAY SCHEIDER

New York society girl engaged as first coloratura soprano at the Stadt Theatre, Zurich

cause it had seemed at least seven ages since he had been in Galveston. At the end he said: "And now, boys, we are going to say good-night. We've done our best, and on the whole you haven't treated us so badly. I believe that you are good fellows, after all, and you would find that we are if you knew us better. The next time any of you run over to New York, just look up Owen Fawcett, and you'll see the town in proper shape."

There was a great burst of applause. Owen bowed and made his escape quickly to the wings. James Hardie then sang delightfully. Finally the orchestra swung into a lively air and the curtain slid down.

Behind the scenes we showered gratitude and congratulations on all those who had taken part in the concert, and had been equal to the emergency. Then the artists made hasty changes in their dressing-rooms, and we made our way to the hotel.

It was not long afterwards that we were safe on Broadway.

This was not the only occasion upon which I failed to find the "Sunny South" entirely benign. Once in New Orleans, when the code of honor was still to some extent in vogue there, I was challenged to a duel. Our play was "Anthony and Cleopatra," with Frederick Warde and Rose Eytinge in the name parts. One night, in the strong scene in which Cleopatra falls into Antony's arms when he returns from the wars, I happened to be occupying a seat, and at the dramatic moment just before the end of the act, when the house was hushed, I had my sensibilities rudely jarred by a robust laugh, which came from just behind me.

At the fall of the curtain I turned and informed the man whom I knew to be guilty of the breach that if he didn't know how to behave himself in the theatre he had better leave it.

With this I left my seat and went into the lobby, where I joined General Beauregard, famous for his services on the Confederate side in the Civil War, and Nat Burbank, of the New Orleans *Picayune*. To my surprise, I saw that the man to whom I had spoken, accompanied by two others, was close behind us.

"Sir, you have insulted me!" he hissed with a French accent. "I will fight you. Select your second. This gentleman will act for me. Let the meeting be arranged at once." He held out his card.

I took it, tore it in two and threw it at his feet, at the same time turning my back on him. I heard a slight scuffle, and glancing around saw that my French enemy, speechless with rage, was straining in the grasp of his friends to get at me.

"Come Morrissey," exclaimed General Beauregard, catching me by the arm, "this is serious. You must get away from here. Your fire-eating friend will try to shoot you."

We took seats in the café, and out of the corner of my eye I saw the Frenchmen lead their infuriated countryman out through the main entrance. The General and Burbank appeared grave.

"I think you will have to fight him," said the former, eying me critically. Are you a pretty good marksman?"

"Oh, nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I'm from New York."

"I know," the General answered; "but now you are in New Orleans. He's of one of the best families, and your tearing up of his card was a deadly insult. He won't rest till it's avenged with swords or pistols. It's the code among gentlemen down here, and unless you accept his challenge you had better leave town to-morrow morning."

I wiped my fevered brow and informed the General that I would leave the case all to him.

"I suppose I may assume, then," he remarked, "that I am your second. Very well. If you will excuse me, I shall confer at once with the other side. The early morning is the usual time. The weapons we can discuss a little later."

General Beauregard was gone a full half hour, and in the interval Burbank entertained me with tales of duels of the past, in which much blood was shed.

"You had better choose pistols, Morrissey," he advised me, "because your antagonist is an expert with the sword—and yet, come to think of it, he's said to be excellent with the pistol, too. But he'll be so angry that you may be able to hit him first. Don't try to spare him, because he won't be so considerate. These things are hushed up down here. There is simply a quiet funeral."

I thanked Burbank for his kind encouragement and advice; but I didn't like his manner. There was a gleam of pleasure in his eyes that I thought was in the worst of taste on this occasion.

Suddenly General Beauregard's form loomed in the doorway, and behind him was the man who wanted my life, accompanied by his two companions.

"The meeting-place has been arranged," announced the General when he reached the table. "It is to be right here and now. Mr. Morrissey, permit me to present Messieurs Blank and Blank and Blank. They have assured me that the laugh was unintentional, and I assured them that you, as the manager of the company, was prompted only by a sense of duty. Sit down, gentlemen, and let us have supper. I had no intention from the start of permitting you gentlemen to fight a duel. I suppose, Mr. Morrissey, that Mr. Burbank has reassured you during my absence."

The latter began to laugh and the General joined him. I saw then for the first time that the two had been playing a kind of grim joke on me. A little later we adjourned to the Varieties Club.



White

FLORENCE NASH

Who will be seen shortly in "The Wife-Tamers"

## Emma Dunn—Stage Mother

IN one of that group of playhouses bearing the potent name "Broadway theatres," a woman weighing a shade less than one hundred pounds draws the heart out of one's bosom and squeezes it into tears in a hand so small that it wears a child's size glove.

She has made indurated managers with twenty years of embittering and drying vicissitudes behind them weep as little children. She has caused calloused critics to shed tears. She has played to each person as though that person were the only one in the audience, and each person has suffered from the force secreted somewhere, somehow in that tiny person, transformed for the three hours of the play into a human dynamo heavily charged with grief.

It is a riddle wherein lies that strength that smites everyone as with a personal blow. "It is in her eyes," says one, and we remember that they were larger than ordinary eyes, deeper, and with an extraordinary power of reflecting grief. "It is her face," says another. "It seems transparent, like porcelain with a light behind it." That, too, seems true, for there are faces that are opaque, and other faces that reflect the light within, and the little woman's is a reflector. "It's her smile," says another, who tried to guess the riddle. "She has a smile that expresses both pleasure and pain." "It is her voice," says one who comes near the solution. "It is a heartfelt voice." All of these are in some measure true, but they are not all the truth. The eyes, the face, the smile, the voice, are all plastic instruments obeying her bidding, but the answer to the riddle of Emma Dunn's great personal triumph in "Mother" is *understanding*.

Emma Dunn understands mother love, mother joy and mother pain. She understands them through the illuminating memories of her own mother, who died two years ago, and who seems strangely near her when she plays the light scenes, and in the big heart-wringing moments of the play; she comprehends all the potency of love and joy and pain through her own experience, as the mother of a frail baby, who lived for a day, and a robust babe, who has lived to a brown, sturdy, full of promise seven and a half years.

"There are parts of this play so like my mother that they are startling. I think if I had written the play myself, written it out of her life, it could not have been more like her than this play of Mr. Goodman's," said Miss Dunn, who is only professionally Miss Dunn. Personally and privately she is Mrs. J. E. Stokes, a fact of which we had just then a peremptory reminder. The telephone sent its summons from the neat green-walled, green rugged hall to the sunshine flooded green-walled, green rugged, green and gold curtained drawing room, and it was Mrs. Stokes who answered it, Mrs. Stokes who smiled at the message, Mrs. Stokes who came back with a laughing report of the conversation.

"My husband wanted to know whether I had been in the park to-day. I told him I had spent two hours there. He said: 'If you hadn't, I was coming home to take you out by force.'"

Mr. Stokes is the fine looking young man who plays the suitor of one of his wife's stage daughters in the play. The drama makes strange playfellows. "My two hours out-of-doors and my hour's nap before the play are home rules I daren't disobey," she laughed, then tied a knot in the broken thread of our chat, and continued:

"My mother was a reserved woman, and so quiet that no one suspected what she had borne or could bear. I have only begun to understand as I have grown older, and could guess the depths of a mother's heart and a mother's capacity for suffering. In her quiet way she always understood, and always reached out her hand to help. That we had done wrong, and deserved to suffer, made no difference. The helping hand was stretched forth.

"I have heard her use almost the words of the play in almost the same circumstances. And when I say to Ardath: 'I used to think so when I was your age, but when you are as old as I am things



White Emma Dunn Frederick Perry  
Act IV. Mrs. Wetherill (Emma Dunn): "I've got my boy back again!"  
SCENE IN "MOTHER" AT THE HACKETT THEATRE

will look different to you,' it seems her voice instead of mine that is speaking.

"It began with my first memory of her when I was a child in England, and it was the same until she died two years ago. I was then playing Annie in 'The Easiest Way.' I shall always associate that part with that awful time. Now it seems to me she is still stretching her hand out of the darkness and silence, if she can. I don't know the doctrines of Spiritualism. I wish I did. It would give me more strength to know whether that hand was still stretched forth, was still helping.

"Probably I could never have played such a part as Mother, had I not had such a mother myself, and had I not known motherhood. I have had two children. One is romping out there in the park, and I have told her that after a while she may come in and meet you. When she knew you were coming to see me, she asked two questions: 'Is she nice?' and 'Has she a husband or a daddy?' Dorothy is as healthy as care and sunshine can make her. But there was a baby before her."

There was a pause, while the bright little clock ticked breathlessly, and on the light wind that fluttered the green and gold curtain the voices of children at play in the park came to us. The resemblance of Mrs. J. E. Stokes to the Emma Dunn who plays Mother was startling at that moment. The large eyes grew heavy and the voice sad.

"Yes, there was a baby before Dorothy. He was born in a

hospital on the road. My mother was in the East. My husband was on tour. I was young and ignorant of how to care for the little life. He only lived for a day, but how I learned to love him in that time!"

Another pause filled by the clock and the children's voices. "Mother" by an effort dragged her thoughts back from the desolation of that time.

"But when Dorothy came I knew what one must do for babies. At least, I thought I did. I took her to Pittsburg with me, and engaged the best nurse I could find. In a few weeks the little one began ailing. She became so ill that I sent for a doctor. His first words were: 'Discharge that nurse!' I gave up my stock engagement, and came home and took care of her myself for seventeen months. She is sturdy to-day. You will say that when you see her, but her stomach is still delicate.

"I've had her with me nearly always, and I have tried to build a good mind on the foundation of a good body. For instance, I've taught her not to fear anyone, me least of all. When I have told her to do anything, or not to do anything, I have always explained the reason. That has trained her judgment and developed her reasoning faculties.

"I have taught her to keep nothing back from me. I have taught her that whatever she has done never to be afraid to tell me."

Every life stands out as a figure against a background of tapestry, woven of the events of the past. I asked Mrs. Stokes for that tapestry.

"I was a little older than Dorothy when we came to this country. I might quite as well have been born here, for I am thoroughly American, in spirit and every way. No one would ever suspect that I was originally English. I went to school in New York, and when I was fourteen I joined the Lothrop stock company in Boston."

"Mother's" mother didn't like the choice of a profession, but relented soon and thoroughly in mother fashion.

"I joined a company in a one-act play called 'Special Delivery,' and played with it for two seasons. Then came an engagement with the 'On the Mississippi' company, next a few weeks with the Hopkins Stock Company in Chicago, then with the Woodward Stock Company of Omaha, afterwards the Woodward Stock Company in Minneapolis. It was while I was in Minneapolis that my baby was born. After that came four seasons in a stock company in Kansas City. There I had my real training, and I owe everything I have done to those four years of hard work and playing everything. At this time I had attained one of my ambitions. I was receiving the largest salary paid an ingenue in stock—three hundred dollars a week. I came to Brooklyn and played a short season of stock at the Columbia Theatre. I joined the 'Wrong Mr. Wright' company and then attained another of my little ambitions. I had been impressed by the reputation of the old Madison Square Theatre, the home of refined comedy.

"How I should like to play there!" I used to think, hugging

myself with delight at the thought. Well, I did, but it was in a play that was a failure.

"Next was a season in Pittsburg stock companies and I came to New York to play my first emotional rôle, a gypsy, in 'The Redemption of David Corse.' We only played for two weeks.

"Then came the most severe blow of my career. I had thought myself considerably bruised, but this crushed my ambition and for a long time destroyed my confidence in myself. I had been engaged to play a part in a new piece. The manager had taken the stage manager's word for my ability, but he was disappointed in my appearance. I saw that the moment he settled down in front to watch the rehearsal.

"'I wanted a blonde,' he said peevishly. 'You don't look as I expected. And for your acting I expected, from what I had heard, to find an understudy to Bernhardt. You are a bad actress.'

"This from a man whose opinion is highly valued I believed had ended my stage career. I went to the country and wouldn't think about the stage, wouldn't look at the papers, for fear I should see the word theatre. It was Mrs. Fernandez who sent for me and pulled me out of the slough of despond.

"'Why should you let yourself be crushed by one man's opinion?' she said. 'You are to take this engagement. It is with Richard Mansfield.' I took the part of Ase in 'Peer Gynt.' Mr. Mansfield is gone and I must say nothing of my difficulties in that engagement. Enough to say that I found myself. I learned to combat another mentality calling up all the strength of my own. I learned for the first time to believe in myself.

"Mr. Will Dean saw me as Ase and wanted me for Mrs. Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' Mr. Belasco took me from that to play Annie in 'The Easiest Way.' I played the part for two winters so that I might be at home with Dorothy. Then came a time when I

summoned all my strength. It took it all to leave a management with which I had been happy. But I felt that the time had come to stop and look, or at least, wait for, a better part. I had nothing in view. I just waited for a part that appealed to me, would give me the opportunity I had not had. I hesitated even when it came to me in 'Mother,' for I hesitated to take up elderly parts. I did not want to be identified with them. There was no reason why I should not play young women for many years. But 'Mother' seemed to be the open door. I entered it."

Dorothy came in just then, shining with cleanness, glowing with the autumn air, bright-eyed from an alert mind, and hungry from exercise. She greeted me with dignity, then addressed her mother: "Mamma, I'm hungry!"

It was the voice of exuberant, careless youth, the sunshine that warmed up the coldest and gloomiest corners of the house.

We said goodbye at the staircase and she promised to go back, and drawing the shades in the quiet room at the right of the drawing-room, take that hour's rest before the play, that was one of the laws of this household.

A. P.



Bangs

EMMA CARUS

Playing Melpomene in "Up and Down Broadway"

Scenes in Rupert Hughes' New Play, "Two Women," at the Lyric Theatre



Photos White

Robert Warwick

Mrs. Leslie Carter

Brandon Hurst

ACT IV. JEANNINE (MRS. LESLIE CARTER): "IT'S A LIE—A LIE!"



Brandon Hurst

Mrs. Leslie Carter

ACT IV. JEANNINE: "I WILL KILL MYSELF!"



Robert Warwick

Mrs. Leslie Carter

ACT IV. COMTE REMY DE MARGYL TAKES JEANNINE IN HIS ARMS



SARAH BERNHARDT LEAVING THE NEW YORK CENTRAL STATION FOR NIAGARA FALLS ON THE "SARAH BERNHARDT SPECIAL"

## One Day with Sarah Bernhardt on Her Last Visit

**T**ALL and stooping a bit, walking slowly as with caution rather than difficulty a woman, wrapped from chin to toe in a brown moleskin cloak, a turban of dull gold from which waved a brown plume on her reddish hair, came out of a private car on the siding at Niagara Falls and crossed the tracks to where an observation car was waiting.

The thunder of the mightiest cataract in the world echoed through the town on the river bank. The mist from its whirling waters draped the figures of the woman, her escort and the men and women who crowded about her, making them look vague and wraithlike. It was a cold morning. The men straightened themselves in their great coats and jig-stepped to warm themselves. The women shivered in their furs.

But the woman who was unique among them stood still as an image of stone and looked at the great double, watery curve, down which a mile wide volume of water fell in a roaring flood.

"You have been compared to Niagara, Madame. Does the comparison please you?"

She turned and smiled at the speaker. Do you know that a smile has depth? Sarah Bernhardt's has.

"I am pleased. Look at the Falls. Should I not be?" She moved as carefully about among her new English words as upon the paving stones covered by the mist from the cataract. "It is a magnificent compliment."

A moment later she had taken the front seat in the sight-seeing car that had been chartered for herself and her company. She stretched her limbs along the side seat, and Mme. Susanne Seylor, a vivacious little woman in a girlish gown and a green velvet hat, who has been her travelling companion and a member of her company for twenty years, flung a travelling rug of moleskin over her, tucked it well in about her feet, smiled at her, chirruped to her and called her "*Ma chérie*."

Her manager, W. F. Connor, handsome and exotic looking enough to be an Italian leading man instead of an American business man, sat behind and kept an attentive eye upon her. Beside him was a small man with keen face, close gray-pointed gray beard and curling gray hair. His eyes, too, never long left off watching the tall figure in the moleskin cloak, or the smiling face under the dull gold turban. A roguish-eyed Parisian, her secretary, leaned against the door and watched her. A fresh-colored English girl, Miss Ormsbee, sat opposite, alert to the needs of Madame. Two maids, an elderly one in black and a young one in blue, stood as sentinels on duty, and all the more

than forty men and women in the car, men and women with the keen, vivid faces of the French, looked at and talked of Madame more often than the scenery of the gorge through which they were passing. She was as a queen with a happy entourage, but how gracious a queen! How lively, bubbling, gay a queen!

A squat, serious-faced young man boarded the car and cried his wares. They were garish post-cards of the scenes through which the special car was spinning. Mme. Bernhardt held out her white-gloved hand for cards, but her eyes traveled up to his neck where, while he struggled to make change, he had thrust a dollar bill into his collar. Imps danced in her sea-colored eyes.

"Give me your cravat. Hi! Come! The cravat!" she cried.

The serious face lost nothing of its gravity. The young man pushed on through the car bawling his wares. The voice famed for its beauty was lost in the vender's shouts. It was the first time the great French woman had failed to capture an audience. When the rear door had closed upon him the imps still danced in her eyes. "That cravat!" she cried. "I shall tell my Maurice that in America peddlers tie their collars with green banknotes."

The car passed a granite slab on the hillside.



BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON





Nadar  
AS ASSUERUS

Her deep-set eyes, bright as those of an intelligent child, were most brilliant under their blue-tinted lids when one of her little court-awheel told her that many persons carry to the Falls the weight of a burden that life has laid too heavily upon them and, after standing gazing into the waters day after day, sometimes for a week, spring into the white, tumbling waters and are lost.

"I can understand that," she responded quickly. "It is a beautiful death."

But five minutes later it had been turned to jest in her nimble mind. The car had halted on a slender bridge. The tall young man who will play the Armand to her Camille, and he who will play the lover to her Fedora, climbed down and leaned over the railing.



Bert  
AS THEODORA

"That is where some English settlers were massacred by Indians," one of her self-appointed guides explained.

"*Oui!* I should like to see Indians dashing down those cañons." Her eyes were bright as those of a child at the wonders of a pictured story book.

"Wouldn't you be afraid?"

"Perhaps. But it would be the new adventure. I have never been afraid in my life, never."

The legend of the loveliest maiden in the tribe being tied in a canoe and sent over the precipice to please the god of the Falls, she had heard before. She had heard, too, of the tragic end in these whirling rapids of Captain Webb. She knew that bridal couples were as plentiful at Niagara as bees on a honey-bearing flower.

All the stories told to tourists she had heard and recognized as old friends. "Behold!" she cried, "we shall soon have two beautiful suicides."

The men stood leaning with curved backs over the light rail.

"If they fell in wouldn't they fight to get out?" she laughed.

The car swept along the edge of the Rapids. The hungry white waters tossed their spray upon the car windows.

She sat straighter. Her eyes flashed their pleasure in the ominous white waste.

"*Extraordinaire! Admirable! Adorable!*"

Her loyal subjects smiled and nodded at each other. Her Majesty was in happy humor.

Would Her Majesty stop at the shop where souvenirs were sold?

"*Oui! Oui!*" said Madame. Would she wear a rubber

suit and go under the Falls?

"*Non! Non!*" she answered. "I have twice been under the Falls. There is no new adventure in that. But they shall go." A gesture of the slender hand included the company.

But it might be tedious to wait?

"*Non! Non!* I wish them to see beneath the Falls."

Prime Minister Connor led her out of the car into the low wooden building, and she passed among the staring tourists and townfolk as a gracious sovereign dispensing smiles. She sat near the window of the dressing-room directing the young French women how to don and how to fasten their diver-like costumes.

"*Non, chérie!*"

A shake of the head at a mistake.

"*Oui, chérie!*"

A nod at a triumph.

She laughed as vivid young faces disappeared beneath too large hoods, as slim young figures were lost in enveloping folds of rubber.

"*Très bien!*" she cried, and clapped her hands as the black rubber-clad company filed out of the room to join the procession into the thunderous gloom beneath the Falls.

When they had gone, she did not subside into the weariness of the bored awaiting their return. With the elderly maid beside her, and the young one following, she went back into the curio shop and laughed at the native grimness of an Indian doll.

"I vill take zat."

"Will you have more than one, Madame?" The saleswoman had almost lost her speech in awe of the personage.

"Yes, I vill have fourteen."

"Fourteen?" exclaimed the astonished saleswoman.

"Yes, for my artists."

Pins and necklaces of Niagara satin stone she bought for the women of her company, and when we had climbed back upon the car she called each of the actresses of the company to her and handed them the souvenir.

"*Oh Madame, comme c'est gentil! Merci Madame, Merci beaucoup, Madame!*" Each woman accompanied the little cry of delight with a kiss upon the cheek. And Sarah Bernhardt smiled with eyes and lips.

She sent the huge package of dolls back for distribution among the men. The juvenile lead kissed the copper-colored face of his toy brave.

Madame's brilliant eyes looked back over her shoulder. There was in her face



Nadar  
AS JEANNE D'ARC



AS SAINT THERESE



Sarony

SARAH BERNHARDT AS CAMILLE

From a photograph taken at the time of her first visit to America

the pleasure of the mother who has brought joy to her little ones. One had a glimpse again of the fact that a smile may have depth, depth of tenderness, of affection, of enjoyment. We were skirting the quiet green shallows of the river over which a gray mist drifted as a veil blown by a light wind.

"Like New Orleans," she exclaimed.

"When she plays in New Orleans Madame puts on rubber boots and goes duck shooting before dawn," said someone.

The world's greatest actress gave a corroborate nod. "Yes, every time I go to New Orleans I shoot duck."

Round the boldest curve of the Falls we rushed in silence. Awe went before silence, but in her speaking eyes were writ "*Extraordinaire! Magnifique! Adorable!*"

The eighteen-mile ride finished, we raced back into town and Madame, attended by Mme. Seylor and Mr. Connor, went to the Prospect House, that the hostess of the luncheon she was that day giving to the members of her company might be there before the guests. At the door a fat, frantic little creature with beautifully feathered legs and affectionate brown eyes, and a multitude

of black spots upon a background of white, leaped shrieking into her arms.

"Peter Pan!" she cried, placing upon a chair the pet that the anti-canine laws of Canada had separated from her for five days.

"Peter Pan, tell me were you a good boy? You had good eat?"

"Good things to eat," gently corrected her teacher in English.

"*Oui, Oui.* Did you have ze bifstek?"

Peter Pan licked his chops.

"And ze toast?"

Peter Pan fluttered a red tongue.

"*Très bien.* Peter Pan a very good dog. I have him three year. My son Maurice gave him to me."

The proprietor of the Prospect House hurried forward. He held before her a register whose pages were yellow and cracked, falling so fast to pieces that they required a back of new paper pasted upon the leaf at which he pointed.

"See, Madame, what you wrote after your name twenty-nine years ago: 'How thankful we should be to the very good God for giving us such beautiful sights!'"

Bernhardt looked at him with renewed interest.

"*Ah oui!* You are the same propriétaire? Is it possible? I am very glad."

And she wrote after her signature in the new register:

"All is as beautiful now as then, and I am glad to find here the same good proprietor."

A round table near the window in the dining-room was spread for ten, a long table opposite it for the remainder of the large party. Pink roses reached a high summit at the centre, lay in pleasant intimacy beside the plates.

"*Je veux manger!*" Mme. Bernhardt had exclaimed twice between embraces of Peter Pan, while waiting for the arrival and placing of guests at table, but when, presently, we were seated, her manager at an attentive place at her right, the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE at her left, she disproved her own assertion. The soup she waved away.

"Madame eats soup sometimes, but it must be thin. *N'est-ce pas, ma chérie?*"

The greatest woman on the stage nodded at Mme. Seylor and broke a small roll on her plate, but I did not see her taste it. Meanwhile with one of the smiles that causes the receiver's nature to expand—earth must feel so when the sun rises after a long, dark night—her philosophy of life was crystallizing about the experiences of the day.

She had visited the Niagara Falls of her admiration nearly thirty years before, when she made the first of her seven years' visits to America. This was the last time she would see the cataract, except in memory, but she was casting no backward glance upon it. And she was not with folded hands and lengthened face reflecting upon the changes those years had wrought.

"I have enjoy the day." The smile was radiant as a child's. "Life is all to-days for me. Yesterday is gone. It is end, finished. To-morrow is not yet. To-day is here to enjoy."

She ate a third of the devilled crab that had been brought her, ate it slowly, indifferently.

"Madame eats like a bird," from her manager.

She lifted the fork she had laid down and toyed again with the crab.

"My son Maurice say I not eat, I nibble."

She glanced at the serious-faced little doctor across the table. His post had been explained by Miss Ormsbee.

"The doctor is here not to tell Madame what to do; but what not to do."

"Do you obey his orders?" I asked.

"*Nevalre!*" Sarah Bernhardt responded. "*Nevalre!*"

As the moleskin wrap slipped from her shoulders I saw that her gown was of green broadcloth, with a fashionable green velvet coat, and that over the pale, expressive hands lay long snowy ruching, like that worn high about her throat. The smile that was never more than an instant absent from her face was turned now upon the members of her company at the long table opposite.



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COUNTESS THAMARA DE SWIRSKY, LATELY PREMIERE DANSEUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, AND NOW APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE

Her forehead was smooth as a child's, her eyebrows strong and darkly defined. The artist who had said that the upper part of her face is beautiful was right. The lower part of it is powerful. The union is agreeable and harmonious. Her mouth, large and flexible, was her most expressive instrument. In her eyes seemed to burn eternal fires. She radiates the impression of pleasure in life.

"I am surprised to find the greatest tragedienne such a happy woman."

For an instant eyes and mouth were serious.



Photos Byron

Blanche Bates

Bruce McRae

Act I. Roxana: "I buried you; remain dead"

SCENES IN AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW COMEDY "NOBODY'S WIDOW" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

speak of who sits among her books—she will fail if she does not love. We must all love. We cannot shun it. We need love as we need air. The nuns, the blessed sisters, love, for they love humanity."

A critical glance at the plate of chicken the waiter offered her. "Non! Non!" she said. "Too much."

Another plate was brought her with a smaller quantity of fowl.

She shook her head wilfully, but glanced at the waiter, irradiating his whole being with a smile. When the bit of white meat was brought her, she ate it slowly in the negligent way that re-



Blanche Bates

Bruce McRae

Act IV. Duke: "I'm your husband—it's my privilege to remain here"

SCENES IN AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW COMEDY "NOBODY'S WIDOW" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

"I have had a happy life," she returned. "I am fortunate. But I have seen others suffer greatly, for one my poor sister. My sorrows have been for others. To play tragedy you must have in your being a large pity."

"What is the greatest lesson that life teaches art?"

"Suffering," she answered quickly, "and pain. To play tragedy one must have vast pity in one's heart for the suffering and pain that are in the world."

"In this country we have an actress who lives alone, hermit-like, with her books, studying all the time. She thinks that is the way to become a great artiste. Do you think so?"

"Non! Non! Non! An actress must study not books but life. She need not go into the slums to study. She need only regard the cross currents of life about her, regard them with understanding and sympathy. I am impulsive. I do not live by rote. I do what I like."

"But we have understood that you are a tremendous worker."

"Perhaps. But it does not seem work, for I like it. When I have a new part, I do not study it. I read it once, then I think about it all the time. I do not study, I think. That woman you

called her son's characterization of her pleasures of the table. Her smile deepened.

"My son Maurice is the best son in the world. He has never given me a moment's grief, except when he was ill. He is a great artist. He is the director of my theatre. He has written two plays."

She studied the next dish placed before her. She tried it daintily with her fork.

"It is grape fruit, *ma chérie*." Mme. Seylor looked anxious. "Like oranges."

"Like orange. *Oui!*" The plate was gently pushed back.

Returning to topics of the theatre, she went on:

"The stage in this country most needs a Conservatory. I should like to see established in one of your great cities, perhaps New York or Boston would be best, a permanent, endowed school, where actors would be taught from childhood. Shakespeare should be taught as the chief branch, for he is the grand poet of the world. Ibsen somewhat, *oui*, and Shaw, and Pinero, and Rostand—Rostand surely. There should be dancing, and not much language. The language of art is universal. I should not



ALBERT CHEVALIER AS ACHILLE TALMA DUFARD IN "DADDY DUFARD" AT THE HACKETT THEATRE

want to see here laborious, strenuous study as you do so many things in this great, exhausting country. Two hours a day are enough for classes. But there should be many plays produced and the student should live in a constant atmosphere of art. There should be fairly severe discipline. Artists must not, like weeds, grow in any direction they like, but be as flowers, trained to grow beautiful—each year more beautiful. That is true art."

"Would you be willing to head such an institution?"

"Surely I should like it."

She talked of this season's plans. She will produce twenty-five plays: "La Samaritaine," "Le Bois Sacré," "Romanesque," and "L'Aiglon," all by the poet of her intense admiration, Edmond Rostand; "Madame X" and "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Bouffons," "Sapho," "La Sorcière," "Camille," "La Beffa," "Phèdre," "La Rampe," "La Tosca," "Le Passé," "Fedora," "Monna Vanna," "Hamlet," "Resurrection," "Princesse Lointaine," "Britannicus," and the new play, "Judas," by John DeKay.

"This," she went on, "is positively my last tour of the United States. It is indeed a farewell." The words were more soberly spoken than any I heard from her that day. "I had never wished the announcement before my other tours that they were to be farewells, for I said: 'I may go to that great country again. Do not say this shall be the last time.' But I am looking upon these scenes for the last time. This is indeed a farewell tour of America. Next year I shall make a farewell tour of Europe. Then I shall retire from the stage for good."

"But why retire?"

The expressive shoulders clad in green velvet rose slightly.

"It is necessary to retire sometime. I would not die on the stage as Sir Henry Irving almost did. No, no!" The smooth brow wrinkled at the depressing thought.

"It was a mistake that I expect to die while on this tour. I said to an Englishman, 'I have to work harder in America because my audiences do not understand French. I must convey to them by pantomime what I cannot supply them in words. So I find it an exhausting country. But die here, *non, non!*'"

"May you live to be one hundred!" I exclaimed.

Her eyes flashed a smile of thanks. "One hundred and three," she corrected. "A wise old woman told me so by the stars."

Would Madame tell me why one so womanly should choose to play "L'Aiglon" and "Hamlet?"

"I like to play men's parts because they satisfy me here." She tapped her forehead with two pale fingers. "Women characters must love, love, love,—love their sweethearts, their husbands,

their children. But male characters are thinking parts. I like to follow the track of masculine minds."

There was a shrill bark, a flying leap, and Peter Pan, plus a pink paper almond dish tied rakishly on his head, sprang into his mistress's arms. Madame laughed more heartily than any of the Gallic actors who had planned the surprise. She tipped the

tiny hat yet more over the dog's left ear to suggest the soldier. Peter Pan smiled if ever dog did, slipped off her lap, and capered about the room.

"There was a great actress in the United States. I saw her and said: 'That woman does not act. She suffers.' What has become of Clara Morris?"

"She still lives. *Bien!* She is blind. *Mon Dieu!*" The sea-colored eyes that had laughed at Peter Pan were infinitely sad. A tablet leaped from her purse. "Will you write her address here? *Merci!* She is blind. *Mon Dieu! Mon bon Dieu.*"

On the conversational tide we drifted back to the national need, the Conservatory.

"Pupils should enter it young. They should have intelligence and sympathy. They must have charming voices. I should never take a pupil who had not a clear, charming, carrying voice.

She told me a secret over the ices. Marvel of marvels! She was to appear in Buffalo the next night and she was frightened. "I am always frightened," she said. "On first nights I nearly expire. I am frightened every day. Coquelin was never frightened."

Luncheon had reached the stage of the *demi tasse*. We were soon to part. Her words, as she had looked out at the tumbling white waters of the lower rapids where Captain Webb had met his death, repeated themselves upon memory's sounding board. "It is a beautiful death," she murmured. I asked the vibrant

woman of the smooth brow, the eyes behind which seemed to burn eternal fires, the mouth that continually smiled, to describe the death of her desire, to tell me how she would like to die.

Her eyes kindled. Her expressive hands rose in a childish gesture of pleasure.

"It shall be among those I love. Maurice and the children shall surround me. It shall be in the garden, perhaps, at my home in Belle Isle. The perfume of the flowers shall be heavy about me. The birds shall be singing. The sun shall shine gloriously. My hand shall be in that of my Maurice. I shall speak some sentiment that will always be remembered. But, of course, I shall utter no such sentiment, for one never thinks of things to say until afterwards, and there will be no afterwards for Sarah Bernhardt on earth."

ADA PATTERSON.



Aime Dupont

VERA COURTENAY

Contralto who will be heard again this season at the Metropolitan Opera House

## Alma Gluck—Youngest of Metropolitan Prima Donnas

NO American-born girl is more enthusiastically American than petite and dainty Alma Glück, youngest of stars at the Metropolitan Opera House. True, since she came to this country at the tender age of six, and has but vague recollections of any other home, she might well be styled an American prima donna, especially since she is essentially an American singer, for her entire musical education was obtained even as her entire career has been in the United States.

This career has been short and brilliant. Last autumn no one outside her own circle of friends had heard of her, when she appeared as Sophie in the first performance of Massenet's "Werther," at the New Theatre, and the following morning awoke to find herself, if not famous, at all events well started on the road to fame.

When Mme. Glück received the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE in her attractive upper West side apartment, she was suffering from a cold, although that was the first day on which she had had time to pay any attention to it. She had sung for the three successive days before, and her audiences did not realize that the little soprano was not at her very best. This day, however, she had time to think of it, and in consequence her part of the interview was carried on in whispers, that the voice might rest for the next appearance two days later.



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ALMA GLUCK

"I don't bother about colds much," whispered the soprano, "for I am not much troubled. I think deep breathing is the very best cure for them. Yes, I always sang," she continued, in response to a question, "but without any lessons. I was born in Bucharest, Roumania, but after my parents brought me to this country, I was raised in accordance with foreign ideas. I married when I was very young"—a little seven-year old daughter amply establishes the truth of this assertion, for the mother looks absurdly youthful to have a child of this age—"and until my marriage I had never been inside a theatre. I had a great deal of time on my hands, especially after my little girl was born, and I read and studied, not music, but literature, of which I am very

fond. Then, one summer, up in the Adirondacks, I was singing as I often did, but solely as an amateur, when a gentleman who heard me advised me to study, and said: 'There is just one person with whom you should study, and that is Signor Buzzi Pecchia.' I was fortunate enough thus to begin with the right person, and I never changed.

"At first I had no idea of singing in opera. I merely wanted to learn to sing well, and I worked very seriously. I think the lack of seriousness in study is one of the greatest faults with our American girls, and explains why more of them do not accomplish their purpose. I used to go to the opera and stand as so many students do, and the others around me were so frequently proclaiming that they were 'studying for grand opera.' I do not think I ever told anyone that. Not that I do not believe in 'hitching your wagon to a star,' I do indeed. But I think one should fix one's aim high, and then work seriously, without always talking about it.

"Another thing in which I firmly believe is the absolute possibility of acquiring a thorough musical education in this

country. And why not? There is much talk of 'artistic atmosphere,' and the necessity for going to Europe to acquire it. I do not for one moment believe that. I think our 'artistic atmosphere' is within us, that we create it with our imaginations if we have them. I also believe that the best way to study, say for instance for grand opera, is by hearing operas and great artists, and where else in the world is opera given as it is here? Where else do they have the ensemble of great singers?

"I studied three years. At the end of that time, and when I had a repertoire of ten operas well studied, my teacher suggested that I go and sing for Mr. Gatti-Casazza. This was a year ago last Spring. I went to see him and he was most polite, and made an appointment for me to sing. He asked me if I had ever been on the stage, and I thought it was best to tell him the truth, so I said no. Nevertheless, after hearing me he offered me a five years' contract, and I went home as though in a dream. Of course I accepted it, and equally, of course, the con-



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ALMA GLUCK IN "PIQUE DAME"



Moffett

ALMA GLUCK AS MIMI



Copyright Mishkin

A STUDY HEAD OF ALMA GLUCK

tract was such an one as would be made with an unknown quantity such as I was. But I have been most kindly treated by the Metropolitan people, and, although that contract was for five years, they have now offered to make a new one on quite other terms.

"The following summer I went to Europe with my teacher and we heard operas, and among others, 'Werther,' at the Opéra Comique, Paris. I was delighted with it. When I came home in the Fall, I went to the opera house to find out what I must do, and saw Mr. Dippel. He laughed, and said: 'Oh, just go home and wait until we send you word.' Then he asked me how I had passed the Summer, and I told him, and mentioned how much I had enjoyed the performance of 'Werther,' and how I liked the rôle of Sophie. 'Do you think you could sing it?' he asked. I said, yes; and he said casually: 'You may go over it with Mr. Morgenstern if you like.' I did so, and one day to my utter amazement was told to come to rehearsals of the opera. There was no question then of my singing it. It merely happened that the soprano engaged for the rôle had not arrived in this country; the director, Mr. Tango, was anxious to begin rehearsals at once, and they told him that, since I had studied the rôle, I might be of use to give the cues to the others. I did so for several rehearsals, then the singer who was to sing the rôle arrived, and I supposed that that ended the matter as far as I was concerned. But it did not. The director liked my singing, as it afterward appeared, and the new arrival was accustomed to a different

interpretation of the rôle, so, to my amazement, after the dress rehearsal I was notified to report Sunday morning at ten o'clock for a rehearsal of the opera. Even then I had no idea that I was to sing. I went down, and in the subway I met Mr. Dippel. He asked me if I had been at the rehearsal the night before, and when I said no, he told me that I ought to go in future to all rehearsals of operas which I had studied, and I replied that I would be very glad to have that privilege. Nothing more was said. At the rehearsal the other singers in the cast congratulated me on my chance, but still I dared not believe it. There were a number of the directors out in front during the rehearsal, but not a word was said of my singing, even up to the time that I left the theatre. But the next morning there in the paper, among the list of singers for that evening's performance was my name! Oh, how nervous I was! But I sang, and everyone, including the critics, was charming to me.

"During the season I sang eleven different rôles. Among them, Mimi, in 'La Bohème,' in Boston, where they were most kind to me. I sang in 'Pique Dame,'—I liked my part so much in that opera—in 'Stradella,' 'Orfeo,' 'Maestro di Capella,' the Baer opera, in 'The Bartered Bride,' Freia in 'Rheingold,' and 'Faust' in Baltimore. But only Mimi and Marguerite were among the ten I had studied before signing my contract.

"My opportunity to sing Marguerite was another lucky chance. Mme. Alda was advertised, but was ill, and so I was sent. The Baltimore people were much annoyed at the substitution, and complained that it was done purposely, that Mme. Alda had never intended to come, which, of course, was not true. But the day after the performance one of the papers wrote: 'Instead of Mme. Alda a beginner was sent to us. It was evidently a case of trying her on the dog, but in this instance, we beg to state that the dog was well satisfied.'

"I am working on Eva in 'Die Meistersinger,' and hope to sing it. Some day, too, I want to sing Elsa, which rôle I adore. No, I am not afraid of hurting my voice with Wagner, but then I think Wagner should be sung, not shouted, and I intend to sing such rôles as I study. It is all very well to talk of working up to a climax in Wagner. Of course one wants climaxes, but how can they be obtained if the singer is singing *fortissimo* from beginning to end? There is no climax then. Also of course one makes more noise by screaming. A cornet can drown out a large number of violins if it tries, but if the music is written for the violins it is presumed that the composer wished them to be heard, not drowned out. I think it is such a mistake for people to speak of Wagner as unmelodic. Why, I think there is far more actual melody in the Prize Song from 'Die Meistersinger,' for instance, than in *Una furtiva lagrima* from 'L'Elisir d'Amore.' Wagner is full of melody."

At this point little Abigail, Mme. Glück's seven-year-old daughter, arrived from her piano lesson. She displays decided musical talent, and asked if she, too, intended to be an opera singer like her mother, replied, with the air of one predestined by fate, and with the greatest seriousness: "Oh, I suppose so." She takes the deepest interest in her mother's career, and displayed the latter's photographs with most daughterly pride, and with decided preferences. She quite approved of the two selected and herewith reproduced. As I left her, Mme. Glück was looking forward, though with that nervousness from which no singer is ever entirely free and especially before singing a rôle for the first time, to her début as Nedda in "I Pagliacci," one of the latest additions to her already extensive repertoire, and one of which she is very fond.

Some day, but not for a long time, "Not until I have acquired the mastery of stage technic which I think it demands," she said, Mme. Glück hopes to sing the title rôle in "Madama Butterfly."

"But that is a long time ahead," she hastened to add. "And, indeed, as long as we have such a wonderful interpreter of the rôle as Miss Farrar, whom I admire exceedingly, it is not necessary for anyone else to sing the rôle." ELISE LATHROP.





## Why do these great artists all make records only for the Victor?

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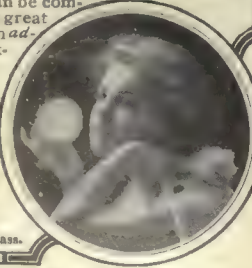
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## Grand Opera in Boston

(Continued from page 8)

and was, very happily, available when Nordica was the Marguerite. He sang the Faust music and acted the part as it has only once before been done in Boston by Jean de Reszké in his prime. Well may he be acclaimed one of the foremost tenors of the present day. The Mephistopheles of the Nordica "Faust," Leon Sibiriakoff, was also loaned to Boston. This singer began to cultivate his voice on the advice of no less a person than Tschaiakowsky, and upon his début in "Don Carlos" at La Scala, Verdi gave him enthusiastic applause. Mr. Russell believes he is destined to become one of the world's greatest basses. His voice is certainly very powerful though, in Faust, it is appropriately enough, rather harsh and repellent. But then he was singing the part in Russian—not having had time since his release for this occasion by the Russian Government to learn his rôle in French—and Russian is not a pleasant language to English-speaking folk.

For this opera, as for all given at the Boston Opera House, there was new and very beautiful scenery. The Kermesse scene was not merely superficially gay; Marguerite's garden was a fitting set for such an impassioned and poetic wooing, and the square near the city gates in which the soldiers gather on their return from the war gave one the veritable atmosphere of an old German town. A fresh and very effective touch was the playing of the famous Soldiers' Chorus by a band on the stage as a realistic procession of horsemen and camp followers trooped over the arched bridge in the background. Here as elsewhere the ensemble work was extraordinarily perfect. The chorus knows how to sing, the ballet knows how to dance, and the whole performance reflects the enthusiasm with which Mr. Russell and his co-workers have managed to inspire every member of the company.

Of new and notable productions the Boston Opera House is to have its good share this winter. Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," which won a *Prix de Rome*, has already been given here for the first time in this country and scored a great success. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is to be given with George Baklanoff (of whose sincere and manly Valentine I ought to have spoken when discussing "Faust") as the Sheriff. And "La Habanera" will here be produced for the first time in America.

For the first time on any stage, too, Frederick Converse's "The Sacrifice" will be given here in English. This Boston composer has in his new opera employed an American theme, treating it, musically, somewhat after the manner of the modern French school, though it is highly individualistic withal. The period is that of early frontier life in Southern California, and the heroine is loved by a Spaniard as well as by an American officer. The latter sacrifices himself for the girl he adores—hence the title of the piece. It will be a great night for Boston when this production is first put on. Let us hope that the gallery as well as the boxes may be full!

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

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#### Plays Now in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (December 15): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine" at Daly's; Bernhardt in Repertoire at the Globe; "Daddy Dufard" at the Hackett; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety; "Getting a Polish" at Wallack's; "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino; "Henry of Navarre" at the Knickerbocker; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" at the Comedy; "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam; "Madame Troubadour" at Nazimova's 39th St.; "Mary Magdalene" at the New Theatre; "Mother" at the Circle; "Naughty Marietta" at the New York; "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic; "Sothern and Marlowe in Repertoire at the Broadway; "The Aviator" at the Astor; "The Blue Bird" at the Majestic; "The Commuters" at the Criterion; "The Concert" at Belasco's; "The Country Boy" at the Liberty; "The Echo" at the Grand Opera House; "The Fourth Estate" at the West End; "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's; "The Girl and the Kaiser" at the Herald Square; "The Importance of being Earnest" at the Lyceum; "The Nest Egg" at the Bijou; "The Private Secretary" at the Empire; "The Speckled Band" at the Garrick, and "Two Women" at the Lyric.

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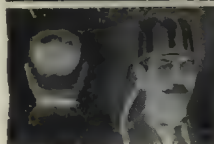
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## Grand Opera in Chicago

(Continued from page 9)

There were moments only a few weeks ago when the business manager, surveying his subscription list and a none too promising advance sale, may have felt his own heart sink. It is true that the great double tier of boxes surrounding the auditorium had been engaged for the season by a representative element of smart society folk. But well-filled boxes alone do not make for financial success. Until the opening night on November 3, when Chicago inaugurated her first season of grand opera, Dippel himself sat, like a general surveying his elaborate plan of campaign, as uncertain of the outcome as any disinterested spectator. Then the doors were flung open. The rush of the general public began suddenly, and the line before the box-office has never ceased to wind itself in and out of the big doors of the ante-lobby. How wisely that campaign has been planned is shown by the steadily increasing business from night to night.

The eight novelties being offered are judiciously interspersed throughout a repertoire of 23 standard works, 5 in French, 14 in Italian and 4 in German. Never before in the history of grand opera has so superb a repertoire been offered the public anywhere during a limited period of ten weeks, with a company of 44 star artists gathered from the opera houses of the world, supplemented by 10 "guest" stars loaned for special performances by the Metropolitan and Boston opera companies. The breadth and thoroughness of the undertaking is a triumph in itself. It is yet too early, however, to know definitely which way the local public taste will permanently incline. Novelties are drawing crowds of curious fashionable opera-goers. Standard works are drawing crowds of less fashionable and very appreciative musicians and music-lovers. Both tastes are being successfully catered to. No doubt there will be a continuous demand for both.

It is likewise difficult and somewhat squeamish business to single out any particular star in an aggregation of 44 to name as the luminary *par excellence* which has outshone all others. As a matter of fact there are so many stars of almost equal magnitude that the entire firmament blazes apparently in a constellation of even power throughout. No one person is really featured, except as this or that artist may have attained success for himself or herself in some particular rôle. Thus Melba has become identified along with McCormack with the chief rôles in "La Bohème" and "Rigoletto"; Gadski and Zerola with "Aida"; Farrar and Scotti with "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly"; Garden and Dalmores with "Louise" and "Pelléas et Mélisande"; Lillian Grenville, Dalmores and Dufranne with "Faust"; Lipkowska and Constantino with "Lucia"; Garden and Renaud with "Thais"; Alice Zeppilli, McCormack and Sammarco with "Rigoletto," and so on down an almost interminable list, other stars successfully alternating with those mentioned.

One may say, however, without offence to the remainder that the "guest" stars, Farrar, Alice Nielsen, Lydia Lipkowska, Carmen Melis, Caruso, Constantino, Jadowker, Slezak, Baklanoff and Scotti have momentarily flashed across our horizon with a certain satisfying splendor of their own, proof positive that there is still a little commendable grand opera being performed elsewhere. Though it must be admitted that our own Mary Garden, Melba, Gadski, Korolewicz, Lillian Grenville, Marguerite Sylva, Carolina White, Alice Zeppilli, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Seritina Scalfaro, Frances Alda, Eleonora de Cisneros, Tina Di Angelo, Bassi, Castleman, Dalmores, Guardabassi, McCormack, Zerola, Dufranne, Renaud, Sammarco, Beck, Huberdeau, Malatesta and Nicolay have not yet been put in total eclipse.

Ten weeks and fifty subscription performances in Chicago is not all the labor in store for the Chicago company this season. Four special performances in St. Louis, five in St. Paul, and five in Milwaukee are also on the schedule. Hints flooded the impresario's desk that the thing discarded by Chicago need not seek shelter elsewhere. However the Mayor of Milwaukee with a justice worthy of mention signaled his intention of hearing before he himself passed judgment. Then on January 18, the company begins its tour and will travel over a greater extent of territory before the close of its season than any other metropolitan grand opera company in the United States has ever covered. A season of 44 performances during 11 weeks will open in Philadelphia on that date.

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## Puccini's New Opera

(Continued from page 6)

in fact the whole performance was an artistic success. "The Girl of the Golden West" is destined to become a favorite of the golden East.

Except for the season's initial performance of "Armide"—which was reviewed in the foregoing number of this magazine—there have been no other novelties this month. But there has been a constant change of principals, lending variety to each week. So, for instance, Nellie Melba returned for some special performances, singing Gilda in "Rigoletto" and Violetta in "La Traviata" with rare beauty of tone.

Maurice Renaud, that famous and artistic baritone who was a member of the Manhattan forces last year, was also seen at the Metropolitan during the month, singing the title rôle in "Rigoletto" and repeating his former success. So, too, Constantino, a Spanish tenor, and John McCormack, an Irish tenor, have both been heard at the Metropolitan and have repeated the impression made at the Manhattan Opera House; namely, that Constantino sings with all too much sugary sweetness and lacks virility, while McCormack has a delightful voice and as delightful a manner of singing.

Also has there been a new Lohengrin, Slezak, who is a giant in stature. He looked exceedingly handsome in brilliant costumes—if indeed they were not too brilliant, and he sang the music very well; but what he lacked were mysticism and poetic charm. In the same performance Olive Fremstad sang and acted an Elsa that will long remain beloved in the memories of those who witnessed it.

"Faust," for the first time this season, brought to hearing a new basso, Leon Rothier, who sang Mephistopheles. He comes from the Paris Opera Comique, and proved himself to be a very useful addition to the Metropolitan ensemble. He has a good, flexible voice and his acting was satisfying. Geraldine Farrar was the Marguerite, and sang excellently; also did she act this rôle with the same artistic distinction that marks most of her work.

Another American has come home to his own land to sing in the person of William Hinshaw who appeared with much credit both as Biterolf in "Tannhäuser" and the Herald in "Lohengrin."

In "La Bohème" Jadowker sang Rodolfo for the first time here, and captivated the audience by his charm of voice. "La Gioconda" was revived and introduced a new contralto, Maria Classens in the part of La Cieca. She has a fair voice which may show to better advantage in other rôles.

Basil Ruysdael, still another American, a basso, appeared as Hunding in "Die Walküre" and proved an impressive singer if not a particularly refined one. And then in the same opera, Lucy Weidt, a new dramatic soprano from Vienna, made her New York début as Brünnhilde. She has the routine of the part at her fingers' ends and she sings it like a *routinière*, but the voice is inclined to be "metallic" at times.

Berta Morena, well known here two seasons ago, has also returned here quite recovered from the spells of sickness which kept her from these hospitable operatic shores. And so the opera has gone a-whirling through its first month.

In the concert rooms there has really been something new—the Russian Balalaika Orchestra, heard here for the first time. It is composed almost entirely of balalaikas, which are Russian first cousins to our mandolins. But how different in effect and tone! There is here no silly tinkling, but the tone has real quality. These instruments come of various families, from the small one, about the size of a mandolin, to huge ones that rest on the floor, like double basses. The orchestra, composed of about twenty, is conducted by W. W. Andreef, who has spent half a lifetime in training this body of players. They follow his every nod and move, with the result that these Russians produce great music of its class. The way they play Russian folk songs is rousing, and in lighter numbers they delight the hearers by delicacy and nuance.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has also visited us, giving a brace of concerts that were, as usual, models of orchestral virtuosity—and then there have been numberless concerts by the New York Symphony Society, the Russian Philharmonic Orchestra and the Russian Symphony Society. At the latter Kathleen Parlow, a Canadian violinist, made her American début.

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Some Recent Plays

(Continued from page 8)

whose sun rises and sets in her husband, a woman against whose absorbing love for her "man" no moral scruples, no feminine tenderness, no maternal weakness either for her own children or anybody else's would weigh for a moment. Such women may be met with in the world today and it is because this new Lady Macbeth touches here, and at several other points, the life of our own time that it is the exceedingly interesting play Miss Marlowe has made it. The greatest opportunity to express this affection came, of course, in the banquet scene where the Lady must alternately soothe and chide Macbeth while all the while putting as good a face as she can on his astounding behavior. Here Miss Marlowe reached her highest power.

The Macbeth of Mr. Sothorn is very largely what such a wife would make of him. In the very first scenes we are clearly shown that sensitiveness to external impressions and to his own introspection constitute the greater part of the man's character. That this Macbeth could on occasion be a doughty warrior one had to believe from his physical aspect and from the fight at the end of the play. But that he would easily become a prey to superstitions, and would have very decided qualms about killing a kinsman who was also his guest, his every word betrayed. None the less, ambition has begun to do its corroding work in him even before his wife stings him to action by her taunts and,—more potent than aught else,—her ever more and more insinuating endearments. The problem of the part is, of course, the convincing fusion of an impressively soldierly Macbeth with that of a Macbeth who starts at his own shadow and shrinks at the sight of blood. Mr. Sothorn only approximated this fusion. The introspections of his Macbeth were too closely akin to those of his Hamlet to persuade us that they belonged to a stalwart soldier. To be sure, two bits of business which were introduced served to prop up the conception of Macbeth as a pretty weak-kneed person, but is there any warrant in the text for them? Why should Macbeth and Banquo stand glaring at each other after the murder of Duncan has been discovered? And why should the king fall in a limp heap at the end of the apparition scene in the witches' cave? There is absolutely nothing in the text to warrant a fainting-fit at this juncture.

It was the Macduff of Mr. Lewis which, rather surprisingly, achieved a convincing combination of warlike and human qualities. The utter sincerity of this actor's work in the scene where Macduff is mourning the murder of his "pretty ones" deserved warm applause—and got it.

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inspiring that to see one of her performances must always be memorable. "La Samaritaine," by Rostand, is too unusual and daring for general use. For the first time in America, except for the Passion Play, Christ is made to figure in person on the stage. We have had some approach to this in a few Biblical plays, and yet perhaps this most daring of them all is the most effectively reverential. The single production of the play, however, does not call for any set discussion. The play certainly was not written for sensational purposes or put together by means of devices of a purely theatrical kind. Bernhardt succeeded in centreing emotional interest in a repentant woman. In the circumstances this is a remarkable achievement. It is not practicable to enter into a comparative discussion of performances by others in these and similar parts. As to the plays the public is informed. In some of these plays it is Bernhardt's virtuosity, with the addition of personal qualities, that makes them interesting. "La Sorcière," for example, is theatrical to such an extent that only Bernhardt could interest audiences in it. In "Madame X" she is seen perhaps to least advantage. The play affords her little opportunity. Yet whatever she plays audiences feel that they are witnessing the final appearances of a woman supreme in her art.

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BIJOU. "THE NEST EGG." Play in three acts by Anna Caldwell. Produced November 22 with this cast:

Georgie Mills, Blanche Hall; Deacon Adams, Julian Barton; Alice Adams, Evelyn Varden; Pansy-Etta, Ruth Wells; "Biff" Adams, H. Bratton Kennedy; Jack Hamlin, Robert Dempster; Hetty Gandy, Zelta Sears; Norman Frisbee, Walter Young; Virginia Rodney, Helen Lindroth; Wiley Bassett, Frederick Burton.

Miss Zelta Sears is so uncommonly clever in her characterization of a New England spinster, whose dream of marriage is checked and then finally realized, that she reconciles us to a play that at times is clumsily contrived. She is more than clever as an actress. Evidences of her experience and training under Clyde Fitch are apparent in many passages of stage management. It was a characteristic of that master of stagecraft that he gave naturalness to his plays by the constant use of minute details from life. Thus, in this play we have the method of Clyde Fitch when the action requires that the old maid be got off the stage. We have this method in one little scene. She has a protégée, a bare-legged, saucy and independent little girl of ten or twelve years of age whom she has adopted from the poorhouse. The moment arrives in the action when the scene must be interrupted. The little girl, Pansy-Etta, is brought on from the pantry for reproof for her enterprise among the jars of jam. Pansy-Etta's mouth is crimson with her feast. This certainly is a harmless diversion and a practical technical expedient. Much is made of this little child, as indeed by the Clyde Fitch method the most is made of everybody and everything, down to the last possible detail.

The story of the play contains some improbabilities, but the spinster, in her naturalness, is proof against them. This spinster, three years before the beginning of the action, had sent herself to the market along with some eggs, one of which she had inscribed with a bit of sentimental poetry and her address. She had always believed that she would hear from her indirect appeal. She now receives a telegram from a man, and is led to believe that he is coming to marry her. She proceeds with her preparations for the wedding. The wedding bell of flowers is suspended over the door. Certainly this is forced, but the dream of the spinster is not. It is pathetic and humorous to see her flitting about and tripping down the steps with a song, dreaming, confident and happy. Her supposed suitor arrives, and, after some misunderstandings of a comical kind, he tells her that he has come to get her to testify in a suit brought by him for the furtherance of the Pure Food Law, the eggs which she had sent, and which had been in cold storage all the time, being involved. She testifies and wins the suit for him. It is suggested to her that she, in order to avoid the humiliation of a scandal if the truth were known, go to the courtroom with the supposed suitor as if they were about to marry. She carries out her plan of deceiving the villagers by going on a lonely wedding trip and registering at a hotel under what would have been her name according to her dream. By a series of improbable happenings her supposed suitor declares himself, and her dream is realized.

Miss Zelta Sears does that with as neat and true an embodiment of spinsterhood as may be imagined. The performance is unique.

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ASTOR. "THE AVIATOR." Comedy in four acts by James Montgomery. Produced December 6 with this cast:

Robert Street, Wallace Eddinger; James Brooks, Robert Conness; Hopkinson Brown, Jack Devereaux; J. H. Douglas, Frank Currier; Mons. Gaillard, Frederick Paulding; John Gordon, Samuel Reed; Sam Robinson, Edward Begley; Joe Hurley, Ford Fenimore; Louis, Wm. P. Connery; No. 1, Cantor Brown; No. 8, Richard Webster; No. 4, William Offerman; Miss Grace Douglas, Christine Norman; Mrs. J. H. Douglas, Emily Lytton; Miss Madeline Riley, Oza Waldrop; Miss Blair, Edythe Thorne; Miss Henderson, Nan Davis; Miss Zonne, Irene Warfield.

The readiness with which our authors (some of them heard of for the first time), managers and stage-managers, avail themselves of ideas absolutely new to the stage, new because they belong to some new development in life itself, is proof enough that our stage has reached an independence and efficiency of its own. It did not take long for the telephone to assume definite importance in plays and obviate a vast number of technical expedients. The wireless was not slow in beginning to sputter its messages. And now, no doubt Cohan and Harris and James Montgomery have earned the distinction of originating and producing the first play in which a flying machine is actually used on the stage and in which the whole action depends upon this new and latest marvel of human achievement. Necessarily "The Aviator" is a farcical comedy. The play probably has not enough substance to endure longer than the novelty of aviation remains itself a stimulating thought. A young man has written a book on the navigation of the air, giving his own experiences and speaking with apparent authority. His experiences are entirely of his own imagination. He comes to a summer resort at the advice of his doctor, expecting to find quiet and rest. His identity is presently discovered, the young women press their attentions on him, and he finds it difficult to parry their questions and sustain his reputation. He is in danger of losing the girl he loves if she finds out that he is an impostor. The proprietor of the hotel and others are so urgent with him to make an ascent, a real aviator with two machines having arrived, that he is forced to prepare himself for a flight. It is easy to see the complications. Indeed, the play moves so obviously that only exceedingly clever work keeps it going. Its motive power is not great, but the swiftness of the revolutions of what there is answers the purpose. There is a very amusing scene in which the instructor in aviation gives the young man a private lesson by improvised means, seating him in a chair on a table and using a hat to represent the rudders, and otherwise indicating to him the management of the aeroplane. This instructor is very stout. The part is taken by Edward Begley, who makes it exceedingly amusing. Mr. Wallace Eddinger makes the most of his pretended skill and real trepidation. Compelled to run the machine, trembling but determined, he sails aloft. During his brief absence telegrams are received describing the wonderful figures that he is cutting in the air. Of course, this is all nonsense, but it is clean nonsense, and as a farce it is successful. Mr. Eddinger is fertile in bits of business, and while he yet has to gain firmness and consistency in his acting, his start is propitious. The rival aviator, an excitable Frenchman, as played by Frederick Paulding, provided many moments of animated comedy. The women in the case are comely and efficient, and the young man helped out the action with their vitality of youth.

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LYRIC. "TWO WOMEN." Play in five acts by T. Cicconi, adapted by Rupert Hughes. Produced November 29 with this cast:

Jeannette Moreau, Mrs. Leslie Carter; Comte Remy de Margyl, Robert Warwick; Francois Rosny, Harrison Hunter; Dr. Michel, Arthur R. Lawrence; Marquis Pascal de Foudras, Brandon Hurst; Duc de Lissac, Harry G. Carlton; Prince Kalaieff, Francis Hanna; Pierre, Harry Semels; Conde de Andalucia, A. M. Montegudo; Mme. Yvonne Derval, Helen Tracy; Mitzzy Gallipaux, Lillian Cahill; Celeste, Mlle. Andree Corday.

An actor without fine intelligence is not worth considering. The better part of acting consists in analytical capacity of mind and sympathetic qualities of the heart. These things cannot be taught. They are fundamental. Mrs. Leslie Carter can act because, first of all, she is a woman of intelligence, and has been grounded in her art by the best possible instruction. It is not easy to measure qualities of the heart, for acting, in one of its aspects, is simulation. Actors readily deceive themselves in their emotions or rather in the effects produced on an audience. "Two Women," the play in which she is now appearing, is without one particle of truth or genuine emotion. It is reminiscent of "Camille" and scores of similar plays evoked by it. In its superabundant little details there may be found theatrical merit, but the play itself misses its own aim.

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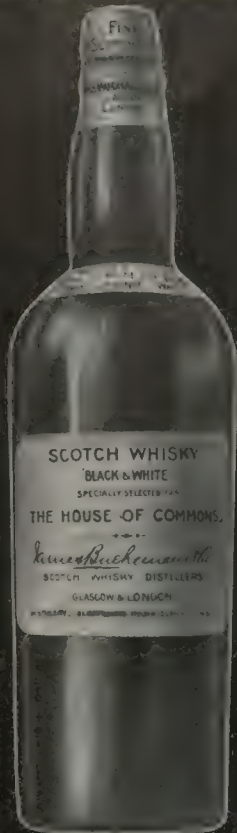
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Much more than ordinary resourcefulness and skill are manifest in it as a production. It has handsome interiors, a glittering ballroom scene and attractive costumes, but only here and there does the action touch a true note. A young man who, for some reason that is not clear, cannot "claim his title," is penniless and lives with his beautiful wife in an humble cottage. He uses his wife as a model, but she, poor creature, weak and wasted away by starvation, lies down on the bed in a curtained alcove to rest and dies without a murmur. He is disconsolate. Months or years later, the time being of no consequence, he meets a ballet girl at a public ball, who is the counterpart of the loved and lost one. She consents to sit for him so that he may complete the unfinished portrait of his wife. The scene changes back to the cottage. She falls in love with him, but leaves him when she finds that he still loves the memory of his dead wife. She goes back to her lover, who provides the play with an expensive interior, walls with decorated panels and the like. The artist comes for her. He must finish the portrait. He fights a duel with the jealous lover. The scene changes back to the cottage. The artist is now blind, the jealous lover having provided the situation. The artist, not being able to see his model who is in the room, declares his love for her in a soliloquy, and she, just as she was about to slip out of the door and return to the follies of Paris, rushes to his arms. There are passages in the play that would be very good if they were true. In the present demand for plays of any kind it may serve for the season. With the right kind of play Mrs. Carter's popularity will continue.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER**  
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**HERALD SQUARE.** "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER." Operetta in three acts. Book by Bernhard Buchbinder. Music by Georg Jarno. English version by Leonard Lieblich. Produced November 22 with this cast:

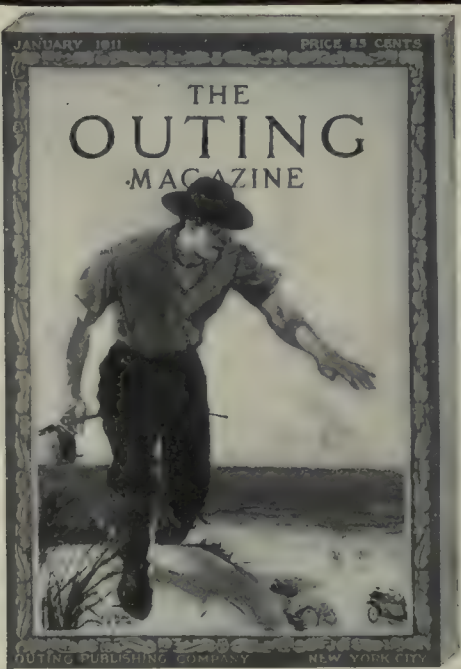
Kaiser Josef II, Julius McVicker; Baron von Loeben, Melvin Stokes; Von Reuter, Robert Vivian; Count Sternfeld, Robinson Newbold; Tibor Berenyi, William Bonelli; Franz Földessy, Thomas Richards; Hans Lange, Albert Wilder; Peter Wenzel, Harry Connor; Ludwig, George Leonard; Sergeant Kolonitzky, Alfred Darling; Baroness von Graven, Flavia Arcaro; Countess von Rendorff, Mabel Weeks; Minka, Edith Decker; Christ'l, Lulu Glaser.

Still another evidence of the advance in light musical matters is to be seen at the Herald Square Theatre, where "The Girl and the Kaiser" has met with genuine critical and popular favor. The tinkly-tinkly score which for so long a time held sway on Broadway is being relegated to the past, and in its stead real music of genuine melody and artistic composition is taking its place. "The Merry Widow" set the pace, which others have followed with happy results. Georg Jarno is the composer of the new entertainment which serves to re-introduce Lulu Glaser as a star, and right well has he performed his task. It is not simple music by any means that he has written, but it has color, form and melody. If anything it is almost too good, as many of the principals to say nothing of the chorus, have difficulty as to tone pitch and time in doing it full justice. The orchestration is particularly rich and full. It is a pretty and picturesque story which Bernhard Buchbinder has evolved. The English version, commendably free from the vulgarity and coarse local gags which on Broadway too often pass muster for humor, is the work of Leonard Lieblich, a clever journalistic wit, whose "Variations" in the *Musical Courier* have long been one of the brightest features of that journal.

Kaiser Josef II, near a forester's lodge outside of Vienna, carries on a flirtation with Christ'l, the forester's daughter. Fate takes her to Vienna, where the political fortunes of Franz Földessy, her fiancé, are involved, and amid the usual misunderstandings Christ'l learns of the identity of her imperial admirer. A final result is reached which is in full conformity with the ideas of convention.

Always ebullient, jolly and magnetically alert, Lulu Glaser romps through the piece in a way that wins her abundant success, while the Kaiser is portrayed with real dignity, distinction and charm by Julius McVicker. There is a manly, good looking and tuneful hero in the person of Thomas Richards. Edith Decker sings with fluency and correctness in the rôle of Minka, and the numerous subsidiary parts are neatly and effectively characterized. Harry Connor, who originally appeared in the rôle of the little court tailor, retired early from the cast, his place being taken by John Slavin, a comedian of resourceful methods, but not seen at his best in this part.

The production is a sumptuous one. But Mr. Melville Ellis should remove those palace hangings. They mar an otherwise charming and really beautiful color scheme. Mauve and scarlet do not blend.



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**HACKETT.** "DADDY DUFARD." Comedy in three acts by Lechmere Worrall and Albert Chevalier. Produced December 6 with this cast:

Achille Talma Dufard, Albert Chevalier; Rose Dufard, Violet Heming; Paul Hammond, A. Hylton Allen; Celia Fitzjames, Frankie Raymonde; Grover Toft, Leslie Kenyon; Bert Cole, Claude H. Cooper; Mme. Poulard, Mary E. Barker; Joseph Fontaine, Arthur Brankston; The Great Jolly, Harry Brett; Otto Meyenberg, Louis Hendricks; Cesare Golitti, Horace Mitchell; Mark Heinie, John C. Holliday; Sir John Baines, John Blackmore; Marie, Grace Illingworth; Jackson, C. L. Emerson; Manager Welland, Robert Martin; Box Office Clerk, Stephen Joy; Florist's Boy, James L. Foster; Mabel, Alice Johnson; Robert Burton, J. Sebastian Smith; Commissionaire, Gus Stinson; Signor Gilfonti, Harry Le Grange; Mr. Saunders, Walter E. Johnson.

Chevalier, the great exponent of "costermongery," has elected to make his first appearances in America as a straight comedian. On the program it is announced that this character comedy, as it is styled, is indebted to an old French play for the title rôle and for an incident in the last scene of the final act. The original would seem to be "Le Père d'une Débutante," which F. S. Chanfrau made famous years ago.

Daddy Dufard is an old French actor with a daughter whom he adores. Professional jealousy would keep her from creating the principal rôle in a sketch which her fiancé has written, but the old gentleman by his adroitness and ingenuous plausibility revives his fallen fortunes, launches his beloved daughter with tremendous acclaim upon the theatrical sea and secures for her a devoted husband. The celebration of his birthday is the first act, and the various characters are introduced while Dufard projects his character each rôle "feeding him," as theatrical parlance goes, with loyal devotion. His rendering of the French *chanson*, which brings the first curtain down, is a gem of polished execution. The old gentleman's excitedness on the eve of his daughter's début is expressed with humor and finished detail, but the rendition as a whole lacks the direct note of simplicity to make it a big creation. In the music hall scene the actor appears in his famous specialty and denotes the coster spirit with all his old-time humor, pathos and charm.

**GARRICK.** "THE SPECKLED BAND." Play in three acts by Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced November 21 with this cast:

Dr. Grimesby Rylott, Edwin Stevens; Enid Stonor, Irene Fenwick; Mrs. Staunton, Katherine Brook; Rodgers, John Findlay; Ali, an Indian, H. H. McCollum; Mr. Scott Wilson, Cyril Chadwick; Mr. Armitage, Ben Field; Mr. Longbrace, Alexander Frank; Mr. Brewer, Ivan F. Simpson; Inspector Downing, W. Coats Bush; Coroner's Officer, John M. Troughton; Mr. Holt Loaming, Frank Shannon; Mr. James B. Montagu, W. Soderling; Mr. Milverton, Ivan F. Simpson; Billy, Kenneth Meinken; Dr. Watson, Ivo Dawson; Peters, C. Later; Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Charles Millward.

At one time the authors of successful books were content to permit their transformation into plays through the agency of those expert in such matters. Whether it is a desire for greater honors or the more prosaic inclination for additional royalties is hard to determine, but many writers of books are now becoming their own dramatists. Experience would seem to show that this is a short-sighted policy, and an example in particular point is that of Sir Conan Doyle who, under the same title, has made a play out of "The Speckled Band." Its recent limited run at the Garrick demonstrates its inferiority to the Gillette version of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes or that popular interest is waning in the exploits of that dopy yet alert detective.

**COMEDY.** "I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO." Farce in three acts by Edgar Selwyn and William Collier. Produced November 28 with this cast:

Hi Low, Stanley Murphy; Hiram Kelly, Frederick Esmelton; Frank Sinclair, Willard R. Feeley; Percival Kelly, William Collier; Mrs. Sinclair, Clare Reynolds Smith; Celia Sinclair, Maud Gilbert; Samson, James B. Sheeran; Peaceful, M. L. Heckert; Slattery, Stephen Maley; Gabby, Willard R. Feeley; Mar'm Sanderson, Helena Collier Garrick; Murphy, John B. Adams; Binks, William Collier, Jr.; Happy Stokes, Richard Malchien; Bonny, Paula Marr; Bob Carter, Thos. Beauregard; Bill Sanderson, Thos. Findlay; Handsome, Sallie Tompkins; Bartender, Thos. Stewart; Ginger, F. Norley; Dry Pan, J. J. Boyle; Tony, James B. Sheeran; Pete, Albert West; Mrs. Callahan, Flora Beasley; Gwendolyn Shoots, Sadie Wright.

That irrepressible quick-fire comedian, William Collier, opened his season at the re-christened William Collier Comedy Theatre with a characteristic farce written by himself and Edgar Selwyn. The piece has little plot to boast of, but it keeps the audience in an uproar of laughter, and so serves its one purpose which is merely to amuse. Mr. Collier appears as Percival Kelly, a youth so careless that he quite forgets his appointment to marry Celia Sinclair at Grace Church. His father packs him off to the West, and in a mining town of Nevada he meets with all kinds of adventures until, after narrowly escaping with his life, he wins a fortune and a wife. Mr. Collier plays the part in his usual slap-dash manner, and succeeds in making things hum from start to finish. Theatregoers fond of "breezy" entertainment will like the piece.



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## Important Announcement

In 1901, when we first conceived of the plan of issuing the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we met with but scant encouragement. The players, the theatre-managers, the dramatists, who should have welcomed a publication of high-class character connected so closely with their own profession, a magazine sumptuous in appearance and with text written by the foremost dramatic writers of the day, were frankly sceptical. They did not believe there was room in this country for such a publication. They were mistaken and to-day they confess their error. We did not need the theatrical profession to insure our success. The THEATRE MAGAZINE pleased the general public and to-day it is read by hundreds of thousands of persons, wherever people are interested in the theatre.

This unprecedented success has so encouraged us that we are now about to launch into an even more ambitious venture—the publication of a

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This is the first attempt yet made in the literature of any nation to sum up, in scientific fashion and absolute impartiality, the development of the theatre in all its manifestations. The task is a heavy one and loaded with responsibilities. The undersigned trust, therefore, they may count on the support of everyone who has the interests of the theatre at heart.

The editorial direction of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage will be entrusted to a group of leading authorities; these will be aided in their work by an advisory board composed of the most eminent persons in the theatrical world, here and abroad.

It is time that the art of the stage be given its true dignified place among the liberal arts of the world. We expect this Encyclopedia will aid in effecting this desired aim, and to make this accomplishment doubly sure, we earnestly ask for the moral and practical co-operation of all those who have the higher interests of the stage earnestly at heart.

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## A FEW ENDORSEMENTS

### BRANDER MATTHEWS

I have no doubt that a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage will have a distinct utility of its own, especially at the present time when the outlook for the drama of our language is brighter than it has been for more than two centuries.

### DAVID BELASCO

Replying to your letter of February first, regarding your forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage, please accept my congratulations and best wishes for this splendid project. You ask for an expression of my opinion. About all I can say off-hand is that such a work cannot fail to fill a long-felt want. The more I think of it the more amazed I am that the compilation of such a work has been deferred so long. We have encyclopedias, anthologies, commentaries and every other sort of reference book on every other sort of subject save that of the drama and the stage. You may certainly depend upon my giving you all the moral and practical co-operation within my power.

### HENRY W. SAVAGE

I am much interested in the projected Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and believe that it will serve a very valuable purpose. I shall be glad to lend you every aid possible in the matter.

### FRANCIS WILSON

If you carry out your design with respect to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, you will give students and scholars a much and long needed work of reference. I shall be glad to aid you in any way in my power, believe me. Such an undertaking, skilfully performed, will need much moral and practical co-operation, and it shall surely have it from me. As chairman of the Art and Literature Committee of the Players, I shall be glad to welcome such a work to our shelves and also to my own library.

### HENRIETTA CROSMAN

I am in hearty accord with the movement, and will co-operate in any way to make it a success.

### MARTHA MORTON

Dr. Singer has spoken to me about compiling a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. The magnitude of this idea impressed me very much. Such a book of reference, carried out exhaustively as Dr. Singer intends, has long been wanted by authors, managers, actors and all interested in or connected with the drama, and should make a decided success.

### C. RANN KENNEDY

I am awfully glad to see that the Encyclopedia is now well on the way. It ought to be of incalculable use to all of us. I shall certainly take the first opportunity of calling on you to discuss the matter you mention.

### EUGENE D'ALBERT

The work that you proposed to me in your favor of March the ninth finds my fullest interest, and you can be assured of my co-operation when my time will allow it.

### HENRY MILLER

Your publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage will doubtless be appreciated not by the theatrical profession alone, but by all interested in the drama. Please place my name on the subscription list, and I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the completion of your remarkable work.

### HERBERT DUCE

I am very much interested in your contemplated publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage. I shall be glad to receive further information about it from time to time.

### J. E. DODSON

I think your Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage a splendid conception, and you may certainly count upon my earnest and humble co-operation. I think the dramatic profession already owes your firm a debt of gratitude for the accurate and dignified way in which it is represented in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

### JULES CLARETIE

*Director of the Theatre Francais, Member of the French Academy*

A publication as interesting and as important as the one projected by the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be most useful to the dramatic arts and will be most welcome by the public, whose taste for the best on the stage increases each day.

### CHARLES BURNHAM

I think the idea suggested in your letter of the 1st inst. is excellent, and would be of great benefit to the theatre; and if there is anything I can do to further it I shall be glad to do so.

### JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

I am delighted to learn that so important a publication as an Encyclopedia of the Stage is about to be issued. It will, undoubtedly, be a great acquisition to the literary world, and a work of much interest and value to all who are interested in the theatre. If in my small way I can be of any service to you, I will be most happy to do so.

### CHRYSTAL HERNE

Your project is very big and very worthy, and if carried to fulfilment on the lines you lay down, should be of tremendous value in helping to uphold the art of acting, and place it in its true place of dignity and books among the liberal arts.

### C. E. KENNEDY

I think your proposed publication will be a very interesting work, and highly prized by any one either on or interested in the stage.

### DAVID WARFIELD

Please pardon me for not acknowledging sooner your letter announcing a forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage. I am looking forward to its appearance with much interest, because the imprint of your house always means literary excellence, reliability and good taste in the wit of the printer and the binder.

Good luck to the new literary offspring!

### E. J. SULLIVAN

As outlined, the work should be of especial interest to laymen as well as to those intimately connected with the theatre and its work.

There has been a long-felt want for such a book, and I am sure that your efforts will be heartily appreciated by those who regard the stage as something else than a medium of amusement and ocular delight. I wish you the heartiest success in the undertaking.

### CHARLES KLEIN

I will become a member of the Comité de Patronage of One Hundred, if you think I can be of any service to you. Your project is certainly a most worthy one, and should succeed in spite of the immense obstacles confronting you. In any event, you may count on me to do whatever is in my power to further the same.

### CHARLES SWEETON

Your Encyclopedia of the Stage, which should have the co-operation of every one connected with the profession, and I am sure that this encyclopedia would be worthy of space in the libraries of all interested in theatricals.

I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing this work at an early date, and wish you every success in this accomplishment.

### JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

I want to congratulate you on your great undertaking of producing the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. That the work will be meritorious and artistic, I do not question, and I sincerely hope that its financial success will be equally great.

### PERCY MACKAYE

Your project is, indeed, important and interesting, and I shall be glad to be of service to it within the restrictions of my now crowded time and work.

### EDWIN ARDEN

You, of course, have my moral support, but if you would specialize, I might be of some real assistance.

### LAURA BURT

I think your scheme a most magnificent one. I am willing to do anything in my power for its success.

### PETER DAVEY

I am much obliged by your circular, and shall await the issue of the book with very great interest. You do not say what it is to cost.

### GEORGE P. BAKER

I am, of course, interested by your announcement in regard to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and I hope you will keep me informed as your plans develop.

### FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

I beg to say your magnificent and almost herculean task deserves every commendation. I do not know of any such work in existence.

Kindly enter my subscription for one set of The Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, in cloth binding, in half morocco binding, in full morocco binding, (strike off the bindings, that are not wanted,) for which I will pay at the rate of.....per volume on delivery.

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EUROPEAN NEWS

BY PETRONIUS



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MADemoiselle LANTELME OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

## The World of Music, Drama and Fashion Abroad



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MADAME LYDIA YAWORSKAIA (PRINCESSE BARIANTINSKY)

PARIS, December 5, 1910.

**T**O the devotees of music the publication of the program of the Opera Comique is always eagerly anticipated. Following the traditions of that house the able director, M. Albert Carré, has recently presented his program for the season of 1910-11. For the present I shall limit myself to giving the names of the principal new works, leaving to later chronicles the analyses of their results.

The first of these works is "Macbeth," the libretto, taken from Shakespeare, is by M. Fleg. The composer is a young man, whose first attempt this is, M. Ernest Bloch. This tragedy is divided into three acts and seven tableaux, of which one is the prologue. Following this we shall have "L'Ancêtre" by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, a work which was presented for the first time at the Théâtre du Cercle in Monte Carlo. M. Massenet, another of the great French composers, will have his opera "Thérèse" presented some time in April. This also was first presented at Monte Carlo.

Among the revivals announced are: the three hundredth performance of "Louise"; "Pelléas et Mélisande" by M. Claude Debussy, which will be sung by Jean Périer and the exquisite Madame Marguerite Carré; "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" of Offenbach, which, to the great enjoyment of the public, M. Carré proposes to present with entirely new scenery and costumes. Then last but not least, Wagner's "Le Vaisseau Fantôme," in which will appear Mlle. Chenal, whose praises I do not need to sing to you.

With such a combination of artists the season at the Opera Comique promises to be exceptionally brilliant, and the American colony is certain to applaud this magnificent and elaborate program.

To make it still more interesting the Opera Comique is the favorite rendezvous of the people of the great world, and it is there one sees the prettiest society women arrayed in most stunning gowns.

Speaking of toilettes I must, and I hope it is for the first and last time, speak of the "hobble skirt." Unless I am much mistaken the hobble skirt was launched by Poiret. Still graven on my memory is the extraordinary sight of those mannequins at the Longchamps race course last spring as they promenaded about the passage to the great amazement of the crowds there assembled. The hobble skirt was, it must be acknowledged, instantly a great success, one of curiosity. The reporters for the fashion journals instantly turned their cameras upon these mannequins, eager to present to their readers the first view of the new mode, which soon became a veritable craze. Women, like the sheep of Panurge, demanded from their dressmakers the all too famous "hobble skirt." Before this overwhelming demand the majority of the great dressmakers could only bow. However, I know from a good source that, to their honor be it said, several of them only succumbed when literally compelled to do so.

Add to these narrow skirts hats of formidable dimensions, and you can easily imagine the Parisienne's pretty silhouette transformed into the semblance of a mushroom! For her graceful and willowy walk was substituted the little jerking steps of the Japanese women with this marked difference that the Japanese with their kimonos, their faces and their special coiffures, make a perfect

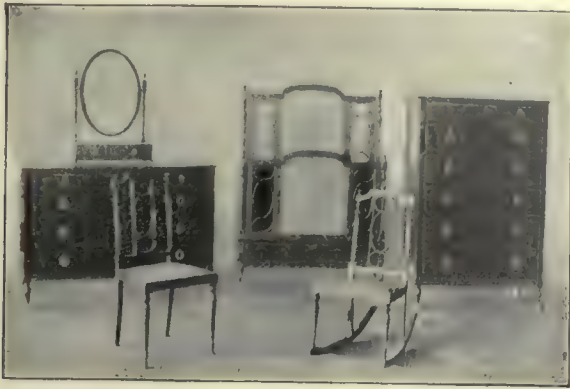


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MR. ALBERT CARRE  
Director of the Opéra Comique



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MME. MARGUERITE CARRE  
In "La Reine Fiammette"

replied in chorus, "What's to be done? It is the fashion!" There, truly, lies the cancer that is destroying æsthetics and good taste.

There is no good reason to follow fashion whether in gowns or hats, unless that fashion is of admirable quality, unless it favors the feminine form, unless it enhances the beauty of a woman's face. If, on the contrary, it turns her to ridicule, then fashion should be boycotted by all women who by their fame or their social position are in a position to free themselves from its shackles.

The hobble skirt would have been still-born had it not been for that state of mind which desires at all cost ever and always something new, and is even willing to sacrifice every atom of good taste to attain its end. Thanks to this peculiar state of mind the hobble skirt lasted many months despite its numberless practical and æsthetic defects. It died for the same reasons, the public having tardily recognized that it was a joke which had endured quite long enough.

I am convinced that the dressmaker who conceived this inartistic garment must now realize his mistake. In all epochs even the greatest masters of art have made mistakes which have been readily forgiven because of the works of art they have created. If there were dressmakers who submitted to the dictates of their clients, and endeavored to lessen the ungraceful lines of the hobble skirt, there were others who refused absolutely to follow in the wake of any dressmaker whose reputation is based solely upon eccentric styles. Of such is Madame Lentheric, who knows how to preserve the happy medium. I shall often have occasion to tell my readers of this firm whose fame is worldwide, and which owes much of its reputation to the fact that it only follows from afar the

symphony, which has nothing in common with our disguised Parisiennes. All the artists and society women to whom I have confided my disgust have

exaggerations of fashion. This house owes its success to a combination of unusual circumstances. Monsieur Lentheric is the founder of the great perfumery works which bears his name, while Madame Lentheric directs with an incontestable success the luxurious fashion salons situated in the same building. While each establishment is entirely independent the combination of perfumery, hairdressing, hats and fashions is a most happy one, and one highly appreciated by the patrons of this establishment, among whom are numbered aristocratic women of every nationality. Almost every well-known American visiting Paris goes there to admire the latest creations of Madame Lentheric.

I cannot resist the pleasure of showing you two of the most devoted patrons of this house. One is Madame Lydia Yaworskaia (Princesse Bariantinsky), the other, Mlle. Lantelme. The one has had an immense success at the Theatre Michel, all the more wonderful because she plays in French. Her Russian accent has not detracted, but rather added to her success. The Princesse Bariantinsky, or to use her stage name, Lydia Yaworskaia, has played at the Theatre Souvorine, in her native land, many great parts, among others the heroines of Sardou, Rostand, Hervieu and Dumas *filis*. Her interpretation of Marguerite Gautier in the "Dame aux Camélias" was a veritable triumph throughout Russia. This great artist was equally successful as the Princess Lointaine, Zaza and Madame Sans-Gêne. After Russia Madame Yaworskaia played in Vienna, then at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Soon America will have the opportunity of welcoming her, and in the United States she will undoubtedly repeat her European triumphs. I wish her good luck.

Mlle. Lantelme is frequently called the "pet child" of the Parisians. She merits this name twice over, first by her talent,



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(Princesse Bariantinsky)



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MADAME M. CHAUMONT

next by her beauty: She is now universally acknowledged to be a great actress by reason of her creation of the rôle of Ginette Dubreuilh in the "Marchand de Bonheur," a sparkling comedy by Henry Kistemaekers, at the Vaudeville. I hope to have the opportunity in the near future of analyzing more thoroughly Mlle. Lantelme's special and characteristic talent.

Despite what you may have read to the contrary, I must tell you that the production at the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin of "L'Aventurier," by M. Alfred Capus, is what in theatrical slang we call a "four." The piece itself is mediocre, the acting, with the exception of Coquelin's, is beneath the average. Even M. Guitry was cold, and moved awkwardly about the stage. Can it be that his acting of the rôle of Chantecler can be the reason?

The costumes worn by Madame Darcourt, and so much praised by some writers, aroused no enthusiasm in me even though they were made by Martial and Armand. So long as dressmakers ignore the fact that their art should consist in adapting to the individual beauty of each woman the gown which is to envelop her, so long will they be traveling the wrong road. They should take into account her height, her figure, her complexion, and the subtleties of her individuality, and bring out the correct value of each. Also consideration must be given to the frame, the environment, the locality where the gown is to be worn. They should not try to build a visiting or reception gown after the same rules as a trotteur. Thus when he is an artist, the dressmaker, when he is composing a gown for a state occasion, must harmonize the material, the style and the shades to the style and color of the decorations of the salon where he knows that the costume will be worn, and not weight it down with garish and scintillating richness, thus producing a negative result that leads one to suspect regrettable deformities of the body they are supposed to conceal. Later on we shall see how many among the hundreds of dressmakers in Paris have the right to call themselves artists. PETRONIUS.

## FACTS WORTH KNOWING

"Massage your feet to keep the lines and wrinkles out of your face." At first I was inclined to laugh when I heard a physician say that the other day. Then I remembered how natural it is to screw up the face and squint when one has any foot trouble, and

when he went on to explain how many nerve centres there are in the feet, I began to see the connection between a correct massage for the feet and the elimination of facial wrinkles.

The feet must be massaged with a specially prepared ointment, and after the given amount is well worked into the skin with long enough strokes as well as kneading, a foot powder must be lightly shaken on them so that whatever of the ointment remains does not spoil the stockings.

If after bathing the feet each morning they were massaged with this ointment, and special care taken to rub it well into the callous spots and about the nails there would be fewer visits to the chiropodist.

Great care must be taken to dry the feet properly, particularly between the toes, for it is moisture between the toes which in nine cases out of ten causes soft corns. The absorbent foot powder should be sifted between the toes of all those who suffer with moist feet.

Those who dance, or for any other reason are much on their feet, often suffer with aching and burning feet. There is a splendid foot tonic which almost instantly cools, soothes, rests and quiets hot, aching, tired and nervous feet. It is an excellent remedy in the treatment of chilblains and bunions. It is easily and quickly applied with the brush which accompanies each bottle, the price of which is only \$1, while the foot ointment is only 50c.

Traces of age are most quickly discernible about the eyes. More people suffer from eye strain than are aware of it, and this manifests itself by the lines which often become deep furrows between the eyes. Then neuralgia attacks the temples, and adds its aches and pains to the already overwrought and tired eyes. Glasses may overcome these ills to some extent, but they are not always necessary, and can never remove the furrows and wrinkles.

An effective remedy for tired eyes has recently been discovered. This is the application of colored lights combined with electricity, which is applied through specially prepared instruments. The results are two-fold, for the eyes are not only rested and refreshed, but the circulation around them being stimulated has a marvelous effect upon the lines. Of course, it takes several treatments for the lines to actually become lessened. The method of application is so truly restful and delightful that those who have tried it are most enthusiastic on the subject.

Every woman who has travelled knows how trying upon the skin is the hard water in the dressing-room of the Pullman. To remedy just this defect, there now comes prepared in most attractive little boxes with sifter top, a bath powder, put up by an English firm. This softens the water wonderfully and gives the skin a delightful texture, being stimulating and refreshing. One can produce it in four ounce boxes, just enough for a long journey, and it comes in four odors—violet, lavender, rose, and crab-apple.

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THE THEATRE

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1911

No. 120

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White

HENRY MILLER AS RICHARD CRAIG IN "THE HAVOC" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE



# PLAYS OF THE MONTH



NEW THEATRE. "VANITY FAIR." A dramatization in seven scenes of Thackeray's novel by Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox. Produced January 7 with this cast:

Miss Briggs.....	Leila Repton	The Marquis of Steyne..	Albert Bruning
Mrs. Firkin.....	Helen Reimer	Mr. Wenham.....	Ben Johnson
Rowls.....	John Sutherland	Mrs. Major O'Dowd.....	Rose Coghlan
Mr. Pitt Crawley.....	Frank Gillmore	The Countess of Bareacres..	Thais Lawton
Sir Pitt Crawley.....	Louis Calvert	Lady Jane Crawley.....	Elsie Herndon Kearns
Capt. Rawdon Crawley..	Graham Browne	The Countess of Gaunt.....	Gail Kane
Miss Rebecca Sharp.....	Marie Tempest	Mrs. Winkworth.....	Eleanor Scott L'Estelle
Miss Crawley.....	Mrs. H. O. Dellenbaugh	The Marchioness of Steyne..	Olive Oliver
Miss Amelia Sedley.....	Olive Wyndham	Mr. Tom Toady.....	Edwin Cushman
Lieut. George Osborne..	William Raymond	His Majesty, George IV.....	Lee Baker
A Market Woman.....	Lewis Seymour	Vicomte de Truffigny.....	Ferd. Gottschalk
The Earl of Southdown..	Stewart Baird	Mr. Moss.....	Pedro de Cordoba
Fifine.....	Carmen Nesville		
General Tufto.....	William McVay		

Probably in the whole range of literature there is not a novel that presents more difficulties to the dramatist than the immortal "Vanity Fair." Many have tried it, and without doubt Langdon Mitchell succeeded better in preserving its spirit and presenting it in a cumulative dramatic form than any other who essayed to make the adventures of Becky Sharp into a play. After Mrs. Fiske had made a success of this version Messrs. Robert Hichens and Cosmo Gordon-Lennox fell to it like French falconers, and in London about a decade ago their edition was presented under Thackeray's original title, with Marie Tempest in the rôle of the insinuating Becky. It was a *succès d'estime*, little more. But when Miss Tempest left the managerial aegis of Frohman and enlisted under the Shubert banner it required some overhauling of the old manuscripts for a medium of return. "Vanity Fair" was decided upon, and as a visiting star—"als gast," as they say on the German stage—Miss Tempest appeared in it for two weeks at the New Theatre.

This version is purely episodic. Of the seven scenes enacted only two possess any element of real drama. The characters presented, even Becky herself, are but mere sketches of the wonderful originals. These incidents depict Becky at the home of Miss Crawley, where she announces the fact that she is the wife of Rawdon, while what follows depicts her gradual progress toward Gaunt House, her capacity for beguiling and the little supper in Curzon Street with the redoubtable Lord Steyne. If one does not look for too much below the surface, Miss Tempest's impersonation has abundant vivacity, charm, insinuation, resource and callow heartlessness, while in the episode of surprise where Rawdon Crawley, released from the sponging house, finds her with Steyne there is a note of dramatic surety. When it comes to snubbing women of quality on the stage Miss Tempest, with her arch-impudence, is supreme. Anything more unlike Rawdon Crawley as personated by Graham Browne seems difficult to imagine, while Albert Bruning's Steyne possessed more character than distinction. Frank Gillmore was particularly happy as the pompous Sir Pitt Crawley, and Mrs. Dellenbaugh, as his eccentric sister, was quite in the vein. Miss Wyndham made a sympathetic Amelia.

The scenery was really exquisite and the costumes wonderfully rich. To the eye "Vanity Fair" presented a series of beautiful pictures that will long linger in the memory.

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE FOOLISH VIRGIN." Play in four acts by Henri Bataille. Produced December 19 with this cast:

Marcel Armaury.....	Robert Drouet	Gaston de Charance.....	Shelley Hull
Duke Amedee de Charance..	John Flood	L'Abbe Roux.....	Campbell Gollan

Secretary to M. Armaury.....	Francis Verdi
Secretary to Duke de Charance.....	J. Homer Hunt
Fabien.....	Edgar Hill
Fanny Armaury.....	Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Duchess de Charance.....	Annie Esmond
Diane de Charance.....	Adelaide Nowak
Kitty.....	Ethel Morrey

Two factors combined to militate against the success of "The Foolish Virgin." First, the adaptation was a hard and wooden one, and second, the cast was not happily selected. The adapter's name was not given on the programme, but the elusive character of Bataille's analytical subtleties and psychological differentiations needs something more than a literal translation. But the attitude of the American public toward the present school of literary French writers who work for the stage is not a receptive one. It never did have much kindness for mere words, and as plays are now written in which moods and manners are depicted by action, there is still less tolerance for a school of which Dumas, fils, was the precursor. But, in spite of the great success which attended the production of this play in Paris under the title of "La Vierge Folle," the local public is too practical to entirely accept certain scenes. The final act is a clumsy bit of technic in which all probabilities are cast aside for theatrical convenience; while the whole structure could be valuably compressed without injuring the author's argument.



Medal which the founders of the New Theatre presented to Elen Terry on her recent return to New York from her lecture tour. The medal, which is the second presented by the founders, is in recognition of Miss Terry's services to dramatic art. The first medal was awarded to Dr. H. H. Furness, the Shakespearian critic

"The Foolish Virgin" tells the story of a devoted, loving and practical wife who would save her husband from the shame, odium and folly of an elopement with a young and selfish girl, the daughter of the Duke de Charance. How the wife schemes, pleads and perseveres to overcome the inevitable is the backbone of the plot. But again the author dodges a practical solution, as the girl, in the final act, commits suicide, which by no means clears the air. The scandal which all have tried to avert must now come out.

For the rôle of Fanny Armaury, Mrs. Patrick Campbell was especially engaged. The selection was a thoughtful one and the experiment was justified by the results, for the English actress played with distinction, authority and resourceful command. There were at times moments of affectation, but the art of the actress was always in evidence and the

varying moods of the sorely tried woman were depicted with fine variety, skilful pause and plastic expression. Adelaide Nowak, as the infatuated girl, gave a capital impersonation of the selfish and obstinate young woman. The calm with which she met all objections to her course was faithfully presented. The easy-going mother had a capable exponent in Annie Esmond.

WALLACK'S. "POMANDER WALK." Comedy in three acts by Louis N Parker. Produced December 20 with this cast:

John Sayle.....	Yorke Stephens	Lucie Lachensnais.....	Sybil Carlisle
Hon. John Sayle.....	Edgar Kent	Marjolaine Lachensnais..	Dorothy Parker
Sir Peter Antrobus.....	George Giddens	Mrs. Pamela Poskett....	Cicely Richards
Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn..	Lennox Pawle	Hon. Caroline Thring....	Marie Burke
Rev. Jacob Sternroyd...T. W. Percyvval		Ruth Pennymint.....	Helen Leyton
Basil Pringle.....	Reginald Dance	Barbara Pennymint....	Winifred Fraser
Jim.....	Stanley Lathbury	Nanette.....	Harriet Davis
	Jane.....	Margaret Phillips	

"Pomander Walk" is a delightful excursion into the land of Memory, for the people whom it concerns lived and loved and had their adventures in a little corner of the world one hundred and five years ago. One of the most beneficent purposes of the drama is to make the past live again, and the success of this little fantasy of fact disposes of the dictum that plays should



concern only people and things of the moment. Some idea of this kind frequently takes possession of a controlling number of managers, with the result that the tide of productivity and genius is stemmed for a while, but freedom of thought, feeling and imagination, sooner or later, comes into its own. The reversion to the simple, the elemental, even the romantic, comes as a delightful surprise. The relief from socialism, bankwrecking, grafting, political depravity, the triangle and the like, is so refreshing that the uninformed are inclined to believe that they are witnessing some new kind of drama written under new laws. "Pomander Walk," charming as it is, is in no sense new in its dramatic elements. It was written under the inspiration of its subject, and no part of it was primarily suggested by conventionality. And yet much of its story is as naively conventional as could be imagined. The son of an aristocratic old father, on a chance visit to this little nook, falls in love with a girl on sight, and she with him. His father intends that he shall marry a young woman of social pretensions and money. The father hears of what is going on, and when he comes, in his wrath, to shatter the dream of the two young people he finds that the mother of the girl is the love of his own youth, whom he had lost sight of all these years. He renews his own youth, and the wedding bells will be for him also. Could there be anything more delightfully primitive than this? The chimes will peal out merrily, too, for a retired old sea captain who had safely navigated past the rocks of matrimony for fifty years or more; while the poet of the little community is brought to a practical proposal by the trained chatter of a parrot of the girl he loves. Mr. Louis N. Parker has qualities of heart possessed by only a few among those who make it a business to write for the stage. He has secured, with magical touches here and there, some remarkable effects. We have a row of houses, each with its strip of a yard, reaching from the right of the stage back to the left of the stage front. In the diminutive park in front of the houses is a tree with a circular bench around it, and a bench by the side of the hedge on the left. A glimpse is had of the placid waters of the bay. The outer world is shut off. The intimate life of those simple-minded folk, with their relations to each other and their friendly gossip, interests us at once. Jerome Brooke-Hoskyn, Esq., is held in esteem in the community as a kind of retired business man with pretended interests in the town, associating with persons of consequence. He dresses imposingly in silks and satins. His face is round and innocent. He sits at his window in the moonlight and rhapsodizes, turning once in a while to make an angry or impatient retort to his wife inside; his family is growing all the while, and a baby is born at the moment the bells are about to ring for the others. His past identity is concealed until we hear that he used to be the butler of the father of the young lover. It is an anonymous letter from him that brings the father on the scene to prevent the marriage of his boy. There is a pedantic old doctor who is used to tying the marriage knots. There is a lone fisherman, who lends his coat to the lover for a disguise. A lamplighter lights up the square at night; the muffin-man comes with his basket. A material charm lies in the characterization of these people, eighteen of them. The days and the people of more than a century ago live again on the stage at Wallack's.

BIJOU. "THE HAVOC." Play in three acts by H. S. Sheldon. Produced January 9 with the following cast:

Richard Craig.....Henry Miller    Denton .....Daniel Pennell  
Paul Hessert.....Francis Byrne    Kate.....Laura Hope Crews

It does not admit of doubt that plays of purpose, substance and significance setting forth a philosophy that tends to shape individual and public opinion and conduct of life



White MR. NYE CHART AND MISS KATHERINE KÆLRED IN "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT"

are the truest, the best and the most desirable. "The Havoc," by H. S. Sheldon, is a play of the better sort. That it is not entirely satisfactory comes from the author's mistake in reaching out for startling novelty in one of the clauses of his plot. A man starts on a journey, but returns home at night unexpectedly. He had left his wife in the care of his friend, employed in the same office, who boards with them. It had been seen that this friend is a person of advanced thought, who believes that marriage is an outworn contrivance, and who is "in love" with the wife and trying to persuade the wife to leave her husband and come with him. The husband confronts the two as they come from her room. There is a scene in which he imposes conditions with, at first, pistol in hand. It is arranged that the wife procure a divorce, that the two shall then marry, and that the husband should then return and board with them, reversing positions with the other man. This is a vulgar, unreasonable, absurd and impossible arrangement. It is wholly unnecessary to the conduct of the plot and the action. In the second act the second husband becomes jealous of the first, and we have scenes that are the obverse of the scenes of the first act. The wife is now very unhappy; her second husband is a cad, and the falsity of his philosophy of life is clear enough. The first husband has become the chief in his department in the office, and discovers that the other man is a defaulter. The wife comes to plead for him, offering to pay back the deficit from her own earnings. The second husband is sent away and the curtain falls as the wife, in her new position as private secretary, takes dictation from her first husband. There is no suggestion of sentiment or a reunion. That the play, in performance, is a close reproduction of the realities of life and leaves a strong impression of reality cannot be denied. In this respect, with the revision suggested, it may be accounted one of the remarkable productions of the year. There are only four characters, and one of them, a clerk, appears for a scene or so only in the third act. Mr. Miller is at his best. Miss Laura Hope Crews, as the wife, has a pitiful part

to play in the havoc that is wrought, and she keeps within the limitations of her ungrateful task. Mr. Francis Byrne, as the lover, the cad, also kept himself well in hand. It is an unusual kind of play, better than the mere recital of the story would indicate, and it contains promise of work of a high character from a new dramatist.



MISS BESSIE BOWN RICKER  
Clever monologist now appearing in vaudeville

NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST. "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT." Play in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced December 30 with this cast:

- Mrs. Engaine.....Katharine Kaelred
- Lady Carnforth.....Charlotte Granville
- Violet Engaine.....Frances Jordan
- Mrs. Fred Chinnery.....Mrs. Sam Sothorn
- Lady Katherine Greenop.....Kate Phillips
- Fanny Chirk.....Alice Wilson
- Birkmore.....Veda McEver
- Sir Ralph Newell.....Nye Chart
- Lord Carnforth.....Wallace Erskine
- Fulks Bissett.....Ivo Dawson
- Topham Bargeny.....William Hawtrey
- Toller.....Herbert Budd
- Harry Stackpool.....Edward Bonfield
- Marsh.....William L. Branscombe

"We can't Be As Bad As All That," technically, is one of the very best plays that Henry Arthur Jones has written. He knows his art, he loves his art, he has an unfailing mastery of every resource of it, but the play falls short of entire success.

The opinion of the audience may differ with that of the author on the theme itself out of which the play has grown. It is not so much that the principal character is a woman with a past as it is that the audience cannot wholly sympathize with her. The woman in the case finds herself a guest at the country house of a fashionable and socially ambitious woman, entirely selfish in her plans, jealous of her own position and willing to do anything to sustain it. It begins to be whispered about that this attractive and very wealthy widow who, with her stepdaughter, is staying with her, with other invited guests, is a notorious person whose relations with a friend of the guests, a man with a bright future, had caused him to commit suicide. The facts are that although the two had lived together, their marriage had been prevented by one of the guests, a cousin of the hostess, who now falls in love with this rich widow. The complications of the play now begin. The brother of the hostess, a disreputable fellow, has fascinated the stepdaughter of the woman with a past, and in spite of the opposition from the stepmother, is about to elope



White Mr. Bonfield Miss Granville Miss Wilson Miss Phillips Mrs. Sam Sothorn Mr. Chart Miss Kaelred Mr. Hawtrey Miss Jordan Miss McEver  
Act III. Sir Ralph Newell (Nye Chart): "Announce that my marriage to Mrs. Engaine will take place at once!"

SCENE IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES' NEW DRAMA, "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT," RECENTLY AT NAZIMOVA'S THEATRE

with her. He is in great need of money. He steals a diamond necklace from the rooms of this Mrs. Engaine. She employs a detective, who ascertains that the brother of the hostess had sold the diamonds in the bracelet and had them replaced with paste. It is obvious at once to any theatre-goer witnessing the play that Mrs. Engaine will use her information to defeat the scheme to rob her of her stepdaughter. Incidentally, the stepdaughter is found pliable to the affectionate representations of her stepmother. In the meanwhile gossips among the country guests, all of them busy with efforts to discover the identity of Mrs. Engaine, find copies of a weekly publication devoted to social scandal, in which are her pictures taken at the time of the suicide. In the end she discomfits them all, so that in order to protect themselves from scandal they treat her with all outward respect and with the obeisances due to her triumph. The mechanism of the story is expertly contrived by Mr. Jones, and its impression of conventionality is overcome by the masterly way in which he draws the characters.

Except for the mere dramatic force of the incidents in which Mrs. Engaine figures, she is not a particularly sympathetic character. There is a greater interest in the personality and in the acting of Miss Katherine Kaelred, who plays the rôle. Lady Carnforth, the hostess, could not be represented better than she is by Miss Charlotte Granville, whose figure and manners show patrician birth and whose calmness in confronting every situation is typical of the woman who will have her way, regardless of right or wrong, if her social advancement is concerned. As a performance the play is above the ordinary.

**GARRICK. "THE IMPOSTOR."** Play in three acts by Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton. Produced December 20 with this cast:

Blake Walford.....	Charles Richman	Mrs. Walford.....	Clara T. Bracy
Loftus Walford.....	Wilfred Draycott	Mrs. Fowler.....	Esther Lyon
Charles Owen.....	Oswald Yorke	Mrs. Owen.....	Grace Carlyle
Mr. Hampton.....	Wilson Reynolds	Chambermaid.....	Kathryn Clarendon
Valet.....	George Barber	Dodswell.....	Mabel Norton
Waiter.....	Frank Williamson	Mary Fenton.....	Annie Russell

If a lovely young girl, not an adventuress, a tidbit of a girl, amiable and good (and the world has an abiding and justified faith in that goodness), finds herself a stranger and penniless in London, accepts the invitation of a man she meets on the street to go to his rooms at a hotel to stay her pangs of hunger and is there unexpectedly confronted by women relatives and friends of this married man, who, in the absence of his wife on the continent, in order to save himself from the dilemma, introduces her as the sister of his wife whom they have never met, and they invite her to visit them at their country home, what should she do? She goes. The young married man had fled to the continent. A young man of the family whom she is visiting falls in love with her. It is presently discovered that she is an impostor, but she makes such an impassioned appeal of justification that the lover is satisfied and will marry her in spite of all opposition. This, with the implied details, is the story of the play by Leonard Merrick and Michael Morton, entitled "The Impostor," in which Miss Annie Russell appears as the girl fighting the world for her rights. She is a true Woman's Rights woman. She stands for virtue, even if she is to use dubious means to protect it. The situation is sympathetic. It may be said to be improbable, but if you have ever happened to be in a strange city penniless and starving, without a friend and cut off from all resource and refuge, you are confronted with a hard fact that has not a bit of improbability about it. The basis of the action is not fantastic. As a technical matter, perhaps the circumstances are not sufficiently guarded, but sympathy for a girl so situated leads us to supply or accept the necessary facts.

Miss Annie Russell plays in her own way, which for her is the best way, and gets out of the part a proper amount of comedy without impairing the central point of interest, which is her fight for an honorable existence until she can secure a footing in the world. Mr. Charles Richman, as the lover, was admirable. We have in his part a figure that has come into recent plays frequently, but which cannot yet be called entirely conventional, for it is certainly based on fact and truth.

(Continued on page X)



White WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AND JULIE OPP IN "THE FAUN"



Drucker

FIRST ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE NEW THEATRE AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA [For key see page 40]

## The New Theatre and Some of Its Problems

AT the Waldorf-Astoria, on December 21 last, the founders of the New Theatre gave a banquet to which were invited the leading theatre managers, dramatists and critics of New York. The purpose of the dinner was not only to review the work done by the New Theatre during the first year of its existence, but to discuss the difficulties which the management has encountered, and to promote friendly relations with our native playwrights, the so-called "commercial manager," and others interested in this interesting experiment of a subsidized stage. Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, presided and acted as toastmaster. On his right sat Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard, and Mr. John Pierpont Morgan; on his left were Chancellor John H. MacCracken, of New York University, and Mr. Henry W. Taft, brother of the President.

Judge Gary outlined the object of the founders, which he said was to furnish dignified amusement and encourage American drama. He went on to say:

"It may be doubtful that it will ever be a great commercial success. Indeed, its founders never expected such a result. Certainly there must, it would seem, be some doubt that in the structure now occupied there will be returns satisfactory from a pecuniary standpoint, although time and experience may change this opinion. Commodious and beautiful as it is, it has seemed to many that the building is not in some respects perfectly adapted to its present uses. This is a question for the founders, who have the intelligence and ability to decide for the best interests of all concerned. If quarters better fitted for the uses to which the theatre is devoted can be secured it is reasonable to suppose that they will be provided.

"But what is more important to consider is the fact that the theatre, its purposes and its opportunities are in the minds of the people as a necessary part of human thought, enjoyment and education. Undoubtedly mistakes have been made and will be made, but the management will from time to time profit by these mistakes and will endeavor more and more to meet the expectations and wishes of all the patrons of the theatre."

Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the New Theatre, who was the next speaker, said in part:

"We have been called the millionaires' theatre. We have been called

the fashionable theatre. I shall not reply to those criticisms. But our purpose was truly altruistic, and I see about me the men who can help us to realize our ideals—representatives of educational institutions, magazines, authors and critics, as well as the managers of the commercial houses. The New Theatre has no antagonisms. It would be glad to co-operate with any manager to produce a play which, for one reason or another, he feared to produce. It asked playwrights to offer their plays and the press to co-operate with the management in aiding the purpose of the founders, which was to develop the American drama and thus benefit the American people. We have a set purpose—to establish an institution to develop the drama, but not along foolish or faddish lines. We have launched our ship and nailed our flag to the mast, and the ship will go on."

Other speakers followed, and from their remarks it was to be inferred that the New Theatre was still in the experimental stage, and that things were not running quite as smoothly as might be desired. Of the building itself nothing but praise can be said. The New Theatre is the last word in architectural beauty. It is perhaps the only playhouse in the United States where one is comfortably seated, with plenty of elbow room, and where spacious corridors, richly decorated in exquisite taste, make promenading between the acts a delight. The auditorium is too big; the stage is too far away from the spectator. This serious fault is admitted and Mr. Gary goes so far as to say that if the defect cannot be remedied the founders are ready to seek other quarters. There are also rumors regarding changes in the policy and management of the house. The latest has it that Mr. Ames will retire from the directorship, to be succeeded by David Belasco.

What has the New Theatre done for the dramatic art during the first eighteen months of its existence? If fault is to be found with its achievements, the cause doubtless is in the lamentable want of a fixed and positive policy. For, after allowing all proper leniency in the establishing of a new artistic institution, there is much to criticize about what has been done on Central Park West. Rome, as we know, was not built in a day. What the Comédie Française is now results from the experience of two hundred years. Rather unfairly, we are apt to measure the

New Theatre by the output of only eighteen months. Yet allowing for this, there would still seem to be plenty of things to be explained, and it needs no deep student of the drama to discern wherein the New Theatre's lack of accomplishment principally lies, and why it has not enjoyed a more liberal public patronage. The cardinal fault is the fault of indecision. This, coupled with a want of judgment, is responsible for many of the shortcomings of the past year and the present season. The want of experience, too, has been responsible for some of the more glaring of the defects.

It is only necessary briefly to review a few of the mistakes which happened the first year. What could have induced a management to decide that Sothorn and Marlowe were fitting exponents, mentally or physically, for the titular rôles of Antony and Cleopatra? This is no reflection on the art of these players. It is simply to call attention to the fact that there are limitations to the craft of every one. "Antony and Cleopatra" was an egregious error, so wonderfully beautiful in its failure, so gigantically gorgeous in its downfall that at its very inception the new venture received a setback that has dogged it ever since. A mistake of judgment this assuredly, and a somewhat costly one at that.

What possible excuse was there for the production of so futile, invertebrate and inept a concoction as "The Cottage in the Air"? Was this the best a rigid scrutiny of the literary drama could reveal? Was there any reason for a disconnected and incomprehensible extract from "Brand" and for the one night's flickering of "Liz, the Mother"? Mistakes responsible for such as these suggest something more than a lack of judgment; they indicate a want of common sense. There can be no uplift of the drama if incompetency is to wield the wand of selection. And how pitiable, too, is the showing when it is realized that money galore was at hand for the asking!

"Don" was an agreeable comedy, but nothing more. A graceful bit of writing, depicting a contemporary condition of affairs, it can never survive to take its place on the shelves of the established theatre. "The Witch" was as gruesome as it was tiresome, and a strong potent and powerful social tract such as "Strife" lost much of its original truth and significance by a transfer of *locale*. "The Nigger" was a true page from American life. Unpleasant as was its theme, it pulsed with the responsive note to a great American problem. It was fact, not fancy. It was a real message to a condition that once seemed paramount, but which is now hidden if not lost amid issues of even greater importance. Its production marked a spirit of real appreciation which has not since been approached.

Then followed a production of "Twelfth Night," beautiful as to *mise en scène*, but deficient in authority and Shakespearian humor; and later came a revival of "The School for Scandal," which in major parts would not bear comparison with certain amateur performances that have graced the local boards. The production of "A Winter's Tale" revived a flagging interest. Presented under questionable Elizabethan conditions, it still showed a marvellous advance. It was more than interesting; it was admirable. It displayed thought, care and artistic design. It realized and advanced rapidly to the front the idea so associated with the what-might-be. And then came "Sister Beatrice"; an accomplishment of rare and compelling beauty, an idealistic interpretation of uncommon and symbolistic poetry—the *chef d'oeuvre* of the season.

In *resumé* what do we find for the first year as the residuum of a permanent repertoire? A sumptuous production of "Antony and Cleopatra" with no players to enact the leads; a beautiful *décor* of "Twelfth Night," with no Viola or Malvolio in sight; "The School for Scandal," shy of a Sir Peter and a Lady Teazle; "A Winter's Tale," deficient of a Leontes, and "The Nigger"—rented out for commercial purposes.

Not a very encouraging state of affairs for the beginning of a second season which, however, starts with an impressively bewildering presentation of "The Blue Bird" by Maurice Maeter-



Byron MARIE TEMPEST AS BECKY SHARP IN "VANITY FAIR"

linck. For a limited time it holds the boards, and is then transferred to a house where prices are irregular and attractions intermittent. But having perhaps exhausted its commercial draught, back it comes to take its place in the repertory. In the meantime Pinero's strong but extremely local play, "The Thunderbolt," has had its première. A literary success in London, where its characters were to the manner born, it failed here, though splendidly acted. A really beautiful and artistic setting is next given of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Most of the parts



Photo White

Harry Redding

William Faversham

Elsie Oldham

Act I. The Faun (Mr. Faversham) touches Nature's chord  
SCENE IN EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S NEW PLAY, "THE FAUN," AT DALY'S THEATRE

were well played, but the ultimate Sir John Falstaff was apparently engaged only for the emergency, for the Fat Knight's *amours* find no place, so far, in the future announcements. "Old Heidelberg" is a gracious comedy that has been previously seen here under two different auspices. It is not a classic, and though produced with splendor, care and general effectiveness, deserves no particular place in the repertoire of the New Theatre. In the meantime an English actress fills in a couple of weeks with "Mary Magdalene" by Maeterlinck. Owned or controlled by Miss Nethersole, its stay can be but for the while. Why is it presented at the New Theatre save for the same reason that enabled Mr. John Mason to hold these same boards last year in an adaptation from the continental stage? What is the reason? The answer would seem to be only to give *cachet* and prestige to an attraction that is subsequently to fill its usefulness in the so-called "commercial" theatre.

And to what end this recent production of "Vanity Fair"? Is Marie Tempest simply playing "Als gast" or is the Hichens-Lennox episodic version of Thackeray's immortal novel to take a place in the permanent offerings of the New Theatre? When the English actress departs, who in the present company is to enact Becky Sharp, or will the superb pictures that set off her experiences be hiked about the country to fill "commanding dates"?

The New Year passed and yet a house dedicated to the best; a theatre where change of bill is a pre-requisite, finds itself with an incapacity to reproduce its best of the previous year. Only "Sister Beatrice" and the innocuous "Don" have been revived. Something is wrong that brings about a condition such as this. Is the commercial spirit invading these sacred shades, or is want of force, grasp and discrimination responsible for a state of affairs that betoken no advancement?

What of those who personated the various parts in the repertoire? This is a theatre—*The* theatre where the standard of speech is supposed to be as impeccable as that which attains at the Théâtre Français. To use a homely, but expressive, simile, no baseball nine made up of stars can cope with the really balanced team. What was the make-up of the players who graced our subsidized boards? An aggregation of impossible dialect. The actors were capable. Nay, more. They were expert in their lines. But how they, in the word of Whitman, "yawped!" There was the Irish consonant; the cockney English, the Southern labial, the German guttural, the Pittsburg burr and the nasal twang. Could author, much less Shakespeare, reconcile the rout? No! The stock of the New Theatre may be trained to give us homogeneous speech, but it is not yet what it should be.

Reform is needed. Assertiveness is indispensable. A definite policy must be assumed. Interference is to be reprehended. Intelligence must take its place and players secured who can compass what is required.

A representative theatre with a real and comprehensive repertoire is a possibility, but courage and firmness and a positive intent are needed to bring it about. But if the past is to be criticised, let something advance to take its place. May not "La Route d'Emeraude" measure up with "The Witch"; how would a splendid revival of "Oliver Goldsmith" by Augustus Thomas compare with "The Cottage in the Air"; isn't "Monna Vanna" incomparably more artistic than "Mary Magdalene" by the same author? Wouldn't a dip into some of the too infrequently presented specimens of the British drama, such as "The Good Natured Man," "Road to Ruin," "The Busy Body," to say nothing of a dash of Wycherly and Congreve be worth the while? Might not an Elizabethan novelty prove its worth, or wouldn't a good old-fashioned example of the French school, such as "The Old House on the Bridge" or "Le Tour de Nesle" prove its worth as a drawing card?

Another suggestion: Why is there nothing outside the New Theatre to indicate what is being performed within? For all the chance passer-by knows, nothing is being given at all. The Français has small posters outside, and these are changed every day according to the bill. *Verbum sat Sapienti!*

The names of the guests at the Founders' banquet and seen in the picture presented at the head of this article are:

1, Clay M. Greene; 2, Ben Greet; 3, S. S. McClure; 4, Robert Underwood Johnson; 5, J. Pierpont Morgan; 6, Professor George Pierce Baker; 7, Judge E. H. Gary; 8, Chancellor John H. MacCracken; 9, George F. Baker; 10, J. O. H. Cosgrove; 11, Henry W. Taft; 12, Paul Morton; 14, Harrison Grey Fiske; 15, Charles Klein; 16, Frank Munsey; 17, Edwin Milton Royle; 18, Edmund L. Baylies; 19, Charles Burnham; 20, Adolf S. Ochs; 21, George Ade; 22, Engelbert Humperdinck; 23, George Cooper; 24, Walter Damrosch; 25, John Luther Long; 26, Henry Rogers Winthrop; 27, Albert Pulvemacher; 28, A. L. Erlanger; 29, Philip M. Lydig; 30, Roger Winthrop; 31, Clarence Mackay; 32, Rupert Hughes; 33, F. W. Whitridge; 34, Channing Pollock; 35, Hamilton F. Kean; 36, Ernest Iselin; 37, Edward Sheldon; 38, Arthur Hornblow; 39, C. O'Donnell Iselin; 40, James S. Metcalf; 41, Prof. H. Fairfield Osborne; 42, George M. Harvey; 43, Henry W. Savage; 44, Rev. Percy Stickney Grant; 45, Charles Rann Kennedy; 46, Robert Gilbert Welsh; 47, R. S. Brewster; 49, W. T. Bliss; 50, George H. Broadhurst; 51, George C. Hazelton; 52, Philip Mindil; 53, J. B. Clews; 54, Robert B. Van Cortlandt; 55, John Corbin; 56, Senator Daniel Guggenheim; 57, Edgar Selwyn; 58, Chester S. Lord; 59, Otto H. Kahn; 60, Henry Arthur Jones; 61, William F. Sheehan; 62, Paul M. Potter; 63, John Magee; 64, James C. Garrison; 65, Louis K. Anspacher; 66, Frederick G. Bourne; 67, Lee Shubert; 68, Richard Harding Davis; 69, Avery Hopwood; 70, J. M. Ellsworth; 71, Franklin Fyles; 72, Charles H. Russell; 73, Alf Hayman; 74, Edward Robinson; 75, Henry B. Harris; 76, John A. Sleicher; 77, Al Hayman.

Among other guests present at the dinner were W. A. Brady, Adolph Klauber and Norman Hapgood.





Copyright Charles Frohman Miss Collier Miss Drew Mr. Boniface Miss Milton Miss Rachell Miss Beresford Miss Barrymore Mr. O'Brien  
Mr. Millward Mr. Dalton Mr. Sampson

Act I. Rose Trelawny (Ethel Barrymore) says farewell to her theatrical companions

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF SIR ARTHUR W. PINERO'S PLAY "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

## Ernst von Wolzogen—Reformer of German Vaudeville

WERE a student of contemporary German letters to ask what work gives the most intimate glimpse of the life of that interesting group of writers and artists, who, twenty-five years ago, deliberately set out to give Germany a new literature and a new art, one should have to turn for an answer to the comedy, "Lumpengesindel," by Ernst Freiherr von Wolzogen. For that play is a more or less veiled, but to the initiated unmistakable picture of the resident and transient guests that in the 'eighties assembled under the hospitable roof of the brothers Heinrich and Julius Hart in Berlin. The hosts were themselves struggling young authors, but their modest home seemed to have been singled out by literary workers of varying calibre and vocation, actors without engagement, and artists and students at odds with academic formalism, as a harbor in which to seek refuge whenever they were bankrupt. As this was frequently the case,



E. VON WOLZOGEN

the brothers were not only the homemakers, but the providers for a horde of young fellows representing all varieties of the artistic temperament, with occasionally a real man of genius. Life in that intensely stimulating and inspiring circle presented features that appealed to a genial philosophical humor no less than to the coarser-grained spirit of comedy.

The doings of that little group of intellectual young Germans are now a matter of literary history. Symposiums were celebrated in cafés and restaurants ever since, surrounded by a halo for the student of literary life in the German capital. At these more than informal gatherings of "genius," spirit and spirits frequently competed for supremacy, and many are the amusing anecdotes told of these assemblies which, in time, separated into distinct groups and organized into clubs. One of these was significantly called "Durch"—suggesting that its members intended to bring their various "causes" to a successful issue—and was presided over by the late Leo Berg, one of the keenest critics that ever wielded the pen in matters dramatic. Another bore the no less impressive name, "Genieklub," and evolved into a society something on the order of our New York Poets' Society, the program for the meetings consisting mostly of recitations of poetical works by the authors themselves. It was undoubtedly at these reunions that Ernst von Wolzogen, himself a man of versatile gifts, conceived the idea of the "Uberbrettl,"

an attempt at grafting the spirit of Montmartre poetry upon the coarse and clumsy humor prevalent upon the German variety stage. A man of the world, he had penetrated into circles of Parisian society not too easy of access to foreigners, and had sensed the charm of the cabarets, where the artist Bohème of Paris relaxes from its not over strenuous struggle for the daily bread, and indulges in the wildest antics of genius, wit and eccentricity. He roused the interest of Young Germany, and succeeded in obtaining the collaboration of men like Detlev von Liliencron, Richard Dehmel and others. He was also assisted by his gifted wife, Elsa Laura, who, as reader, singer and instrumentalist, seemed particularly fitted for refined "variété," and when she appeared to sing some old folk-song, to the accompaniment of the lute, presented a fascinating picture.

Thus was launched in Berlin a *genre* of entertainment, which became the delight of a minority eager to hail whatever is new, and the butt of satire for a majority unable to understand the motive and meaning of the undertaking. Wolzogen devoted to it some years, which proved disastrous not only to his finances but to his literary reputation. For, although he was not identified with that little band of literary rebels called Young Germany, he had proved himself, even in his early works, enough of a secessionist to be looked upon with suspicion. The average critic and the average reader henceforth associated the author with what is still considered an inferior departure of the dramatic art, although the more marked its inferiority in taste and spirit, the greater its box-office returns both here and in Germany! Wolzogen has to his credit a few comedies which nevertheless continue to draw on the German stage. One of these is "Die Kinder der Excellenz," dramatized from his own novel of that name, in which he cleverly satirizes the conventions and traditions of his own caste. Others are "Ein unbeschriebenes Blatt" and "Die hohe Schule"; but the success of none of these has equalled the effect of his "Lumpengesindel," which by critics and actors is appreciated for its intrinsic merits as a well-constructed and sparkling comedy, by the audiences at large as an irresistibly funny "skit" on the life Bohemian, which has ever been a sort of bugbear to bourgeois society, even in Europe.

Freiherr von Wolzogen and his wife are now in America. They have come to this country to give lecture recitals under the auspices of the Germanistic Society. Frau von Wolzogen's share in the recitals consists in the singing of old folksongs, which she accompanies on the lute and introduces by interpretive remarks.

AMELIA VON ENDE.



# Boston Sees the First American Civic Pageant



Photos Notman  
GREEK GROUP IN "THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS"



"THE CAVE DWELLERS"



EARLY EDUCATION: "THE DAME SCHOOL"

**T**HE Pageant is a new form of dramatic entertainment, in which the people of a community re-enact the incidents of their local history for their own benefit, and their visiting neighbors. Like all new forms of expression, it is slow in crystallizing within any definite mould; and during its formative period it remains peculiarly susceptible to influences that may be exerted upon it from without, for good or for ill. Under these conditions, and recognizing the possibilities that lie dormant within the ideal Pageant, it becomes important that a knowledge of the essential elements of real Pageant manifestations should be spread broadcast as rapidly as possible, in order that they may be recognized and welcomed by the

**By Frank Chouteau Brown**  
*Dramatic Director of the Pageant*

The Pageant is a somewhat costly form of production utilizing, as it does, from 300 to 2,000 performers; and necessitating a very considerable money expenditure, that it is always capable of earning back if rightly planned and administered. The Pageant is not a street parade, nor anything approaching it. The Pageant is not a "May festival"; nor does it consist of an endless series of dancing evolutions performed by children or their elders. It does not, or—at least, so far—it has not, told any consecutive and dramatic story; nor do the incidental words that may be set down for the different characters perform any important element in the entertainment. Some of the most effective Pageant episodes have been given without the assistance of a spoken syllable. The Pageant should also be given in the open air; and for this purpose it is necessary to find a background that, in its general arrangement and outlook, should nearly approach the classic Grecian amphitheatre,—where the distance view back of the stage was as important a matter as the naturally sloping contour of the ground required to form a basis for the placing of spectators. Although such natural amphitheatres exist in abundance throughout the United States, yet it becomes a matter partly of luck and partly of imagination to find one sufficiently near a city or town, with proper conveniences of transportation to take care of the masses of people that may be expected to congregate for these occasional performances. An audience of 6,000 to 10,000 is nothing at all unusual in important pageants here and abroad.



FRANK C. BROWN  
As "The New England Conscience"

public, at the same time that it will enable them to discourage those unworthy attempts to make capital of a popular and accredited catchword, that are bound to be made.

In the first place, there should never be anything professional about the Pageant. For reasons that will become obvious in a moment, it must always remain an uncommercialized and spontaneous development. Otherwise it possesses no more of public appeal than a Hippodrome performance, or the old Imre Kiralfy spectacle that used to be utilized as an adjunct to the circus! In the matter of scale and the number of performers, both these are examples of about as near an approach to the Pageant as can be made from the standpoint of the theatrical dramatic producer,—but neither are at all the sort of thing that a properly devised and conceived Pageant means to performers and auditors.



GOING TO "THE COLONIAL WEDDING"

A Pageant only attains to final performance under locally varying conditions. Ordinarily, the Pageant is performed in the open air, under conditions that reproduce with great reality those



"THE QUILTING PARTY"



"BOSTON AND HER NEIGHBORS VIEWING THE PAGEANT"



"THE PASSING OF THE INDIAN"



White

Daisy Dimsey (Elsa Ryan)

Cuthbert (Charles Brown)

Act III. Daisy and Cuthbert arrive at the Little Green Inn  
SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY "MARRIAGE A LA CARTE" AT THE CASINO THEATRE

that might have existed at the time of the original incident being performed. Obviously, these are fundamentally different from the conditions that pertain in the theatre, where natural settings are necessarily imitated; natural actions are simulated, and actual conversations and the natural leisurely progression of events are condensed and exaggerated, in the effort to suggest reality under self-imposed theatric and conventional conditions, or within the "practicable" limitations of this artificial forum. The actor is especially trained to work under these conditions. Without any especial training, but inspired by the sincere desire to reproduce to his best ability the historic incidents of his native locality, often the acts of their own ancestors, within surroundings with which they are familiar from daily contact,—in his own field, as it were,—the pageanter possesses great advantages over the trained professional. Under such conditions, inspired not only by their own imagination, but by the enthusiasm of the great masses of people that form the Pageant audiences—often numbering thousands in extent—results utterly impossible of achievement in the theatre become a matter of commonplace in the Pageant!

But the really important effects of the Pageant continue to make themselves felt long after the actual performance has become a matter of the past. The united efforts of those concerned in giving the production react upon themselves, bringing them more into accord with each other, giving the different members of the group many interests and ideals in common and, even in a large city where, in the first instance, the individuals concerned may have had no acquaintance, they nevertheless become, through their common experience, an enthusiastic and united group that remains as leaven in the community, the more ready and better able to assist in future entertainments or in other movements concerned in progressive matters of general interest to the community. And this is true to a most remarkable extent under the conditions of American city life. In the Boston Pageant,

for instance, there were groups of scholars from schools throughout Boston, and from districts as far removed as ten or a dozen miles. People of all nationalities, of all conditions, and of widely separated social environment; working people from the Settlement Houses were assisted by, or worked beside, society debutantes; members of various professions, and practitioners of the Arts were given a common interest with representatives of the working classes, and all classes may have probably been equally surprised to find both the limitations, and the qualifications, of their companions!

At this point, it may be well to pause to describe something of the conditions under which this particular Pageant was given.

On account of the dates, Nov. 10, 11 and 12, it was obviously impossible to depend upon the weather conditions allowing of an outdoor performance. Determined in the first place by the Organization responsible for the undertaking, "Boston, 1915," these dates were selected with due consideration as to their producing the best results in the "Civic Advance Campaign" for enlightening the general public of the city and suburbs as to advanced conditions of civic life, of which the Pageant was merely the initiatory event. The Civic Advance Campaign was undertaken with the idea of arousing the community and surrounding towns to the necessity of the betterment of their conditions, geographically, politically and economically, and the first performance of the Pageant took place before a group of New England Mayors, who had been invited by the Mayor of Boston to gather for a conference upon subjects of general interest. The most available place to give this Pageant proved to be a building recently constructed for use as a skating rink, where a floor area some 250 feet long by 100 feet wide was to be found, and where the audience could be seated upon two sides and one end of this space, on steeply rising seats exactly similar in arrangement to the ordinary placing of spectators around a



CHARLOTTE ANDERSON  
Seen in "Hans the Flute Player" at the Manhattan Opera House

football field. At the unoccupied end of the arena was a balcony for the musicians, and beneath this was constructed a permanent background of rocks, trees and other shrubbery, providing the cave that was used for both the first and third episodes, as well as during several of the interludes throughout the performance. Being given indoors, it became possible for performances to

for this purpose the services of a band of real Iroquois Indians were obtained. The third episode showed the early settlement of the Puritan colonists, the erection, attack and final destruction of a typical stockade; an early Thanksgiving, with its simple revels and a corn husking, ending in a country dance, and, finally, explaining the growing wealth of the later Colonial com-



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Eugene O'Brien

Ethel Barrymore

Act IV. Rose Trelawny is surprised to see Arthur

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

occur in the evening as easily as in the afternoon; and, consequently, a great added effectiveness of the spectacle came from the carefully studied use of artificial light, that was employed even in the day time, with some curiously and unexpectedly beautiful results.

In some part only was this Pageant historical in character,—and that history was less the history of the immediate locality than of the abstract American ideal, "The Home." The first episode was pantomimically concerned with the hearth-stone of the cave-dweller, around which probably the family group first gathered on this continent to cook their daily meal. The second episode reproduced the village life of the native Indians; and

munity by depicting the wedding of Governor Winthrop with his maid-servant, and ending with a stately minuet danced by one hundred and sixty couples.

The final portion of the Pageant showed Boston, her suburbs and the neighboring towns of the Metropolitan district, some forty in all, emblematically represented as reviewing the past history and future progress of the city,—and here for the first time was struck the note of local pride and loyalty that performs so important a function in the realization of the ideal Pageant. For a brief period contrasts between the old and the new in travel, education, industry and communication passed before the citizens represented upon the

(Continued on page ix)

# The First Performance of



White GERALDINE FARRAR, THE GOOSE GIRL, IN ACT I OF "KOENIGSKINDER"

AT the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, on December 28th last was heard for the first time on any stage Herr Engelbert Humperdinck's new fairy opera in three acts entitled "Koenigskinder." The complete cast was as follows:

The King's Son.....Hermann Jadlowker	The Senior Councillor....Marcel Reiner
The Goose Girl.....Geraldine Farrar	The Inn Keeper.....Antonio Pini-Corsi
The Fiddler.....Otto Goritz	Inn Keeper's Daughter....F. Wickham
The Witch.....Louise Homer	The Tailor.....Julius Bayer
The Wood Cutter.....Adamo Didur	The Stable Maid.....Marie Mattfeld
The Broom Maker.....Albert Reiss	First Gate Keeper.....Ernst Maran
Two Children..Edna Walter, Lottie Engel	Second Gate Keeper...William Hinshaw
Conductor, Alfred Hertz	Stage Manager, Anton Schertel
Technical Director, Edward Siedle	

The opera scored an immediate success. The composer was present, was publicly honored by many curtain calls and endless applause, both of which appeared to be so sincere and spontaneous that there could be no doubt in his own naive heart but that the New York public had taken up his beautiful work, and has ranged it with its favorites.

A few words about the text. This fairy play is well known to theatregoers, for it was produced in German, under the

present title, at the Irving Place Theatre, during the régime of the late Heinrich Conried in 1898, the title rôles being acted by Agnes Sorma and Rudolph Christians. Four years later it was seen in English at the Herald Square Theatre, called "Children of the King," when it was acted by Martin Harvey and his company. The author of the play is Ernst Rosmer, which is the *nom de plume* of Elsa Bernstein, daughter of one Heinrich Porges, who was a disciple of Richard Wagner.

Humperdinck wrote incidental music for this play, this music being heard here both at its stage performances as well as in the concert room. This music he has used in the present opera,

adding much to it, shortening the preludes and otherwise amending his earlier conception of the work. But in mood it is the same in the opera as it was in the play—a wonderful tonal reflection of this poetic tale.

The tale itself need not be retold here, since the libretto follows in every detail the course of the original play, and that is fairly familiar. Suffice it to say that in its opera garb this tale takes on new and added poetic hues in its big moments, while at other times the intimate charm of the work did not carry as well in its musical setting as it had when seen as a play. The very end of the second act, for instance, with the episode of the weeping child, who has recognized the fact that the wisecracks of the town have banished the king and his bride when they turned away the vagrant youth and the goose girl—that incident, and there are others in the work, calls for a smaller frame than the big proscenium of the Metropolitan Opera House.

But that is quibbling after all, since there are so many other virtues to offset these shortcomings. But the opera demands

one thing, namely, that the listener put himself in a receptive mood for the modest charm of this music. Here is no great blaring of trumpets or rumbling of drums. It is all in a low dynamic mood, and the ear has simply to revel in the gentle charm of this music. In mood it is many miles removed from Broadway, and there are no gripping musical moments that lash the hearer's lagging interest with thrills.

Also does the second act drag in interest, musical and dramatic, but the size of the auditorium has more to do with that than has the text or music. Certain incidents of the sentimental mooning of the King's Son, as he finds in his blouse the fragment of the wreath given him by the



HERMANN JADLOWKER  
The King's Son in Act III



GERALDINE FARRAR  
The Goose Girl in Act III



White  
GERALDINE FARRAR AS THE GOOSE GIRL IN ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK'S NEW OPERA "KOENIGSKINDER"

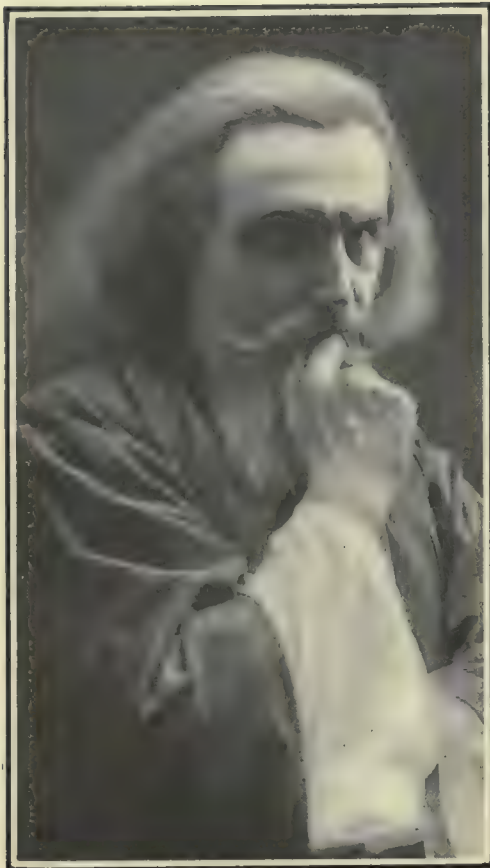


Photo Desgranges  
LEON ROTHIER

Goose Girl, and again as he sits dreaming under the linden tree—these bits were lost at the first performance. They seemed trivial, sounded ineffective—and they really are not. Some critics have cleared Humperdinck of all blame here, for they claim that he could not make operatic bricks without straw. Some day, perhaps, it will be heard that this second act is really full of wonderfully dainty and lovely music. It is full of contrasts, the bickering of the maids of the inn, the sentiment of the King's Son, the big mob effects, the burly dance, and then the naive childish dance

years has she sung as she did at this première. She gave a convincing embodiment of this royal maid, who had been bewitched into a goose girl, looking a picture of loveliness, and acting it with a fervor that permitted of no superficial fault finding. She seems really to have sunk her whole artistic identity, for the moment, into the rôle of this unhappy maiden. By a thousand touches she made this part ring real and poetic. There was not a moment when she seemed exaggerated in either mien or gesture. Her appearance at the city's gate in the second act was really a vision, devoid of theatrical pose or incident.



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LEO SLEZAK

of the Broom Maker's daughter, the suspense of high noon when the city's new ruler shall enter, instead of which the Goose Girl appears surrounded by her chattering geese, the tumult of rage and disappointment of the populace, the expulsion of the two kingly children, and the calm finale with almost deserted stage at the end—these furnish material in abundance for the composer's fantasy. In the play these episodes were wonderfully effective. And yet it must be admitted that this act dragged in performance.

But the first and third acts were exquisite. Humperdinck has composed no great single numbers that the audience carries away on its lips. Here are none of the same effective brands of melodies that stamp "Haensel und Gretel" immediately upon the mind of the listener; yet no one will deny the spell of this melodious writing if he has in his heart any love for the poetic. The score is decidedly Wagnerian in a thousand little reminiscent ways, while of the moderns there is no trace or suggestion whatever. The composer asks of his orchestral instruments that they sing, and he never allows them to explode. And "Königskinder" must be a happy relief to those ears of operagoers who resent the slamming and banging of the modern orchestra when playing most modern music.

When reviewing the performance itself all other artists appear insignificant beside Geraldine Farrar, who sang the part of the Goose Girl. Never has this artist had so happy a rôle; not in

And in the third act she is a pleading, pathetic figure, dying of fever and exhaustion, relieved by the incidents when her wandering brain leads her into a moment's cruel merriment. And she sang this pretty music with a certain artistic restraint that is to her everlasting credit.

Hermann Jadowker, as the King's Son, was favored by his youthful voice and figure. But he scarcely entered into the real, telling poetry of this part. He gave little suggestion of the royal blood that is supposed to course in his veins, and his sentimental episodes he converted into sentimentality. He lacked just those fine points which Geraldine Farrar displayed so wonderfully. He sang well, it is true, and acted with a certain amount of conventional buoyancy. But the poetry was lacking in his work and interpretation.

Otto Goritz was the Fiddler, a rôle of much importance, which this sterling artist interpreted ably and sang well. Louise Homer was the Witch, and by this fine bit of acting she added another to the list of character parts that are to her artistic credit. Didur, as the Wood Cutter, and Reiss, as the Broom Maker, were both admirable, and Marie Mattfeld, as the Stable Maid, did a remarkable bit of acting. Edna Walter and Lottie Engel, who acted the rôles of Two Children, were delightful, and the balance of the many parts were well distributed.

Alfred Hertz conducted in a manner as though this opera were really one of his artistic loves. *(Continued on page vi)*



Moffett  
LOUISE HOMER  
Metropolitan Opera House



FERRUCCIO BUSONI  
Italian Pianist



GUSTAV MAHLER  
Conductor, Philharmonic



DIMITRI SMIRNOFF  
New Russian Tenor



Copyright Dupont  
MARIE RAPPOLD  
Metropolitan Opera House



WILLIAM COLLIER AND PAULA MARR IN "I'LL BE HANGED IF I DO" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

# Ernst von Possart's Return to America

ERNST VON POSSART, the famous German actor, who recently returned to the United States for another tour, has not been seen in New York since his visit here during the season of 1889-90, when he appeared with great success at the Amberg, now Irving Place, Theatre, this city.

Herr von Possart is properly ranked among the remaining few of the world's great players. Jefferson, Coquelin and Ristori are dead. When Salvini, Bernhardt and Possart are gone the last of the giants of the stage will have disappeared—perhaps forever.

For more than four decades Possart has devoted his high gifts to the dramatic art, and each new phase of his work has been marked by brilliant achievement. When a few years ago he voluntarily stepped down from the high position which he had made for himself, that of Royal Intendant of the Prinz Regenten Theater at Munich, and entered private life, Munich and the entire art world united in doing him honor. He was loaded with all the orders and titles which the Bavarian government has to bestow; crowned heads sent their representatives to the farewell performance of "Shylock"; the world's greatest artists delighted in immortalizing their distinguished colleague in marble, bronze and colors; willing hands dragged the carriage containing the popular actor from the theatre to his home.

Ernst von Possart is the foremost champion in Germany to-day for the conservation of the German language. He is practically the last remaining survivor in his own, or any other country, of the old *régime* which cultivated the noble art of declamation and raised the spoken word to its rightful beauty and dignity. He ascribes the present demoralization of the stage language to the general feeling of the world's unrest, and the modern secessionistic tendencies in all branches of art and literature. The modern actor rather prides himself on his rapid and incoherent delivery; he rants and raves, and by means of frantic gesture and bombastic delivery, endeavors to conceal his inability of producing his greatest effects by means of a well-modulated voice and fidelity to the euphonic beauties of the language. Von Possart holds that the language, if rightly used, is full of dramatic and musical effects.

What must impress anyone in attempting to put a valuation on the work of German actors, is their tremendous versatility. During the so-called "Lehr-

jahre," no amount of routine work is considered too strenuous, no rôle too insignificant, which will help to develop the artist who, with firm fingers, sweeps any string on the histrionic harp. Specialists are rarely met with on the German stage; the actor must be a man-of-all-work or he is considered incompetent. Thus it

happens that though von Possart was pre-eminently a tragedian, whose "Faust," "Shylock," etc., were known on two continents, some of his greatest successes have been achieved in comic rôles. The older generation of German theatregoers remember with peculiar pleasure his humorous delineation of the irresistible Schmock in Gustav Freytag's comedy of "Die Journalisten."

Possart exhausts the ultimate possibilities presented by the rare intelligence and beautiful benevolence of Lessing's wise old Jew, Nathan; his Richard the Third is characterized by demoniacal subtlety. Justinian in the Sardou drama "Theodora" is given with the true classical proportions; while his Advocat Behrendt in "A Bankruptcy," the first of Björnson's polemic satirical dramas, and no less his Rabbi Sichel in Erckmann-Chatrian's "Freund Fritz," is each a masterpiece of characterization upon which is brought to bear the wealth of his dramatic technique. To hear him in swift transition declaiming with fervid dramatic power the almost blinding beauty of the Goethe "Prometheus," then next dropping into the naive tone of the same poet's "Wandelnde Glocke," is almost to disprove the theory that "everyone can do his best thing easiest," for with him

there seem to be no degrees of comparison. And withal his metrical use of the German language! He makes no effort to conceal the noble rhymes; the sonorous syllables "swell in sudden exaltation" from his lips, and the German lyrics take on such new beauties that one is made to feel that neither, as Keats has it, has the "sun of poesy set" nor the art of declaiming it.

Von Possart's views on the modern drama were well defined in the course of a recent conversation with the writer:

"Every epoch-making literary product voices the spirit of the age. It enters the lists with a bold claim that it be regarded as a legitimate child of the Muse, however it may break with the associations and traditions of a preceding epoch. The modern dramatist would reduce the poetry and the romance of life to bald reality. He deals in photographic naturalism, depicting with terrible fidelity



ERNST VON POSSART



POSSART AS CHRYSALE



POSSART AS FABRICIUS





POSSART AS FREDERICK THE GREAT

the grimy and dust-covered highways of life; he tragically exposes the moral nakedness of men, but offers us nothing in exchange for the idealism of a poetry such as Schiller's, which removes us from the sordid and sombre atmosphere of every-day life, and opens up before us a heaven of pure poetic vision.

"The present demand for ultra-realism, which goes to the extreme limit of *banalité*, cannot be without its baneful influence upon histrionic art. The technique which leads to the mastery of the spoken word, formerly one of the noblest aims in the education of the actor, is now a more or less negligible quality. The tendency

of the average modern actor is to treat all verse as dry prose."

The story of Possart's career is lacking in some of the features which characterize the biographies of successful men. He did not have to fight his way to fame through bristling hedges of poverty and parental opposition, a condition of affairs usually accepted as the birthright of genius. He was the son of prosperous parents, who, at the time of his birth (in 1841), were living in a house on Unter den Linden. After absorbing the regular gymnasium course and the prescribed military service, the vital question of a business career had to be settled, and it was probably on account of the congenial atmosphere, and the fine opportunity offered for literary browsing, that the young Possart chose a well-known Berlin book shop as the first field of his activity. Here his knowledge of literature made him so valuable to the proprietor that he was offered a half interest in the business without the customary financial disbursement. But the young man's ambition had already taken unto itself wings, and soared far away and beyond the circumscribed horizon of the book shop. He had already felt the first symptoms of stage fever, and was spending all of his time in laying the foundation for what he felt to be his life's mission. At five o'clock in the morning he was up and out in the Tiergarten, where, walking up and down in one of the secluded paths, he rehearsed the rôles which had been committed to memory in the late vigils of the preceding evening. Not content with this preliminary self-instruction, Possart decided to put himself in the

hands of a well-known dramatic teacher in Berlin. The reception which this imposing personage gave to the aspiring youth could hardly be called an encouraging one. The teacher marched Possart up in front of a mirror and exclaimed: "Look at that face and that figure, young man! You must think you have an extraordinary amount of talent, if you expect to overcome these physical deficiencies."

At nineteen, Possart was already on the stage in Breslau, and, even in the smaller rôles allotted to him at first, gave revelation of the convincing powers which were later to give him so authoritative a position in the German

art world. It was in this provincial theatre one evening that he was playing the part of a murderer, who, convicted by his own conscience, despairingly takes his own life. Sitting in the upper gallery was a man who had three days before committed a murder, and who was so affected by the powerful psychological portrayal, that he went the next day and gave himself up to the police.

At the age of twenty-one, Possart was famous, and it was then that the call to Munich came, which was destined to become his future home, and the chief scene of his artistic achievements.



POSSART AS THE ADVOCAT BEHRENDT



POSSART AS SHYLOCK

From the most conspicuous figure in the acting ensemble, to stage manager, to director, to chief director and on to the enviable and impassable position of Royal Intendant, he passed in rapid succession. It is an unwritten law that the Intendant of all Royal playhouses should be chosen from the ranks of the nobility, so that the abrogation of this precedent in the case of von Possart carried with it a peculiar recognition of his artistic worth, even though it created for the non-aristocratic court official a number of formidable enemies.

The title which he now possesses was granted him by the present Prince Regent. Not, as many suppose, in order to establish his eligibility to the post of Court Intendant, but as an especial mark of recognition in organizing and carrying to a successful issue the Mozart Festival in 1895—the beginning of the summer music season, which now attracts such throngs of visitors to the Bavarian capital.

The Munich municipal authorities, in order not to be outdone in

appreciation of their royal master, paid their own tribute to von Possart, by giving his name to one of the streets in the vicinity of the Prinz Regenten Theater, a building which owes its existence to the iron will and indomitable energy of this man, whose interest in matters of art was not circumscribed by his own in-

who suggested to Richard Strauss the possibilities for melodrama in "Enoch Arden"; the work was written and dedicated to von Possart, and given during its first season entirely in conjunction with the composer. Prof. Max Schillings honored not only von Possart, but himself as well, by dedicating to the former the



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THE MEN WHO "CREATED" THE NEW OPERA, "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

From left to right they are: Signor Gatti Casazza, director of the Metropolitan Opera House; David Belasco, author of the original play; Arturo Toscanini, who conducted the first performance; Signor Puccini, the composer. The above picture is autographed by all four

dividual effort, but contained the true altruistic quality which meant service to the age into which he was born.

It is the Prinz Regenten Theater which will stand as the most enduring monument of von Possart's service to his own city of Munich and the whole of international art world. It is but a realization of Richard Wagner's own dream, in which he had the sympathy of his high-minded royal patron, Ludwig of Bavaria—that of erecting on the banks of the Isar a suitable home for the production of his great music dramas.

A man less purposeful than von Possart could not have carried to a successful issue a project to which so many obstacles were opposed. The building was opened in 1901, and is probably the only theatre in the world which was ready for occupancy fourteen days before the expiration of the time specified in the contract.

The achievements of Ernst von Possart as Intendant of this theatre are well known to the present generation of operagoers, as the success of this enterprise has become history. The brilliant Wagner performances in Munich have seriously affected the drawing powers of Bayreuth.

Von Possart has always been eagerly sought after to lend his art and personality to the christening of new works. It was he

finely colored "Hexenlied." To von Possart also belongs the distinction of having been the first to give "Manfred," of Byron and Schumann, in its proper stage setting. The first representation was given in the little rococo Residenz Theater of Munich—a house much too small to admit of the proper effectiveness of the ghostly apparitions. The performance dragged insufferably, and one by one the audience left the theatre. Finally a colleague of von Possart, who was something of a wag, came around to his dressing-room and handed him the key with the observation: "When you have quite finished with your monologue and start for home, will you lock the door after you?"

This is an anecdote which the great actor relates with much enjoyment, as the work had a tremendous success when given later in a house of proper proportions.

A graceful tribute came to von Possart from the widow of Schumann in recognition of the propaganda he had so nobly made for the, at that time, unknown "Manfred" music.

Clara Schumann invited herself to the Possart villa, and for an entire evening devoted her incomparable art to the actor and his family.

Another interesting anecdote in

(Continued on page vi)

Scenes in "Suzanne," A New Comedy at the Lyceum Theatre



Copyright Charles Frohman Suzanne (Billie Burke)  
ACT I. SUZANNE: "HELLO! IS THAT YOU, SERAPHIN?"



Copyright Charles Frohman Harry Harwood Billie Burke  
ACT III. MUELEMEESTER: "YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL!"



Copyright Charles Frohman Geo. W. Anson Julian L'Estrange Billie Burke Rosa Rand  
ACT II. SUZANNE (MISS BURKE): "I NEVER WAS SO HAPPY IN MY LIFE!"



Bangs, N. Y.

MISS MATTHISON AS MISTRESS FORD



Bangs, N. Y.

MISS MATTHISON IN PRIVATE LIFE

## An Intermittent Chat with Edith Wynne Matthison

TWO qualities, not twinlike, are always manifest in Edith Wynne Matthison. They are humility and nobility.

We are good humoredly accustomed to British actors visiting us, coining our curiosity into many-dollared audiences, and pointing out with a teacher's patronage and authority our dramatic faults. We accept this didactic criticism. We even seek it. The shrewd interviewer courts it because it makes good "copy" even though it may not promote international amity. But this tall young woman with the strong chin and the deep, blue-gray eyes is of quite another attitude. Theodore Roberts's tall, broad form vanishing through the stage door of the New Theatre into the street held the gaze of her calm, judicial eyes.

"He is an excellent actor," she said.

"I could see that when he just walked through the part at the first rehearsal this afternoon. He is to play Falstaff while Mr. Calvert is ill.

"I have only been under two American managements, but I have learned a great deal from them."

Was it possible? Did such a sentence fall from British lips in British accents? The tall figure in its smart blue-tailored frock—a French tailored frock—and its blue and silver turban, its seal muff and stole, stood on the curb waiting for a street car because taxicabs were perilous in these striking times. The traffic of Broadway at five in the afternoon was sweeping past in full stream. I must have misunderstood.

"Pardon me—the street noises—you said?"

"I said that I have been under but two American managements since I came to the United States seven years ago, Mr. Henry

Miller and the New Theatre, but I have learned a great deal from both."

"You have learned——"

"Indeed yes. The spirit of dramatic brotherhood and sisterhood is so strong. The actors of this country welcome so broadly and kindly a player from another country who tries to do his best." Long black lashes winked back the moisture that came with crowding memories of the speaker's long-continued welcome. "The dramatic profession of this country is splendidly generous."

We had settled into a corner of the street car and were speeding toward the dressmaker's where this calmly busy young woman

was going between the afternoon rehearsal and the evening performance, when she resumed. Inward poise reveals itself in continuity of speech and action. When events break the conversational thread Miss Matthison quickly knots it.

"One lesson I have learned on the American stage is one that no actor can overvalue. That is sincerity. Whenever there is a question of sincerity or of theatricalism, theatricalism must always go. The American managers I know ask themselves and their playwrights and their companies the question: 'Is this true?' If not they elim-

inate it. Sincerity, sincerity, sincerity is the motto of the American stage. It is a superb one."

Not a word of English counsel to American art! Not a suggestion. No advice, not an atom! It was I who brought out and exercised the word with which the interviews with English

### THE PRODIGAL

Deep in a hidden corner of my heart  
There lived a song—a living, joyful thing.  
It breathed of life and love and youthful fire,  
Great worlds to gain—and fame—the heart's desire!  
The little song took wing.

Soul empty, waited I the proud return.  
Years passed and still I loved the song, and prayed  
With paling hope and long sequestered fears—  
Until it came—so timid and so strange—  
White faced and sad—Oh, agony of change!—  
A little song of tears.                      LESLIE CURTIS:

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF ARTISTES



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SIGNOR CARUSO AS THE OUTLAW JOHNSON IN PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

visitors bristle, the old, tired word "tradition."

"Do you think without the background of tradition you would have been as well equipped as you are?"

Miss Matthison looked so thoughtfully into the conductor's red face that the face turned quite purple, but she saw neither change of color, nor man. She has the unfeminine habit of thinking before she speaks.

"If you had been born in the United States where you would not hear every time you went to the theatre how Edmund Kean played this or how Macready read that," I prompted, "would you have been so good an actress?"

"Perhaps tradition helps toward the thing we call 'finish.' But one asks oneself what is meant after all by finish. My husband says the English stage is over finished." Miss Matthison's calm smile dismissed "Finish" as a thing of little worth, of exaggeration.

"The voice is a great help or hindrance in stage work. I depend upon it very much as an instrument. If I had been born in this country I might have been less well equipped in that direction. But my voice is Welsh rather than English. My mother was Kate Wynne. She and her sister, Edith Wynne, were well-known concert singers. They had Welsh voices. The Welsh voice is like the Italian. Because it has

so many consonants persons fancy it is a language in which consonant sounds dominate. But many of the consonants are pronounced softly; for instance, the double 'd' is pronounced almost as 't.' The vowels, like the Italian ones, are open.

"A good speaking voice is helpful and desirable, but it isn't essential. There is Sir Henry Irving. He triumphed in spite of his voice. There is Mrs. Fiske. Her voice is not her most attractive asset. Yet see what she does in spite of it! She gets straight to the audience exactly the impression she wishes to convey, no more, no less.

"Outwardly I have always thought we women of the dramatic profession require a voice that is a sufficient instrument to express us, and an appearance that will carry. Not necessarily beauty, though that is valuable always and everywhere. But there should be, I think, individuality in appearance, and force, enough to reach the audience. Many very lovely women have a beauty so delicate and exquisite that it fails to record a distinct impression upon the audience."

The inward assets interested Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, of England and America, far more than the outward. We discussed them in the fitting room at her dressmaker's between snips of shears, thrusts of pins, and occasional low-voiced directions from the actress who was that night—scarcely an hour away—to play laughing Mistress Ford in "Merry Wives of Windsor."



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MME. GERVILLE-REACHE

The distinguished French contralto, who is meeting with tremendous success in concert this season all over the United States

"Let us formulate the successful actress."

Miss Matthison smiled. "Interesting! Please begin."

"She must have imagination."

"The gown is just a little tight in the armhole, Madame. Yes, I agree with you, and poetry."

"Industry?"

"Yes and common sense. By which I mean reasonableness. Don't you think a career is liable to be shipwrecked without that?"

Visions of stage folk overweighted with imagination and poetry and underballasted with industry and reasonableness knocked at our memory chambers, entered and were named, but behind the locked door of silence.

Viewing some of those shipwrecks, Miss Matthison said: "That brings me to another important point—health. Without health one can be neither industrious nor reasonable." Certainly this English woman has a bowing acquaintance with American nerves.

While a gray gown was on its way to the workroom, and a violet one was being brought thence, we talked of the influences that foster an actress's talent. There are conditions that are deadening and others that are stimulating. Being an optimist Miss Matthison, with her sable stole about her fine shoulders, and unafraid of draughts, spoke only of the

enlivening conditions. Optimism is the secret of her success.

"I believe repertory is the most valuable condition. I have always welcomed all sorts of parts. For instance, I have thought that I have played tragedy better for having played comedy. All parts contribute to every part, our lesser parts to our greater. I learn something from every part. If there is no great value in the study of its psychology, I learn through the practice of my technique. The pianist must keep on with the practice of her scales all her life. I mean that in the part or sort of parts one plays best all the less important or less grateful parts help.

"I have found in my study of stage art that all the other arts contribute to it. Some knowledge of music and of painting makes us better actresses, I am sure. Yes, I would take up the skirt a little in the front, Madame." Miss Matthison became for the moment oblivious of violet gowns and dressmakers, of the pressing need of a hurried dinner and of hastening back to the theatre to make up for Mistress Ford.

"But more, far more than anything else we must know humanity. That is learned by studying ourselves and by taking the right attitude toward life." Her arms swept outward in a wide, strong gesture. "We must welcome life." Her voice thrilled at the little word, the epitome of all our days and all our capacity. "We cannot escape pain. We cannot avoid suffering, and we should meet them bravely as a soldier and royally as a king. I have always thought that a woman must live her life fully to be



Sarony

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, LATELY SEEN AS FANNY ARMAURY IN "THE FOOLISH VIRGIN"

a convincing and effective actress."

"Do you think marriage is a necessary part of a woman's life?"

"Oh, no! I cannot say that. There are too many women who have lived great, well developed, and rounded lives without marriage. What one does not learn by experience may be learned by intuition."

We passed to the personal phase, the influence of her dramatist husband, Charles Rann Kennedy, upon her work as an actress. She smiled with eyes and lips.

"My husband has taught me more about acting than anyone else."

"Mr. Kennedy told me that it is impossible to change your opinion, once you have decided."

The smile came again.

"Yes, when I know I am right. But he has been of great assistance to me nevertheless, for he has standards of my work as I have for his, and we try to reach them. We each understand what the other is trying to do, and we respect and sympathize with each other's aims. Each knows that we must judge by the finished work. Mr. Kennedy is my severest critic, and I am his. But we do not offer criticisms until the work as a whole stands complete, ready for criticism. Then we offer suggestions, and even try to insist upon them."

We were on the street-car again, and Miss Matthison tied up smilingly the thread broken by its starting.

"Happiness in marriage is as Bernard Shaw defined it one night when I sat next him at dinner. It was after my marriage, and I listened interestedly to his pronouncement. He is so interesting. He said: 'After all, happiness in marriage is like the feeling one has for a chair or table you have had for a long time. You couldn't be comfortable without having it about.'" Not exactly a poetic simile, but the truth.

In November Mr. Kennedy ceased his work upon his new play, "The Idol Breaker," long enough to become an American citizen, an act which Miss Matthison said had her hearty approval.

"Mr. Rann wants to be active. He wants to take part in things. He is a Socialist. Yesterday a friend and her husband came to take tea with us. It was Election Day, and he said he hadn't voted yet, but he said his vote wouldn't matter anyway, that the election was a foregone conclusion. We made him go and



ZELDA SEARS

Who has made a hit in the character of Hettie Gandy in "The Nest Egg" at the Bijou Theatre

vote. His wife and I not having that privilege ourselves, thought that everyone who had should exercise it."

Miss Matthison and her husband met at her home when she was of the unromantic and unresponsive age of twelve. He has chuckingly told of that meeting, that her mother telling her to place some bread on the table for the boys, she threw his share upon the table before him. Miss Matthison laughed at that reminiscence.

"I did," she said, "but, you see, I looked upon him in the same way as one of my brothers, although I had not met him before."

"And you had no special reverence for them?"

"Oh, no." She laughed.

"Perhaps you have acquired more reverence for Mr. Kennedy and all men since."

"No, not reverence. I don't think it is good for them. Comradeship and sympathy and understanding I think much better for them. The old-fashioned Englishwoman treats man as a vastly superior being. My mother does still, and she always fears I am not giving Mr. Kennedy his meed of awe."

"Has any one told you of it?" I asked.

She looked inquiringly at me. I had speared it at last, that elusive butterfly-like resemblance. Yes, I had it caught inescapably as her fine profile was silhouetted against the darkness of the car window.

"That you are like Julia Marlowe?"

"Yes, I have been told so in this country. And when Miss Marlowe played in England they said she was like me. I am very pleased, but I do not know how Miss Marlowe will feel."

At the door of their apartment her husband welcomed us, and I put one farewell question:

"I have known ambitious girls, who, after they play one part

for two seasons, believe that they are ready to star. How many parts must one play before she becomes a creditable actress?"

"I have played all sorts of rôles, classic and modern. I don't know how many parts entitle one to distinction, even granting intelligence as a beginning. I know so little. You know Sir Henry Irving said two hours before his death: 'I have been playing for fifty years and am just learning to act.' I am just beginning to learn my trade."

ADA PATTERSON.



Moffett

Emmett Corrigan

Jameson Lee Finney

Ada Dwyer

Leland to the horror of his companions makes it plain that he is a badger man

SCENE IN "THE DEEP PURPLE" AT THE LYRIC THEATRE



Scenes in "The Spring Maid" at the Liberty Theatre



Photos White

ACT I. CHRISTIE MACDONALD AND CHORUS SINGING THE "FOUNTAIN FAY SONG"



Lawrence Rea Christie MacDonal

ACT II. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS SINGING THE "LOVE BEE'S SONG"



Jessie Bradbury

Tom MacNaughton

ACT II. URSULA AND ROLAND SINGING "ON THE TRACK"

# THE ACTOR IN THE STREET

YOUNG AMERICA, as one finds him in the street, is the type of character George M. Cohan tries to represent. He leaves the conventional types to "high-brow" dramatists, and contents himself with the so-called lower ones that occupy a more conspicuous place in the public eye. While his characters are of the rougher variety, still they have a strong appeal, representing as they do a very important phase of American life, and by far outnumbering the so-called higher types generally portrayed on the stage.



GEORGE M. COHAN

George M. Cohan, as it were, transplants actual living characters from the street to the stage. Oftentimes one of his characters is a composite of many persons he has seen and studied in everyday life, but always a strictly American type is shown. The "Yankee Doodle Comedian" is first, last and always American. Having traveled the United States from end to end for years while playing the "10, 20, 30" and the combination houses, Mr. Cohan has closely observed and generalized types until they have a national appeal. Who could have a better opportunity for studying the many-sided American from all sides than one doing a "continuous" turn all over the country almost from the time he was able to walk on the stage? After every performance, instead of lounging at street corners relating his "triumphs" to fellow Thespians, George M. Cohan would train his microscopic eye on the people about him. Like Balzac, he would follow characters which interested him. These he would study, projecting himself into their ego, endeavoring to think and act from similar impulse.

When working on a play, George M. Cohan lives in his characters rather than viewing them dispassionately from the outside. He started in to live in his character when he played his first part, that of Peck's Bad Boy in the play of that name. In 1890, while appearing in this part, young "Georgie" Cohan projected himself so much in the character of Peck's Bad Boy that he kept everyone guessing. From the start young George M. Cohan wanted realism, and the props had to be the real thing or "there was nothing doing." At the end of the first act of "Peck's Bad Boy" the boy makes things lively for all concerned by throwing bundles of all sorts at those around him. Now, "Georgie" Cohan would have nothing to do with imitation bundles. Before the performance he would make up hard bundles, and you had better believe that the close of that first act was effective. It was so much so on one occasion, during the last week of the season, that little "Georgie" was fined \$5 by the stage manager for playing these pranks

the other performers, hitting them with bundles as hard as rocks.

George M. Cohan has always been a law unto himself in his stage work. As a boy, like Napoleon and nearly every great conqueror, he was stubborn and would always do things his own way. When the rehearsals for "Peck's Bad Boy" began "Georgie's" father, Jerry J. Cohan, started in to show him how to play the part, but the boy soon showed the father that he was the leader, and from that time father, mother and sister, of the Four Cohans—the "Big 4" of the musical comedy stage—have taken back seats and given the centre of the stage, so to speak, to George M.

Observing how the other performers hopped about in order to get out of the way of the flying packages at the hands of Peck's Bad Boy, George M. got his first suggestion for eccentric dancing, and then began his strenuous practice, which soon made him the most eccentric and cleverest characteristic dancer in the world. Young George M. just couldn't make his feet behave. The prances of messenger boys, newsboys and others in the street were studied and elaborated on by George M., and when at home he would hear a hand-organ strike up, some new and fancy steps were sure to be acquired. Limited space in a room filled with furniture made it necessary for him to jump and kick over chairs, tables, etc., and later on this practice was to serve the "Yankee Doodle Comedian" well in "Money to Burn," that roaring sketch written by George M., and played for several years by the family. This was the second sketch written by George M. Cohan and used by the Four Cohans.

Ever studying the people he meets in the street, George M., while appearing at Tony Pastor's a few years ago, mentally photographed the striking characteristics of leading Tammanyites,

and after attending one of "Big Tim" Sullivan's chowder outings the germ of "The Governor's Son," a four-act musical comedy, was born. In this piece George M. Cohan constructed the principal characters around well-known frequenters of the Wigwam in Fourteenth Street, whom he had seen while at Tony Pastor's, in the same building. Even the shadow of "Big Tim" floated over the stage, though not as a distinct character. No one can come into contact with Tammany and not become interested in politics, and while playing "The Governor's Son," George M. Cohan essayed the politician, later bringing out the three-act musical piece, "Running for Office." By this time this talented young man and his father, mother and sister, had successfully "broken the ice" on Broadway, and George M. came into close contact with another salient phase of life. "Little Johnny Jones" was born in the Metro-pole Café, where the "Yankee Doodle Comedian" found him one night after the play. But Little Johnny Jones is not the only one, thought George M., "there are others I will lash to



GEORGE M. COHAN "MAKING UP" IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM

Scenes in Louis N. Parker's Comedy "Pomander Walk" at Wallack's



White  
 Cicely Richards                      George Giddons                      T. Wigney Percyval                      Lennox Pawle  
 ACT I. SIR PETER (GEORGE GIDDONS) LAYS DOWN THE LAW OF "POMANDER WALK"



White  
 Sybil Carlisle                      Dorothy Parker                      Edgar Kent                      Yorke Stephens  
 ACT III. BARON OTFORD (YORKE STEPHENS) CHIDES HIS SON FOR RUSHING INTO MARRIAGE

the mast in this new show," and he proceeded to do so.

From the start "Big Tim" Sullivan interested this youthful observer, and if "Big Tim," why not, also, "Big Tom"? These two Tammany giants were often seen together, so in his piece, "Little Johnny Jones," George M. Cohan created the part of "The Unknown," which was effectively played by Tom Lewis, who looked and acted like "Big Tom" Foley, the former Sheriff of New York County. This part of "The Unknown" was one of the best stage characterizations of modern times. It was as if the character had stepped out of Dickens. This might well be true, at that, since Dickens took his famous characters from real life, and that is what George M. Cohan did, and has done since in all the plays he has written.

While studying "Big Tom" Foley, George M. Cohan made several visits to his saloon, which was at the corner of Centre and Franklin Streets, until he was elected Sheriff. Across the street is the Criminal Courts Building, in which is located the Coroner's office, which Mr. Cohan also visited. Here he found a type he had long been looking for—the typical square sporting man. Entering the Coroner's office the first time Mr. Cohan came face to face with the original of what was destined to become one of his strongest characters—"Kid" Burns. The first words the "Yankee Doodle Comedian" heard "Kid" (Charlie) Burns, then one of the Coroner's clerks, utter were: "Say, haow d'yeh spell Goo-vin-ear Os-pi-tal?"

Standing before the young actor-playwright was the famous former light-weight prize fighter, now a respected employé

of the city. For weeks Mr. Cohan went down to the Coroner's office nearly every day and talked with Charlie Burns, that he might study his picturesque ways. Little did "Kid" Burns know at the time that he was being made into a stage character. In fact, George M. Cohan simply picked him up and placed him in "45 Minutes from Broadway," name and all, and again later in "The Talk of New York." It was not necessary to build the character around the "Kid"—all George M. had to do was to transplant him from the Coroner's office to the stage. As "Kid" Burns says: "Dis wourd may not be in de dicks-hen-nary, but it's O.K. just de samie." This and other sayings of the former prize-fighter were faithfully reproduced in these two musical comedies. In making up and dressing the character the green top shoes worn by the "Kid" were used by Victor Moore, who played the part in both pieces, and who could hardly be distinguished from the original of the Coroner's office. When the first piece was in rehearsal George M. Cohan took Victor Moore down to the Coroner's office and said to him, "Now, get into that 'guy's' skin,"

pointing to the astonished clerk.

Leaving the Coroner's office for the Hotel Astor and the Knickerbocker Hotel Café, George M. Cohan found another type that stands out prominently to-day. He leaped from race-track, prize-fighting rings, saloons, gambling houses, and the like, to the ultra-fashionable sphere, and hit upon the "wise" young American with unlimited freedom and money. Then came the character of George Washington, Jr.,

(Continued on page viii)



Photo Reutlinger

Mlle. MARIE ALEXANDROVIEZ

New operatic star, who recently made a sensational début at the Paris Opera House as Gilda in "Rigoletto." She is only seventeen years of age, is exceptionally beautiful, and has a soprano voice of remarkable range



Copyright Charles Frohman

Charles Richman

Clara T. Bracy

Esther Lyon

Annie Russell

Wilfred Draycott

Act I. Mary Fenton (Miss Russell): "I've lost my luggage!"

SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY, "THE IMPOSTOR," LATELY SEEN AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

## Players I Have Known

By HENRY P. GODDARD

NO decided opinion can be fairly given as to the relative merits of the men and women seen on our stage in the last half century. At least that is the conclusion to which I am forced after many years of theatregoing. The methods of the players have changed, not always for the better, but the Hamlet of Forbes Robertson, while less poetical, seems to me more intellectual than that of Edwin Booth; the Juliet of Miss Marlowe interests as much as that of Mary Anderson, and the Rosalind of Edith Wynne Matthison no less than that of Ada Rehan.

Edwin Forrest I saw but once, as Pizarro in Philadelphia in 1864. Although then past his prime, the performance showed that he had a powerful conception of the rôle. Talking of him one day to the late John T. Ford, of Baltimore, a manager of culture and wide experience, I asked if the actors of his (Ford's) younger day really excelled (as we are often told) those of the beginning of the twentieth century. Mr. Ford replied that he greatly doubted it. He had once asked Mr. Forrest a similar question as to the actors of the early part of the century, and that Mr. Forrest had in turn stated that he had once asked the same question of Sheridan Knowles, who replied with emphasis:

"No actress of your day ever equalled Sarah Siddons. By G— sir, she filled the stage!"

The late Richard Mansfield apparently impressed differently every one who saw him. He was rated by critics as both the best and the worst actor of his day. In my own judgment, the first is the correct view as to Mr. Mansfield in bizarre or unique rôles such as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Monsieur," or "Beau Brummel," and the second as to his work in Shakespearian characters, barring his Richard III, which was original, sinister, and effective. As one of our best actors said to me only the other day: "Mansfield had the wonderful gift of concentrating the attention of the public upon himself. He was a good actor; he was a great showman."

Mr. Mansfield could be most delightful socially when he chose, but this was not always the case, and I recall one very acrimonious conversation with him over the telephone when each fancied the other was trying to "break in" upon his conversation. He frequently quarreled with his leading ladies, yet Miss Florence Rockwell, who was with him during the last year of his stage career, assures me that she never found him other than courteous, and appreciative of her work. To his wife and son he was supremely devoted, and by all odds his happiest hours were those spent with his family. The actor was buried according to his wish, in a little burying-ground close by his lovely country home at New London, Conn. Only a day or two after the funeral I visited the spot. His section of the lot was bordered by hydrangeas in full bloom, while on the grave was a great quantity of wreaths and flowers from friends and professional associates, including several from those with whom he had had differences. As I stood by the grave in the soft air of a glorious September afternoon in that quiet and beautiful spot, and recalled the struggles and poverty of the actor's early life, and the triumphs and honors of his later career, "I smiled to think God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,

*Around our restlessness his rest."*

Of the old-time favorites in the stock companies of New York and Boston in my younger days, there are delightful memories of that galaxy of players at the old Wallack's, at the time when it was a current saying in New York, "If you don't know what magazine to read, get *Harper's*; if you don't know what theatre to attend, go to Wallack's." On its boards I have seen such actors as Lester Wallack, Dion Boucicault, John Gilbert, John Brougham, Harry Beckett, Harry Montague (adored of the matinée girls of the day), Mrs. John Hoey, Mme. Ponisi, Clara



Davis & Sanford

ARNOLD DALY

Jennings, the beautiful Madeline Henriques, Ada Dyas, Jeffries Lewis, Rose Eytinge, Rose Coghlan, "et id omne genus." A little later came Augustin Daly with his succession of good actors and actresses who entertained New York for nearly a generation, and of whom some are still popular favorites.

Of the survivors of Daly's company who still command public attention, one of the most prominent is Otis Skinner. Born in 1857, Mr. Skinner is now at the full ripeness of his powers, and is reaping the reward of his years of faithful training in stock. It is probably safe to say that no better representations of "The Taming of the Shrew" have ever been given in America than those of Mr. Skinner and Miss Ada Rehan in the decade ending about 1894. It was during these years that I first met Mr.



Davis and Sanford JUSTINE JOHNSON  
One of the Mist Maidens in "The Blue Bird"



ANN MEREDITH  
Plays the leading feminine rôle in "The Cub"



HELEN WARE  
Seen lately in "The Deserters"

Skinner, with whom I have had many an interesting chat. When he was in Baltimore in 1907 in Henri Lavedan's powerful play, "The Duel," in which as a devoted Catholic priest he wages war with his brother, a free-thinking physician, for the soul of a woman who has a degenerate husband, we discussed the especial interest given the play by the troublous times France was then having in the great struggle between Church and State. A notable feature of the cast of this play was the work of the venerable old actor, Mr. Charles Walcott, in the rôle of a dear old bishop of the Church.

Another favorite of the old Daly Company was Mr. Louis James, who died in March, 1910. He was a man "Of infinite jest and humor," and probably as universally popular a man as ever there was in his profession. In the most difficult of the Ibsen plays, "Peer Gynt," in which he assumed the mantle dropped by the dying Mansfield, he produced some very remarkable stage effects, and his elocution was clear, distinct and convincing, as it generally was with those trained by Mr. Daly. I think the actor was right when he said to me a year before his death, "Shakespeare is the boy for me," for both his artistic and financial successes were greatest in Shakespeare comedy rôles such as Falstaff, Autolycus, and in the "Comedy of Errors," in which he was the only actor I have ever known to double up as the two Dromios. Mr. James began his dramatic career in Philadelphia under Mrs. John Drew, of whom he spoke to me as, "The arch magician of the Arch Street Theatre." After being a member of the company at Daly's Theatre at New York during nearly the whole period of its existence, he was for years leading man with Lawrence Barrett, and while with him won distinction for his admirable acting in rôles of the most diverse character, notably in that of Beppo Pepi, the sinister jester in "Francesco de Rimini."

On the stage in his early years Mr. James

was so fond of guying his associates, and playing practical jokes upon them, that hardly an actor that played with him but has some funny story to tell. In his later years he sobered down on the stage, but kept up his fun in private life, so that it is easy to believe the story of his friend, Mr. Charles E. Ford, to the effect that at his pleasant summer home on the New Jersey coast, Mr. James trained turtles to run races, and had them so well tutored that he could pick a winner whenever he could get a bet. Mr. Ford is also responsible for the story that, standing in front of the theatre one day with Mr. James, the latter looked at the poster on the billboards, which read, "Warde, James & Kydder Combination," and said, "That is a mistake, Charlie. It should read, 'Warde and Two Kidders.'" The stage lost one of its very best comedians, and the world a lovable man and a thorough good fellow, when Louis James passed away.

During her last engagement in Baltimore, a year or so before her death, I met the beloved Mrs. G. H. Gilbert at a matinée at another theatre, which she had attended to see her old friend and former protégée in Daly's company, Miss Percy Haswell. Having been presented by Miss Haswell, I escorted the ladies from the theatre. Mrs. Gilbert, then well over seventy, was very chatty and most agreeable. The day was cold and wintry, and the streets slippery with ice, so that, at a crossing, I offered Mrs. Gilbert my arm, which she promptly refused, drawing herself up a little stiffly and saying, "I am quite able to walk alone."

On a bright May morning in 1907, I called upon Mrs. Jane Germon, at the home of her son, a Baltimore physician, with whom she spent the last decade of her life, and where she died in 1909 at the age of eighty-six. Mrs. Germon did not retire from the stage till she was well on in the seventies, and, long after her retirement, was constantly visited by her old professional friends when

(Continued on page viii)



White EDNA WALTHER  
Selected by Humperdinck from among sixty other youngsters to take the part of one of the children in "Koenigskinder." Edna is only twelve years old and is probably the youngest singer ever trusted with an important part in the history of the Metropolitan Opera House

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS

PARIS, December 30, 1910.

THE Théâtre Français has just lost one of its ex-sociétaires, a man who formerly added much to the glory of that incomparable company of players. After the death of the brothers Coquelin, of whom the elder was the most marvel-

well as actors, said of Gustave Worms: "Listen to that voice; it is like glorious music." Such a verdict coming from such a source makes anything I could say superfluous.

Gossip has it that Mlle. Cecile Sorel is actually to be married to an English baronet. While waiting for the realization of this rumor, which seems to pique the curiosity of the Parisiens beyond measure, I must mention her début in Emile Augier's "Aventurière," in which she played the part of Dona Clorinde.

The part of this heroine, who was a great coquette, was created in 1848 by Mme. Anais, and afterwards played successively by Mme. Arnoud-Blessis, Croizette, Tholor, Marty, Pierson, Hading and Brandes. I have seen it played by four of the latter, Hading excepted, and I must frankly avow that Mlle. Sorel loses by comparison. One feels indescribably in all her rôles the incessant effort she is making, which is assuredly very meritorious on the part of the woman who went upon the stage rather late in life; but I fail to discover in her any sign of the artistic temperament, that sacred fire indispensable to great actresses.



Mlle. Cecile Sorel, of the Théâtre Français. (Photo Reutlinger, Paris)

ous actor of modern times, now comes the death of Gustave Worms. His loss will be less felt at the Comédie Française, from which he voluntarily retired some years ago, than at the Conservatoire, where, as man and professor, he was doubly appreciated.

Worms was a member of that phalanx of actors among whom were Got, Delaunay, Coquelin, Mounet-Sully, Sarah Bernhardt, Croizette, Madeleine Brohan and Reichenberg, which during a quarter of a century was the admiration of the entire world. The present company, though the most homogeneous in Europe, cannot make us forget and regret those who preceded it.

Alexander Dumas, fils, who knew those players as men as



Mlle. Lentelme of the Vaudeville Theatre, photo Reutlinger. Gown of white and gold pekin stripe, bordered with black velvet with exquisite Venise lace forming a long panel to the bottom of the skirt. The corsage opens in a point at one side. Part of the lace is embroidered with gold. Costume by Paquin. (Photo by Boissonas and Taponier)



Mlle. Madeleine Dolley of the Theatre Michel. Stunning black velvet hat ornamented with straw-colored ostrich. The crown is banded with skunk caught at one side with two golden roses having ruby hearts. Creation of Mme. Lenthalic. Photo by Boissonas & Taponier



Gustave Worms as Charles the Fifth in Hernani. Photo by Nadar, Paris



Mlle. Madeleine Dolley of the Theatre Michel. Salambo hat of gold tissue veiled with blue mousseline and faced with blue velvet, and trimmed with variegated plumes. Creation of Mme. Lenthalic. Photo by Boissonas & Taponier

The reason for her being at the Comedie Française consists in her beautiful presence, a necessary requirement in the part of a great coquette, of which the modern theatre is quite destitute. Mlle. Sorel, however, has other qualities. She has "the line," and an admirable carriage, and so shows off to advantage her costumes. These are generally costumes without a flaw, although she did at one time allow herself to be circumscribed by the ill-omened "hobble skirt."

An individual to whom one cannot deny the true artistic temperament is that dispenser of feminine elegance, Mme. Paquin. For the time being I will limit myself to sending you some illustrations of the infallible taste of this French woman, and in some future letter dwell more at length on the reasons that have made the house of Paquin what may well be termed a temple of fashion.

And now I will take up my sometimes ungrateful part of critic.

Art and Fashion are two things which are more closely allied than is generally supposed. Beyond doubt both require taste. Artless as may seem this assertion, there is good reason for it. It does not follow that he who is endowed with taste from that fact alone becomes an artist. He must necessarily complete this happy predisposition by what is commonly called the technique of his profession. Hence Fashion is indirectly influenced by Art, and this is so true that it is a common custom for the great dressmaker to have the assistance of draughtsmen and designers who are pupils of some well-known artist. These designers are naturally influenced by the master painter whose satellites they are. From one deduction and another I am, therefore, convinced that Fashion, to whatever branch it belongs, is indirectly tributary to Art, and in the special case of the dressmaker incontestably indebted to the artist painter.

Going deeper into the question, it would be easy to prove that in former times the artist painter was the offspring of the sculptor, who in turn was a branch of the genealogical tree of which architecture was the root.

Now, because of the imperfect conceptions of designers, it is indispensable that the dressmaker himself be an artist. For it sometimes happens that after the fabrics have been draped upon the mannequins defects are discovered in the lines, and the dressmaker must be able to correct and perfect these inharmonious lines after successive corrections, and finally arrive at the creation of a costume. To be successful it is, therefore, indispensable that the creator shall be imbued with the principles of the three most ancient arts.

What do we actually perceive in much of the contemporaneous architecture, sculpture and painting, the three arts on which so justly the dressmaker of the twentieth century must rely?

In architecture we are compelled to contemplate the "modern style," so called perhaps because there is no style, or an indefinable style that pretends to have emancipated itself from the symmetry of Greek art only to establish a poor agreement between the flora and fauna, all of which is much better expressed in the art of the Japanese.

The "modern-style" school prides itself on imitating neither animate nor inanimate things, of having broken with the antique and the gothic, and of being only itself, that is to say a nonentity.

Of the three arts sculpture is the one characterized by the least decrepitude, for not even for one moment does the sculptor make a pretence of trying to make us forget either the Greek giants or those of the Renaissance.

As for painting, it is almost futile to speak of it, so flagrant is its decadence. Since the Barbizon school, composed of a group of incomparable landscape



Mlle. Jane Henriques of the Opera. Photo by Felix, Paris. Gown of Malines lace over a light satin foundation. Mantle of brocade woven with gold thread and ornamented with gold fringe and cord. Creation of Doeuillet





A fitting at Mme. Chéruit's. Eggiman, publisher; photo by Agié



The ground floor salon at Paquin's. Eggiman, publisher; Agié, photographer

painters, came to an end, we have inherited a progeny whose relationship to the "modern style" is strongly indicated, and which has been vaguely christened "impressionism."

It is evident that if the Parisian dressmaker had no other source of inspiration than these two deformities of art—"modern style" and "impressionism"—he would have small chance of being acclaimed the arbiter of elegance, a title contested by no one.

Unhappily, there are some dressmakers, and not the most insignificant either, who have allowed themselves to be influenced by this new school of "arrivistes." I could name one whose home is decorated and furnished throughout in the entire scale of color of the impressionists and the false curves of "modern style."

It is evident that a man living daily amid such distorted surroundings can only conceive fashions, the shapes and colors of which must be infractions of the laws of sculpture and the sister arts.

In contrast are those dressmakers who are veritable artists, and who surround themselves with objects that have been created for generations by masters of art.

Compare two dressmakers of the same standing, yet living amid such dissimilar surroundings, is it not evident that the one will father creations of whimsical form and jarring colors, while the other will create toiles where grace of outline is allied with wonderfully blended colors?

The same reasoning applies to all the artistic professions. The milliner is equally influenced by her surroundings, so her creations will be so much the more artistic, as she is accustomed to, and impregnated with, the beautiful. The milliner pays her tribute to the dressmaker, who in turn acknowledges her obligation to the milliner. Doeuillet and Mme. Lenthéric, when dressing the

same woman from head to feet, endeavor, in the most happy manner, to complete the work of the other, so that it is a rare pleasure in the daily round to meet a woman whose costume is made by the one and her hats by the other, for the complete toilet is certain to be a work of art.

I wish that all Americans coming to shop in Paris might realize the truth of these remarks. Also, I hope that the THEATRE'S thousands of fair readers will find something of value to them in my modest lessons in aesthetics.

Since I have mentioned the name of Doeuillet, it is only right to tell what I think of him. Step by step I have followed for many years the career of this great dressmaker, who, thanks to a thorough study of the anatomy of woman, knows how to dress her with the taste of a perfect artist. He is imbued, and how right he is, with the principles of the divine Raphael, who before covering his virgins with brilliant draperies first drew their bodies. The way in which Doeuillet proceeds is further confirmation of the correlation of Art with Fashion, of which I have been speaking. Many dressmakers ignore this truth, because they are entirely ignorant of Art. These can never be anything but ordinary business people.

A dressmaker, whom without hesitation I couple with Doeuillet, and who like him is an enthusiast in her profession, is Mme. Chéruit. Malicious gossips started the rumor that Mme. Chéruit no longer presided over the destiny of the house which bears her name, and where gather daily the European aristocracy and prominent members of the American colony.

Mme. Chéruit is right to ignore such gossip, which only goes to prove one thing, that her continued presence in her beautiful hotel in the Place Vendôme is a constant annoyance to her



Mlle. Monna Delza of the Theatre du Gymnase in the "Vierge Folle." Photo by Reutlinger

would-be rivals. I number Mme. Chéruit among the dozen great Parisian artists, who distribute over the entire world models which are jewels of French taste.

I have great pleasure in making known to you Mlle. Monna Delza, a young actress who has made a great sensation in Paris. This attractive woman made her début in "Patachon" in 1907. When she played successively in "Maison de Danses," at the Vaudeville, "Pierre et Therese," "L'An de Buridan," and lastly scored a triumph in the "Vierge Folle" at the Gymnase, where she played the leading part 250 times.

At the moment you are reading these lines, Mlle. Monna Delza will be charming the people of Madrid, having been specially commanded to visit the Spanish capital by His Majesty, Alphonse XIII. From there she goes to Lisbon, Nice and Monte Carlo. On her return to



"Furs at Doeuillet's," photo by Agié; Eggiman, publisher

Paris she will have an important rôle in "Manon" by Henri Bataille, the successful author of the "Vierge Folle." With the sweet, pure face of a Madonna, deep, wonderful eyes, and beautifully chiselled lips, Mlle. Monna Delza is a shining star even in the bright light of the Parisian firmament.

PETRONIUS.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The above article is the second in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine. "Petronius" is sparing neither time nor expense to show our fair subscribers the latest novelties of the leading dressmakers and modistes of Paris without being put to the inconvenience of leaving New York.



Photo Reutlinger

MADemoISELLE LANTELME OF THE VAUDEVILLE

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## "KOENIGSKINDER"

(Continued from page 48)

Now a word about other matters of musical interest. A new tenor has come into our operatic midst, a Russian, Dimitri Smirnof, who has sung abroad and has won fame in Europe. He made his American debut as Il Duca in "Rigoletto," and proved to be the possessor of a light, pleasing voice which may betray more virtues with repeated hearing.

For the rest there have been repetitions of familiar operas, Puccini's "The Girl of the Golden West" exerting a firm grip upon the public by way of the box office, and being received with great acclaim at its several repetitions.

But the lovers of Wagner music drama had a feast one night when the season's first performance of "Tristan und Isolde" was given. It had been scheduled for an earlier date, but indisposition prevented, and caused a delay of a week or more. When finally it came it proved doubly worth waiting for, since it was without doubt one of the most memorable performances of this work that has been heard here in years. Olive Fremstad sang Isolde at a few hours' notice—Lucy Weidt having been cast for the part. Never has the Fremstad risen to such intense dramatic heights as she did on that memorable night. She was superb, nothing short of that; and Burrian sang and acted a Tristan that will also live long in the memory of those who heard him. Louise Homer was the Brangaene, satisfying in every vocal way, while Soomer was the Kurwenal, who sang excellently but lacked ruggedness and its contrasting sentiment. Toscanini conducted a performance that throbbed with emotion, and the orchestra played as if inspired.

The concert and recital halls have been a bit neglected during the Christmastide, as is the case every year. But activity has again set in, and some interesting programs have been offered. Edmond Clement, the artistic tenor from the Opera Comique, who was a member of the Metropolitan Opera House ensemble last season, and was heard there as well as at the New Theatre, appeared at Carnegie Hall and as soloist with the Philharmonic Society, and proved his value as concert artist by superb diction and refinement of phrasing. The Philharmonic, conducted by Gustav Mahler, played an all French program that was novel and effective.

Ferruccio Busoni, famous pianist, has also returned to these shores and set his tournee a-rolling by a curiously interesting program of Chopin-Liszt compositions, principally the latter. He again displayed the fact that he is an unusual artist, a thinker at the keyboard, an emotional player with the quality of brains added.

Other concerts have occurred in numbers—orchestral and vocal, but the exigencies of space command silence until next month.

## E. von Possart's Return to America

(Continued from page 52)

connection with "Manfred" happened during one of Possart's American tours in the 80's. He was swamped with autograph albums, and usually set apart Sunday as a day for writing the desired inscriptions. One of his favorite quotations was "Schmerz ist Erkenntnis," which he wrote at least five hundred times in the course of a month.

One day his manager happened in when von Possart was engaged in this task, and learned that it was a line from "Manfred," and heard something of the European success of the work. The managerial mind was at once seized with a further idea for exploiting his "star." "Write this quotation in every album that is sent you until October!" was his mystifying order, the meaning of which was made clear when an announcement was made that Ernst von Possart would be heard in "Manfred" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

The musical direction was in the hands of Walter Damrosch and, as was expected, the three performances were given to enthusiastic and crowded houses.

Possart has already reached his sixty-ninth milestone, a point at which most men are content to rest upon their laurels. But it is not so with his perennial artistic spirit, and his imperfections will be found to bear the stamp of eternal youth.

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**The Actor in the Street**

(Continued from page 62)

in the musical comedy of that name. In this piece Mr. Cohan took up the negro question, and for the first time made a real part out of a negro. His negro was expressive of the entire race in that he was lazy and shiftless, thinking only of wearing "loud" clothes and attracting attention. The idea of creating a negro part came to Mr. Cohan one day as he alighted from a Broadway car and a burly negro brushed him aside in order to get his seat in the car. Mr. Cohan muttered under his breath, "I'll get back at you, you coon, by putting you in my new show!"

A few years ago George M. Cohan told in a topical song what he would do "If I were Only Mr. Morgan." And, although he is not really the Wall Street Preserver's second self, he seems to be doing some of the things that he said he would do if he were—for instance, build theatres of his own on Broadway. Truly "he build-ed better than he knew" when he gayly wrote and sang that song, for a few years later he built the Gaiety Theatre, which from its very opening has been a house of "hits." And now he has opened The George M. Cohan Theatre—a monument to Yankee grit and Yankee wit, a national theatre in the name of the first American "Yankee Doodle!"

Opening this house of Cohan—less than 45 seconds from Broadway!—himself in the rôle of a rich young man who becomes a chauffeur in order to find out if his friends care for him for what he is or for what he is worth, George M. Cohan seems to have fulfilled his "The Man Who Owns Broadway." Truly, George M. Cohan's life is one song "of songs!"

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**Victor Records**

A MEFISTOFELE AIR BY JOURNET.—"Mefistofele"—*Ballata del fischio*, "Son lo spirito" (I am the Spirit), Boito. Boito's opera has had two notable revivals of late—that at the Metropolitan, when the opera was brought out for Chaliapine, and the Boston Opera production of last season, and both were noteworthy for their splendid settings. This striking number occurs in Act I, in the scene representing a public square in Frankfort. Journet delivers it with admirable declamatory power, bringing out the strange symbolism of the climax in a thrilling manner.

SPANISH AND ITALIAN SONGS BY DE GOGORZA.—*La Mandolinata* (Mandolin Serenade) in Italian (Paladilhe); *A Granada* (To Granada!), (Alvarez). The present recital tour of this famous baritone is proving most successful, his audiences everywhere showing their thorough appreciation of Mr. de Gogorza's gifts as a singer. A particularly successful feature of his programs has been the artist's rendition of old Spanish and Italian songs, which he sings with perfect fluency. A song by the composer Alvarez, beloved in Spain, but too little known outside of it, is issued this month, and it will be pronounced a most fascinating one. The favorite "Mandolinata" is also given by the baritone, and it is interesting to note that it is listed at a popular price.

TWO NEW RECORDS BY RICCARDO MARTIN.—"*Die Walküre*"—*Sigmund's Liebeslied* (Sigmund's Love Song), (In German), Wagner; "*Cavalleria Rusticana*"—*Addio alla madre* (Turiddu's Farewell to His Mother) in Italian, (Mascagni). This talented young tenor has just filled his second 1910 engagement at the Victor Laboratory, and was in splendid voice, as these two fine new reproductions will show. Mr. Martin's excellent diction in German and Italian are a feature of these new records.

SCHUBERT AND RAMEAU NUMBERS BY KREISLER.—*Moment Musical* (Schubert); *Tambourin* (Rameau-Kreisler). For his contribution to the February list, Mr. Kreisler has selected two short pieces, both of which have been impressed on one twelve-inch record. The first is the best known of the *Moments Musicaux* of Schubert, the Op. 94, No. 3, in F minor; and this simple and rather melancholy melody is played by the artist with much fullness of expression and depth of feeling. The second part is a delightful little number by Rameau, which has been revised by Kreisler to suit his own particular style, thus adding much to its effectiveness.

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## Players I Have Known

(Continued from page 64)

they played in Baltimore. As she had suffered from a severe fall shortly before, I was was agreeably surprised to have her meet me at the door, especially as she rarely saw strangers. When I expressed my pleasure she smiled and said: "You find me playing a maid's part to-day." In her own words, she had "been so pestered by interviewers of late years" that she was rather loath to talk of her stage life, but after a time grew pleasantly reminiscent.

Born in New Orleans in 1822, she was a grand-daughter of the first Joseph Jefferson, and a cousin of "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson, who never failed to call upon her when in Baltimore in his later years. Her father was an actor named Anderson. Her first appearance was made at Washington, under the management of her Uncle Jefferson when she was but seven years old. One of her first characters was that of Prince Arthur in "King John," and she laughingly recalled that, in studying the part, she was delighted with it till she came to the lines where the lad says to Hubert: "Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?" This so frightened the child that, with the aid of a colored servant, she ran away from home to the house of a country friend of the family where she spent a week before she was returned to her mother. When that indignant parent told her that another child had played Arthur very successfully, her only inquiry was as to whether the child had saved her eyes.

From seven to over seventy years of age, Mrs. Germon was almost constantly on the stage, appearing in the companies of nearly all of the great actors, from Junius Brutus Booth to Louis James. Always a careful and faithful artist, she won her greatest laurels in her mature years, in old English comedies, in such rôles as Mrs. Candor in "The School for Scandal," and Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals."

Of her long-time manager, Mr. John T. Ford, Mrs. Germon spoke in the highest terms. Of old-time actors there was none she admired more than Edwin L. Davenport, whose wife was for years her most intimate friend. She said that she once sat in a box with Mr. Ford at a presentation of "Hamlet" by Mr. Davenport, and each agreed that he was the best Hamlet they had ever seen; far better than that of Edwin Booth, "for to me," she said, "he always seemed as in a dream."

That Fanny Davenport never displayed as much talent as her father, Mrs. Germon insisted, attributing it to the fact that "She had been Daly-ized," holding that Mr. Daly always cast his actors in one mould, repressing their originality.

Charlotte Cushman was not a favorite with Mrs. Germon, although the objection she made to that lady was not of a nature that could be taken too literally. She told me that she had an old grudge against Miss Cushman from a far distant day when she had played in her company in a remote section of Pennsylvania, under the management of Mr. Ford. To him Mrs. Germon complained that she could never get any beef-steak at the hotels at which the company boarded. On investigation, Mr. Ford was told by the landlord, "Gracious no! that powerful leading woman of yours eats all the beefsteak this town can afford!"

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## Edison January Records

In the list of January Grand Opera Amberol Records (now on sale) are seen "Mi par d'udir ancora" from Bizet's "Pescatori di Perle," sung by Aristodemo Giorgini, a favorite European tenor; the "Vanne Lasciami," from "Il Trovatore," most sympathetically rendered by Madame Marie Rappold of the Metropolitan Opera forces; "De Provenza il mar" from "Traviata" by Ernesto Carrona, the well known Italian baritone; the "Aria della Regina" from "The Magic Flute" by Marie Galvany, whose fine voice has thrilled the audiences of Europe, and *Lohengrin's* "Gralsersählung" sung in German by Carl Jörn.

A noteworthy feature of the list is an extract from "La Samaritaine," recited by Mme. Bernhardt. It is the scene in which the Saviour meets Photine, the Samaritan woman, at Jacob's well and the conversation ensues so well set forth in the New Testament. The dramatic situation is especially adapted to the powers of the immortal enchantress, Bernhardt, whose voice receives a wonderfully faithful reproduction on the incomparable Edison Records. This is the fourth Record made by Mme. Bernhardt for the Edison catalog which commands her exclusive services.

## Boston's American Civic Pageant

(Continued from page 45)

floor or gathered in the audience; recalling, in each case, by groups that had appeared in earlier episodes, direct contrasts with the latest modern developments. For instance, the Town Crier was followed immediately by a group of newsboys crying their wares, and a wireless receiving apparatus suggested the most recent developments of the possibilities of practical and extended communication. Following this section the present composition of the community was indicated by a gathering of all constituent nationalities, each typifying briefly their local characteristics, generally expressed by means of costume or their National dance, and this pictorial review was ended by a most effectively imagined and simply but beautifully depicted "American dance," in which 150 or more school girls, dressed in white with white liberty caps and tri-colored sashes, brought to an appropriate emblematic realization the merging of these heterogeneous nationalities into a co-ordinated and perfect unit!

During this episode there was symbolically depicted the progress, under modern economies of administration of the body politic, of the modern city, indicating that the eventual elimination of fire, crime, insanity, war, strife, dirt and disease was to be considered as the next civic ideal that was worthy of active accomplishment! The Pageant ended—as is usual—with the "march past," wherein all the historic or symbolic groups that had gathered during the progress of the entertainment debouched from their gathered ranks, and in serried formation passed an unceasing stream of 1,600 or more performers in review before Boston, her inhabitants and visitors. No small portion of the effectiveness of this parade came from the constantly shifting grouping of varied color and costume, from the mere tremendous mass of performers that were now to be viewed, for the first time, in its entirety!

The entire entertainment lasted two hours and forty minutes, with no break save for a few minutes' respite before the final episode. Previously to that, scene succeeded scene with the rapidity allowed by clearing the arena of one group before deploying another. The various episodes were at once separated and linked together by the Pageant solo dancer, Miss Virginia Tanner, who between the episodes indicated the passing of time by a series of cleverly conceived and exquisitely executed solo dances. She bridged the interval between the Cave Man and the Indian with a divertissement symbolizing "Vineland welcoming the Norsemen"; between Indian and Settler, by a "Dance of the Wave." She prefaced the entrance of Boston at the beginning of the Fourth Episode by a dance with some of the Indians, showing "The Passing of the Indian" and, as the Spirit of America, welcomed and summoned the gathering of the Nations in a brilliant *pas-de-seul* entitled "Aspiration." Thus was yet another art utilized to thread and weave together into a consecutive unit of performance the elements that had made for the history and growth of the community!

The entire Pageant was given under the direction of Miss Lotta A. Clark, head of the history department in the Charlestown High School, assisted by the writer as dramatic director, Mr. James Gilbert as stage manager, Miss Miriam Harris as director of dances, Mr. F. T. Merrill, designer of special costumes and Mr. Vesper George as artistic director. Mr. John A. O'Shea was music director, Mr. Albert M. Kanrich concertmaster, and Mr. John W. de Bryun was business manager.

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### Teas at the New Theatre

Plaza teas are now served in the foyer of the New Theatre, following each performance as well as during the entr'actes. The foyer is done in Roman gold and hung with exquisite tapestries, and here, as in the tea room, small tables are set among palms and ferns. The innovation is exceedingly popular, and the foyer is thronged, particularly after the performances. Music is furnished by an orchestra under the baton of Elliott Schenck.

### Anticipating Christmas

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## Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 37)

**GLOBE.** "THE SLIM PRINCESS." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Music by Leslie Stuart. Produced January 2 with this cast:

Hamdi Pasha, Carl Hayden; Bokhara, Neil Walton; Baluchistan, Arthur J. Engel; Prince Selim, Jos. C. Miron; Von Schloppenbauer, Joseph Cawthorne; Crawley Plumston, Ralph Nairn; Count Tomasso, Charles Judels; Alex. Pike, Wallace McCutcheon; "Tod" Norcross, Charles King; Harry Romaine, Eugene Revere; Tom Golding, Sam Burbank; Princess Jeneka, Julia Frary; Madame Saidis, Queenie Vassar; Hon. Mrs. Plumston, Kate Wingfield; Lutie Longstreet, Elizabeth Brice; Princess Kalora, Elsie Janis.

The gentlemen of Borivenia, wherever that may be—the costumes suggest Turkish contiguity—insist that their wives shall be fat; but the Princess Kalora, daughter of Prince Selim Malagaski, would not take on adipose tissue, which so enraged her father that he determined to send her to the United States, accompanied by her German tutor. Kalora was not averse to this, as a dashing Pennsylvanian had cleared the Palace walls and by his enterprise and cheek had won her youthful heart. From these premises found in a story called "The Slim Princess," by George Ade, Henry Blossom has evolved a very serviceable, amusing and really witty libretto.

Miss Janis flits through the piece with youthful grace and charm, is always an engaging figure and in the final act gives her numerous imitations with a verisimilitude and accuracy that place her at the very top of the present day mimics. As a contrast to her buoyant youth Joseph Cawthorne presents a capital foil as the German tutor. It is something more than a funny sketch which he gives. It is a real impersonation, thoughtfully wrought out and enacted with an artistic repression that lifts it high above the too customary level of horse play.

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**LYCEUM.** "SUZANNE." Comedy in three acts by Frantz Fanson and Fernand Wicheler. Adapted by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced December 26 with this cast:

Albert Delpierre, Julian L'Estrange; Beulemans, Geo. W. Anson; Seraphin Meulemeester, Conway Tearle; Mons. Meulemeester, Harry Harwood; Mons. Delpierre, David Glassford; Mostinck, C. Harrison Carter; the Secretary, C. J. Wedgewood; the Treasurer, P. E. McCoy; Isadore van Ceulebroeck, G. H. Beverman; Cesar Destuyft, E. R. Sheehy; Louis van Heseel, M. B. Hendel; Jean Caneels, N. K. Leavitt; Suzanne Beulemans, Billie Burke; Madame Beulemans, Rosa Rand; Isabelle, Alison Skipworth; Waitress, Jane Galbraith.

Frantz Fanson and Fernand Wicheler worked out a comedy in three acts which they called "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans." It had a splendid success in Brussels, and from that capital it was translated physically and by literary expression to Paris, for one of its chief assets of humor was the distinction between the Flemish and the Parisian French. It was this clash of idiom, if it may be so expressed, that caused its considerable vogue in the French metropolis. The version now on view at the Lyceum is a very British edition.

Suzanne, Mlle. Beulemans, is the daughter of a Belgian bottler and his warring wife. He has in his employ Albert Delpierre, whose French father has sent him to Brussels to learn the business. As co-workers an interest springs up between them; but Suzanne's hand has been promised in marriage to Seraphin Meulemeester, a young man about town, whose liaison with a young woman has made him the proud father of a boy. How Suzanne averts the constant nagging between her parents, how she assists at the local commercial triumph of her father, how she is released from the Meulemeester engagement and how she becomes the affianced bride of the hard working Albert make up the momentous clash of this thrilling plot. Miss Billie Burke looked very pretty in the title rôle, and Albert was played with nice and polite restraint by Julian L'Estrange. Meulemeester, father and son, were adroitly acted by Harry Harwood and Conway Tearle, the latter a most engaging *jeune premier*, while the jarring parents of the protagonist were capably personated by G. W. Anson and Rosa Rand. A word of praise should also be entered for Alison Skipworth, who made the rôle of a servant something more than of ordinary importance.

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EMPIRE. "TRELAWNY OF THE 'WELLS.'" Comediotta in four acts by Sir Arthur W. Pinero. Revised January 1 with this cast:

James Telfer, George C. Boniface; Mrs. Telfer, Maud Milton; Augustus Colpoys, Wm. Sampson; Ferdinand Gadd, Charles Millward; Tom Wrench, Charles Dalton; Avonia Bunn, Louise Drew; Rose Trelawny, Ethel Barrymore; Imogen Parrott, Constance Collier; O'Dwyer, James Kearney; Sir William Gower, Charles Walcot; Trafalgar Gower, Anita Rothe; Arthur Gower, Eugene O'Brien; Clara de Foenix, Helen Freeman; Captain de Foenix, Lawrence D'Orsay; Mrs. Mossop, Lydia Rachel; Mr. Ablett, Harry Barfoot; Charles, Arthur B. Murray; Sarah, Alice Beresford.

The revival of "Trelawny of the 'Wells'" finds Pinero's comediotta as fresh and entertaining in its appeal as it was when first seen. Why should it not be? Why should it be assumed that a few years would relegate a good play to the refuse-heap of old fashioned frumpery? Plays become old and out-of-date because of changes in taste and because their aspects of life are not true. This is the case with some of Tom Robertson's plays. Pinero's skill in the play has not yet become old fashioned. And yet the method employed is very unusual. A company of actors give a farewell dinner to a favorite comrade who is to retire from the profession as the wife of an amiable young gentleman of an aristocratic family. Our solicitude for Rose Trelawny subtly suggests to us that she may not be happy in her new surroundings, but even so the first act is the barest beginning of a plot without any set issue whatever. It is a delightful episode. It is a little play in itself. That these odd characters are exactly as they were in the palmy days of the drama is not disturbed by doubt; it is immaterial. The antics of the comedian may seem improbable, but not if you have ever known one who carries the tricks of his trade with him into such private life as he has. On a festive occasion, among his intimates, do you think he could be suppressed? The gloomy tragedian (Charles Millward) may seem like a jest, but a welcome one. It is none the less tragic-comedy when he is forced to accept the part of a wood demon in a Christmas pantomime when the new fangled drama overwhelms the old order. Miss Barrymore is charming with her own simplicity. Her art is sufficient, excellent, but her individuality is supreme. Mr. G. C. Boniface, as old Telfer, the old actor, particularly as master of the toasts at the dinner, is exquisite in his work. Mr. Charles Walcot, as the father, plays with the very precision that was characteristic of the actors of the period of the play. There is a fine fitness in the presence of these older men in the cast.

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HACKETT. "OVER NIGHT." Comedy in three acts by Philip H. Bartholomae. Produced January 2 with this cast:

Caroline Patschen, Grace Griswold; Caroline Powers, Norma Winslow; Al. Rivers, Wallace Worsley; Steward, John Morton; Mrs. Cleveland, Terese Deagle; Georgina Kettle, Jean Newcombe; Richard Kettle, Herbert A. Yost; Elsie Darling, Margaret Lawrence; Percy Darling, Robert Kelly; Professor Diggs, Max Freeman.

"Over Night" is a typical Brady play; one of those productions on the first night of which we must almost inevitably catch flitting glimpses of that energetic manager in his shirt sleeves in the wings. Anybody and everybody in his neighborhood must get busy and keep busy. His idea of a play is sound, and he enforces it. The result is that in "Over Night" there is something doing all the time. For instance, there is a little scene in which the night clerk at the hotel, after the lights are turned out, seats himself on a bench at the open fireplace and strums on the subdued strings of his guitar. One of the characters, a man, who cannot find sleep, comes out in a dressing gown, and the colloquy between them is one of the most entertaining bits in the play. That is the right kind of commercial spirit, not wholly lacking in the artistic, when the public gets its money's worth. The mere story of the play does not in itself suggest humor. The situation, on the contrary, is rather serious; but it is developed and handled with very happy results.

Miss Margaret Lawrence as Elsie, the simpering and innocent bride, may well be described as charming, a general, but convenient expression, but entirely applicable. She was the little wife. Miss Jean Newcombe was the big wife; Herbert A. Yost the little husband; and Robert Kelly the big husband. The little husband finally turns on his masterly wife and subdues her, she promising humility and obedience. It is to no particular purpose, but simply as a matter of curious history, that we mention the fact that

(Continued on page xv)



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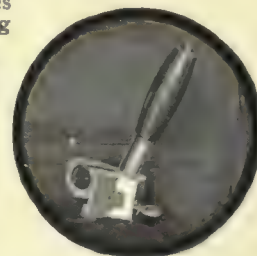
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(Continued from page xi)

this incident is as old as Foote's "Mayor of Garratt." It is a small matter, but anything that is good finds its way, somehow, into a Brady play.

**LIBERTY.** "THE SPRING MAID." Operetta in two acts by Heinrich Reinhardt. Books and lyrics adapted by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith from the German of Julius Wilhelm and A. M. Willner. Produced December 26 with this cast:

Princess Bozena, Miss Macdonald; Prince Nepomuk, William Burress; Prince Aladar, Lawrence Rea; Annamirl, Elgie Bowen; Baron Rudi, Ralph Errolle; Roland, Tom McNaughton; Ursula, Jessie Bradbury; Spatling, Charles W. Meyers; Evakath, Blanche Sherwood; Col. Boone, Edward Metcalf; Mr. Lomax, Arthur Thalasso; Mr. Skinner, Otto F. Hoffmann; Gretel, Irene O'Donnell; Hanni, Mae Carlisle; Josie, Beatrice McKay.

Refined, simple and charming, are the adjectives which apply to "The Spring Maid." Heinrich Reinhardt is responsible for this score, which, if not as deep as a well, has a pleasing lilt, a melodious fancy, and a grace of orchestration which must please the average ear. There will be those who may declare it reminiscent in spots, but what matters that? It is the present that is being dealt with, and the immediate is satisfied without asking further questions. "Die Sprudelfee" had a considerable vogue at the German Theatre and yet the American rights went begging until Miss Christie Macdonald persuaded her new managers, Weber and Luescher, to take it over for her stellar use. Her judgment has been more than justified; and to their liberality is due a setting deserving of the highest praise. It is rich and handsome and at the same time the best of taste has been displayed in the arrangement of fabrics and the color scheme.

Miss Macdonald, by her performance of the Princess Bozena, has stepped into the first flight of comic opera stars. It is a creation of great charm and refinement, while her sense of humor stands her in splendid stead. In addition to these histrionic values she is a vocalist of no mean order. Her tone is fluent and sure and the quality of her voice sweet and sympathetic. William Burress in a comedy rôle is funny, and Elgie Bowen, by her vivacity and skill, supplements thoroughly Miss Macdonald's efforts. There is a good singing tenor, without distinction, but a comedian in the person of Tom McNaughton, who has a dry finesse that is a comic delight.

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**CASINO.** "MARRIAGE A LA CARTE." Musical comedy in three acts. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced January 2 with this cast:

Napoleon Pettingill, Harry Conroy; The Hon. Richard Mirables, C. Morton Horne; Lord Mirables, Harold Vizard; Jimmy Wragge, Norman A. Blume; Ponsonby Wragge, Cyril Chadwick; Aubrey Hipps, Quentin Tod; Eustace Haws, Jack F. Henry; Thomas Bolingbroke Mullens, Joe Doner; Cuthbert Coddington, Charles Brown; Rosalie, Emmy Wehlen; Shiela Wragge, Esther Bissett; Mrs. Ponsonby Wragge, Maria Davis; Daisy Dimsey, Elsa Ryan; Iscult Punchum, Frances Reeve; Euryanthe Bowers, Marie Ashton; Primrose Farmilow, Ida Barnard; Elsie Tattleby, Diane Otse; Molly, Rosina Henley.

The title of the new musical comedy, "Marriage à la Carte," by C. M. S. McClellan, has in itself no meaning that we can discover, and there is nothing in the play itself to elucidate its meaning. The title is as silly and dull as the action which seeks in vain to unfold itself on the stage. Mrs. Ponsonby de Coutts Wragge has two husbands or ex-husbands who reappear, after a long absence, on the scene of her more or less social activities. One of them, Mr. Harry Conroy, is disguised as the Living Fish Man, giving exhibitions; Mr. Cyril Chadwick, the other husband, conceals himself under the black face of a negro minstrel, with a white patch painted over one eye. The Living Widow finally forgives and takes to her bosom the Living Fish. Mr. McClellan wrote "The Belles of New York," an opera that deserved its long continued success and very interesting history; but in this piece his abilities have deserted him. No doubt they will return, but it is entirely proper to say on behalf of common sense that this is the poorest exhibit ever presented to our knowledge, in New York. If, however, the characters have no real existence, the actors have. A new face and a new force comes to us for the first time in the person of Miss Emmy Wehlen, trained in Germany mainly on the Munich stage, and for a year or so past active on the London stage. She is a blonde, blue-eyed person, with considerable grace and intelligence, who sings and dances well, and has charms that are distinctly individual and consequently new to us. Her best song is "Silly Cock-a-Doodle-Do," which she dances with Dick (Mr. C. Morton

(Continued on page xxviii)

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Photo Cheri Rousseau

MADAMI J. R.

# Frocks and Frills for the Early Spring

FIRST, permit me to pay my compliments to Petronius, whose admirable Paris notes will, I am sure, prove valuable to the many readers of THE THEATRE. To have such a lively collaborateur, and one who so unhesitatingly states the demerits as well as the merits of any mode, is both refreshing and edifying and spurs me to renewed effort.

New styles thus far launched in this country show no decided change of shape. Let us hope that we have, for the time being, at least, passed the era of fantastic fashions. I am glad to say that only a small element took up with the extreme style of hobble skirt.

The lesson of the past season has not been lost upon those who endeavored to foist it upon the women of this country. The majority would have none of it, and that the majority rules is a well-known axiom. The fate of the hobble skirt only goes to prove that the majority rules in fashions as well as at the polls.

Always have I been in favor of a skirt not less than two yards wide. There is much to be said in favor of this and a width a trifle wider. It does not hamper the wearer's freedom of movement, and when well cut is not over-revealing of the form beneath. Then, too, it can be made sufficiently

long to permit only occasional glimpses of the feet. Two to three inches from the ground is an excellent length for the skirt; anything shorter than that is ungraceful, and far from smart.

A narrow skirt of the dimensions mentioned will not blow about in a disconcerting and uncomfortable manner on windy days; and, thanks to the tower-like proportions of many of our buildings, almost every day is a windy day in American cities. Hence, I believe that most women will rejoice that narrow skirts are to be the fashion this spring. The new Paris models almost universally show the two-yard width. Many of them, even the tailored suits, are made with fairly long tunics.

There are exceptions to this rule, however, and for the practical tailored suit, the one which is intended for almost any day-time occasion, the plain or slightly trimmed skirt is most appropriate.

There is one absolute rule for the tailored suit, which is, that the seams and trimming of the skirt must follow the seams and trimming of the jacket, or vice versa. If there are perpendicular, oblique or horizontal lines in your jacket you must have the same in your skirt, and they must occupy a corresponding position.

Jackets will be short, and those which follow the fashion idea will fit snugly at two points—across the shoulders and about the hips. The smartest jackets will be quite short, barely reaching the

turn of the hips, and they will be quite loose about the waistline. That is, they will be cut with absolutely straight lines from bust to hips.

Etons and boleros are likely to come in with the later spring. There is nothing more jaunty than a well-made Eton, but deliver us from the belted Eton. Never was there a time when American women looked less smart or more untidy than when the belted Eton was in style some seven years ago. It is only the stout woman to whom it is in any way becoming. So let her have it, if she will, for fashions, as a rule, have little mercy on her.

Whether the American woman will follow the French dictum regarding the height of




Photo Cheri Rousseau.

Mlle. Derval—Theatre Sarah Bernhardt.

skirts remains to be seen. All French skirts extend for two or three inches below the normal waistline. There is a wide, stiff belting underneath, which is so fitted and fastened that the skirt remains steadfast in the position desired. This high skirt is essential with the Eton jacket, for it preserves the uniform color line at the point where the ordinary skirt would break it.

Then, too, the high waistline for the skirt of the tailored suit makes it possible to preserve a greater resemblance to the costume than would otherwise be obtainable. White waists do not, however, look well with high-waisted skirts of contrasting color when the jacket is removed. To insure the harmony of tone and outline the waist must be of a matching or slightly lighter shade than the skirt. Therefore, there are many women who for mid-summer will prefer the skirt finished in the customary manner. The





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Photo Felix.

MME. LERICHE

vogue of girdles and sashes may be made to lift this skirt quite out of the ordinary. A six-inch silk braid, satin or velvet ribbon can be used for the crush girdle with excellent effect. This should be fitted snugly about the waist and secured with two or three large hooks and eyes, and two widths of the material allowed to hang almost to the bottom of the skirt, the joining being concealed by means of a large rosette or butterfly bow.

The butterfly bow is a great favorite at the present for the ornamentation of the backs of evening gowns. It is made of malines or velvet, and is placed either between the shoulders when the gown is of Empire cut, or slightly above the waistline on those with straight-around bodices. As malines is so often affected by dampness, I would advise you to buy malinette for your summer sashes and hat trimmings. Malinette is a moisture-proof malines, and it has met with such a hearty reception from American women that the importers have been encouraged to have chiffon and veilings treated in the same manner. These are called chiffonette and veilingette, and come in all the fashionable colors and styles. I am assured by the importers that if you use these fabrics you will not have the disagreeable experience that a friend of mine recently had who discovered that when damp the malines on her hat emitted a most horrible odor. The three ettes, malinette, chiffonette and veilingette, are guaranteed odorless.

It is wonderful how popular the waterproofing processes are becoming. One of the latest is pluvette, a process which is applied only to a certain silk, and which does not alter the fabric or its color in the least, only adding to it the quality of not being injured by water, which is certainly most desirable in the season of

spring showers, when a silk costume or tailored suit may be instantly ruined in one of those downpours with which we are so often deluged in the months of April and May.

Fabrics which will not require the pluvette process are the new tub silks. These are actually what their name implies, washable silks. Imagine being able to wash one's silk frock as easily as cotton or linen is laundered! There are some attractive patterns for the making of wash silk frocks, and there are many charming designs and lovely colors in the new R. and T. tub silks, which are made by the same people who make Salome and Indro silks.

For the woman who is going south and wants a particularly smart afternoon or evening gown I can think of nothing more desirable than the butterfly foulards and marquissettes. The butterfly foulards are quite different from the generally accepted idea of foulards, in that they consist of a satin stripe alternating with one of marquissette, and both stripes are printed in either floral or geometrical designs. Made up over satin of the same color as the dominating color in the foulard, or one even of a slightly contrasting color, a costume of butterfly foulard is certain to be admired by all beholders. These marquissettes and foulards are so woven that they will not pull at the seams, as is apt to be the case with other makes.

Speaking of beautiful colors and materials reminds me of the wonderful collection of lovely new shades and fabrics that are being shown in the Haas Blue Books. For the woman who has not already decided upon the colors and materials for her spring wardrobe there is no better guide than the lovely samples in these books with which every good dressmaker is provided. Here one



Photo Cheri Rousseau.

MLLE. L. B.

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finds the correct materials for all occasions, from the most severe of tailored suits to the most elaborate of evening gowns. The collections are made with rare taste and discrimination, and include both imported and domestic fabrics.

It is high time that women were made aware of the splendid fabrics made in this country. Many of them bear favorable comparison with those made in France, the land of beautiful fabrics as it is of so many other artistic things. For tailored suits the best American-made cloths are the equal of the majority of those offered over the retail counters as imported. Serges and worsteds promise to be the most desirable materials for the construction of the tailored suit this season. Some of the serges have rather a rough finish. These are suitable for early wear, but if the suit is to be worn during the summer also then it is wise to select a smoother finish, because rough goods look so warm on a hot day. While rough-finished goods are fashionable abroad, women who are to remain in this country should remember that the temperature mounts much higher here, and therefore it is the part of wisdom to select the summer wardrobe in accordance.

The new wool satins are adapted to the construction of the tailored suit, and if properly thought out, a wool satin costume can be made rather an economical investment. These wool satins come in several weights, so that one may be chosen suitable for early spring and late fall wear, or a lighter weight may be selected that will not be too heavy even on summer days.

But a word of warning is timely. Some unscrupulous manufacturers, scenting the vogue of wool satin, have had the reverse side of cotton back satins roughed up so that they resemble the

rough wool back of the genuine article. This, of course, is only in cheap materials, and any woman ought to be able to discover the imitation, but if you have the slightest doubt about it insist upon a guarantee from the store.

If more women would insist upon the guarantee of quality from the shops they would soon find that materials lasted longer. Take for example the readymade serge suit at \$25. One ought to get a reliable quality of serge at this price, even in this era of high cost. I venture to say that many women will be surprised at this statement, but mark, I did not say the best quality, but a reliable quality, one which will give good service for *more* than one season. But the trouble is that in the less expensive readymade garments fabric is sacrificed to ornamentation, and too often one finds a poor material overloaded with trimmings.

In wash dresses it is another version of the same story. Frequently fabrics are made up without being shrunk, and after the first washing it is impossible for the owner to wear them. So it is that many women continue to make or have made under their direct supervision the many dainty cotton gowns that are so essential for the summer wardrobe, and there is no time like the quiet days of the Lenten season in which to attend to this important task.

There are any number of reliable cotton goods now on display in the shops. Among these are gingham, zephyrs, dotted and embroidered swisses, organdies with a soft finish, and some attractive materials with a linen finish, but semi-transparent, so that they resemble handkerchief linen and linen lawn. These latter may be obtained in all white, or in white grounds with colored designs.



Photo Cheri Rousseau.

MME. P. L.



Photo Felix.

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Photo Cheri Rousseau.

MLLE. TAFARI

Sherette is one of these linen-finished materials which is suitable for the construction of the separate waist in both tailored and lingerie styles, as well as for the entire costume. It comes in several weights, so that it is appropriate for all descriptions of dresses intended for little folks. In this connection let me say that linen is not as satisfactory for children's wear as are the cotton reps. Some of these are guaranteed not to shrink. The reason they are more desirable than linen is that a cotton material does not crush so readily as linen, and therefore retains its fresh, neat appearance longer. Thus, the child is not being continually harassed by reminders concerning its apparel.

Some of the loveliest of the new French lingerie gowns are decorated with hand embroidery in which color plays a prominent part. One of these I saw at Alice Maynard's, of dainty handkerchief linen, has the embroidery worked in white, China blue and a delicate buff color. There is very little of the latter, just enough on the bodice to give the last touch of style to the gown. With this would go admirably a broad-brimmed Burgesser hat, which has the crown banded with blue velvet, and the brim caught up at the left side by a single quill whose ends were touched with the same shade of blue.

There are many smart models in this collection of hats intended for southern wear, and the woman will be difficult to please who cannot obtain just the shape most suited to her style of beauty. It is marvellous how such a stunning array of new models can be gotten out at this early day, yet there they are, and furthermore, they are to be obtained from leading shops all over the country, so that it is not only the New York woman who will be fortu-

nate enough to complete her southern outfit with Burgesser hats.

Another of the dainty lingerie gowns at Maynard's has the wide rose design embroidered entirely in the tiniest of French knots in a single shade of pink. This gives the effect of the fashionable bead work, and yet is so exquisitely wrought that it will clean to perfection. One does not find an overwhelming, and hence confusing, array of frocks in this establishment, but each one has the stamp of fashion and individuality, a combination rarely to be met with, and to be heartily commended when discovered. It takes more skill to select a few styles to please an exacting clientele than it does to choose the stock which caters to any and every one. Here, too, is to be found some of the latest models in blouses made of handkerchief linen, marquisette and voile. Not so many styles, but the best, seems to be the motto that governs this establishment.

If you are going south you are certain to want a Tussah silk or satin long coat. The spring models are reminiscent of the extreme styles in evening wraps of the waning winter. Most of them are fastened well over on the left hip, and they quite cover the costume worn beneath. For the evening wrap there are the long mantles of chiffon. One particularly attractive model is in leaf green chiffon covered with black chiffon. The long breadths of the chiffon were joined so as to form an elbow length sleeve. I thought how effective the garment would be if made of two widths of the double chiffon long enough to extend from the ground in front, over the shoulders and so to the ground in the back. These would have to be shirred half a dozen times on the



Photo Felix.

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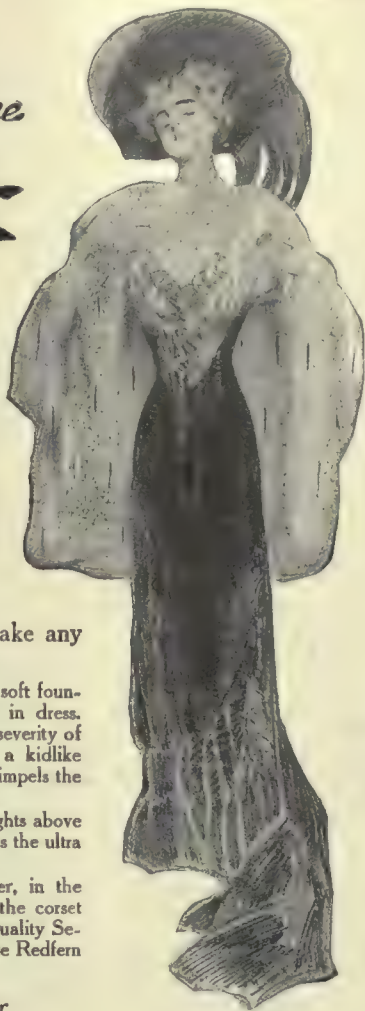
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shoulder so as to make the fulness hang gracefully, and joined in the centre back so as to form a slight V at the neck. Bordered entirely with a three-inch black silk braid and the ends finished with a black fringe, the effect would be something of a priest's stole, and at the same time there would be a wrap having a great decorative value, yet which could be readily thrown aside when desired.

powder in one of the leading department stores I first asked for the powder, then inquired if there was anything better, and was more than gratified to be told that they sold more of it than any other.

A sweet smile is enhanced by beautiful teeth. A preparation said to be a great aid in both cleansing and whitening the teeth is made up in liquid as well as cream form,



Photo White

Gowns by Joseph, Fifth Avenue

**FACTS WORTH KNOWING**

*We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.*

Have you noticed how many women have brown leathery skins these days? Perhaps yours is getting in the same condition. Then let me assure you that you should at once begin to use a powder, cream and soap that are certain to give satisfaction because of their purity. These are preventatives of skin defects and blemishes, and therefore should be used by every woman who values the charm of a good complexion in order to preserve that with which nature has endowed her.

The cream cleanses the pores, and for this purpose should be used before retiring. It should be carefully patted into the skin and allowed to remain on ten or fifteen minutes, then removed with a soft cloth or absorbent cotton, in order that the pores may be free of all foreign substances during the night.

In the morning a light coating of the cream should be applied before the powder is dusted on. This is to protect the skin from the ravages of the wind, cold and dust during the day. The powder comes in shades suited to every complexion, so that its use is not apparent, and it gives the soft velvety finish to the skin that is so admirable.

There are no preparations more admirable than these, and there are many women who are as great enthusiasts about them as myself, for when I bought my last box of

so that the user may select whichever is personally preferable. It is an antiseptic preparation, which does much to preserve the teeth, since it kills the bacteria that cause decay. Furthermore, it strengthens and invigorates the gums, and is an inestimable benefit to those who suffer from sore gums. To its other admirable qualities it adds that of being refreshing and exhilarating in its effects. Those who use it do not have to visit the dentist so frequently, while the day of false teeth is indefinitely postponed.

Nerves are apt to go back on one after the strain and stress of the social and professional season. Especially is this true of the actor and actress, who must nightly play their rôles whether or not they are fit. When they are not up to the mark physically and mentally the strain upon the will power and nerves is immense. There is a nerve tonic that has buoyed up many professionals during periods of particular effort. It is in reality a nerve food, the principal ingredient of which is phosphorus compounded in such a manner that it can be absorbed readily, and which greatly helps the body to assimilate its usual food. It has been highly recommended by world famous physicians, and it is interesting to know that prominent professionals have used it with splendid results, and so are recommending it to all their friends. Among these are David Warfield, William Collier, Blanche Bates, David Belasco, Constance Collier, Charlotte Walker, Louis Mann and John Mason.



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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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(Continued from page xv)

Horne), and between them they simulate Rooster and Hen, with discreet cackle, scratching and bustle, the whole making an echo of "Chantecler." Mr. Harry Conor, one of the impossible husbands, during such while as he is not a Living Fish, sings a few songs, the best of which is "Thrifty Little Mabel." Miss Elsa Ryan, a magnetic little American girl, has a number with Charles Brown, in which they waltz to a song entitled "Captain Dinklepop."

**LYRIC. "THE DEEP PURPLE."** Play in four acts by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Produced January 9 with this cast:

William Lake, Richard Bennett; George Bruce, Wm. A. Norton; Gordon Laylock, Emmett Corrigan; Harry Leland, James Lee Finney; "Pop" Clark, W. J. Ferguson; Connolly, George T. Meech; Flynn, George M. Fee; Laura Moore, Catherine Calvert; Kate Fallon, Ada Dwyer; Mrs. Lake, Isabel Waldron; Ruth Lake, Mabel Morrison; Christine, Rosamond O'Kane.

Toward the close of the last act of "The Deep Purple" a plausible and nattily dressed young man whose business in life is to blackmail respectable men by means of the "Badger" game, is neatly dispatched by a single shot from the revolver of a man from the West who already has had occasion to make four notches on his trusty instrument of death. It was a case of proper and satisfactory retribution. No murmurs of pity or regret were heard from the audience, which, on the contrary, experienced a pleasurable gratification. Did it condone this lawless offense? Is the public eager to become participants in crime? If the play prospers the question is answered. It is agreed by those cognizant of the facts that it shall be given out and made to appear that the man had committed suicide. A pistol is laid by the side of the body, but the police inspector discovers that it is not the victim's pistol and that it is the property of the dead-shot from the West. He presently agrees, however, that the dead man had got what "was coming to him," and such will be the report. The Man from the West, it may be said, shot in self-defence, and is guilty of manslaughter only; but the authors, Mr. Paul Armstrong and Mr. Wilson Mizner, have conspired together, and with premeditation commit murder in the first degree. In the dramatic sense there is no justification for the killing. The pistol could have been shot out of his hands, and the man could have been arrested, with a certainty of a term in prison. We leave it to the authors to make the distinction. If they cannot see that the situation is an injury to public morals, perhaps they may realize that a change is possible there, as a matter of good taste. Mr. Ferguson as an experienced crook, posing as a gentleman of respectability and of clerical appearance, was never more diverting. Mr. Jameson Lee Finney, as the crook who has lured the innocent girl away from home, is satisfactory, but not distinguished. Mr. Richard Bennett, as the mining engineer, is his frank, manly, genuine self. In his scenes of affection with his mother and his sister he gives some touches of manly tenderness that alone almost redeem the play from its more or less evil tendencies and disagreeable circumstances. Miss Ada Dwyer, as "Frisco" Kate, is the ideal, so to speak, ex-thief. Emmett Corrigan as the Western "hold-up" man, with the four notches on his pistol, impassive but quick in action, keeps the type within bounds.

#### Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (January 15): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine" at Daly's; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety Theatre; "He Came from Milwaukee" at the West End; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" at the Comedy; "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam; "Marriage à la Carte" at the Casino; "Naughty Marietta" at the New York; "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson; "Over Night" at the Hackett; "Pomander Walk" at Wallack's; Possart in repertoire at the Irving Place; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic; "Secret Service" at the Criterion; "Seven Days" at the Grand Opera House; "Suzanne" at the Lyceum; "The Aviator" at the Astor; "The Blue Bird" at the Majestic; "The Concert" at Belasco's; "The Deep Purple" at the Lyric; "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's; "The Girl and the Kaiser" at the Herald Square; "The Havoc" at the Bijou; "The Impostor" at the Garrick; "The Slim Princess" at the Globe; "The Spring Maid" at the Liberty; "The Squaw Man" at the Broadway; "Trelawny of the Wells" at the Empire; "Vanity Fair" at the New Theatre and "We Can't Be as Bad as All That" at Nazimova's 39th St. Theatre.

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Francis Gary, in *Le Figaro*, said:

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CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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# THE THEATRE

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MAUDE ADAMS AS CHANTECLER

# PLAYS OF THE MONTH



Byron

SCENE IN JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY'S PRIZE PLAY "THE PIPER" AT THE NEW THEATRE

**KNICKERBOCKER. "CHANTECLER."** Play in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Adapted by Louis N. Parker. Produced January 23 with this cast:

Chantecler .....	Maude Adams	Pointer .....	Allen Fawcett
Patou .....	Arthur Byron	Woodpecker .....	Fred Tyler
Blackbird .....	Ernest Lawford	Cat .....	Walter Stanton
Peacock .....	William Lewers	Turkey Cock .....	R. Peyton Carter
Nightingale .....	Mabelle Chapman	Duck .....	Wallace Jackson
Horned Owl .....	Bertram Marburgh	Guinea Chick .....	Maurice Stewart
Screech Owl .....	Allen Fawcett	A Cockerel .....	Edward Wilson
Scops .....	E. W. Morrison	Maggie .....	Fred Tyler
Stryx .....	Maurice Stewart	Rabbit .....	Edna Hamel
Surnia .....	Lillian Spencer	Hen Pheasant .....	May Blayne
Owlet .....	Edward Wilson	Guinea Hen .....	Dorothy Dorr
Caparacoch .....	George Rowlands	Old Hen .....	Ada Boshell
Kite Owllet .....	David Manning	White Hen .....	Margaret Gordon
Owl of the Ruin .....	James L. Carhart	Grey Hen .....	May Roberts
Game Cock .....	Bertram Marburgh	Black Hen .....	Lillian Spencer

The American première of the much advertised "Chantecler" has come and gone, leaving in its trail—a sense of disappointment.

In our appreciation of a work of art, in our gratification or even gratitude of the moment, we readily designate it as a product of genius, when time and the facts do not confirm this expression. In the case of Rostand's "Chantecler" we are inclined to believe that time and universal approbation will acclaim the play a masterpiece. It will survive through its literary qualities, not merely by means of its happy phrasing in the original French, but also from its abundance of philosophy, wit, satire, and humanity.

It is greater as a book than as a play, because the difficulties of staging are well nigh insurmountable, yet even as a performance it must rank among the most remarkable events in the history of the theatre. If this unique drama of barnyard life had been written as a mercenary experiment or by a lesser man than Rostand it would have little or no significance. It would have been a different play. It might have served a temporary and practical purpose better; but here we have something with the purity, independence and inspiration of genius. Rostand never for a moment was moved to write it in order to supply a novelty in accordance with the sordid demands

for something that would fill the coffers of a theatre. It is a novelty, and an exceptionally great one.

The humanizing of birds and animals singly has not been uncommon, but rarely with a serious purpose. That Rostand had in mind "The Birds" of Aristophanes is not likely. There is no trace of imitation or suggestion in "Chantecler" which presents an absolutely new idea. The play by Aristophanes was a satire of both gods and men, with the scene laid in a mythical kingdom in the air. "Chantecler" is of the earth, and is closer to real and effective symbolism than any other play dealing so

largely in symbolism. We must surrender ourselves to the intent of the author in order to appreciate the breadth and sincerity of the piece. It is as remarkable for detail as it is for breadth. And therein are to be seen the true tests and token of genius. It is a poem as much of Nature as it is of birds. With its manifold beauties it is a masterpiece.

The idea for the play came to Rostand one day while he was watching the animals in a barnyard. A farmer drove away and the animals seemed to take advantage of his departure to get together and chatter. The dog, the peacock, the magpie, the hen, all made a formidable clatter. Suddenly, in the midst of the turmoil the Cock, a lordly rooster, appeared on the scene. He strutted in proud, defiant. Instantly, all the other animals were dumb as in the presence of a master who must be obeyed. The hens fluttered round their lord, the other animals continued their quarrels in subdued tones. In this the poet saw the rudimentary elements of the drama of everyday life as enacted among human beings. The Cock asserts his claim to supremacy because by his crow he can make the sun rise. The pheasant hen doubts his power and determines to learn his secret. She wins his heart and proves beyond a doubt that the sun will rise without him. His love affair comes



White CONSTANCE COLLIER AND TYRONE POWER IN "THAIS"



to a sad end, for the pheasant hen, caught in a snare, becomes the captive of man.

That the American production was weakened, in fact, seriously handicapped by having a woman impersonate the lordly cock must be admitted even by the most loyal and devoted admirers of Maude Adams. Perhaps it will forever remain a mystery why the usually perspicacious Charles Frohman selected Miss Adams for the rôle and why she consented to play it. Certainly it will add nothing to her reputation. Everyone loves Maude Adams and will crowd to see her in no matter what she appears. But may not popularity be put to too severe a test? Unwise experiments of this kind, if indulged in too long, may diminish the glory of the brightest star. If Maude Adams's astonishing success and vogue rests on anything at all, she owes it to her womanly charm, her daintiness, her sweet, refined, lovable personality. Take all these away and what remains? Chantecler is brutally masculine or he is nothing. He is aggressive, arrogant, masterful, with a powerful, virile voice and a lustiness that betrays itself both in his strut and his crow. How much of all this does Miss Adams suggest? Nothing. Her frail, womanly physique did not permit her to even hint at the possibilities of the part. She read the lines acceptably, but only so far as the poetic values went. Delivered in soft, feminine tones, the lines lost their true significance entirely. Not for a moment was one able to forget that a delicate bit of femininity was masquerading in coarse masculine garb. The scene with the delicious hen pheasant, beautifully impersonated by Miss May Blaney, went for nothing because of this. All one saw or heard were two hens chattering together. There was no contrast of sex; it was all in one key. Some of the longest speeches, too, were beyond Miss Adams's powers, as was shown by her painfully audible efforts to regain her breath.

The *mise en scène*, while elaborate, is nothing remarkable. The lighting on the opening night was not particularly good, the sunrise being poorly managed. Mr. Louis Parker has made a good translation in English verse.

GARRICK. "THE SCARECROW." Play in four acts by Percy Mackaye. Produced Jan. 17 with this cast:

Blacksmith Bess	..... Alice Fischer
Dickon	..... Edmond Breese
Rachel Merton	..... Fola La Follette
Richard Talbot	..... Earle Browne
Justice Gilead Merton	..... Brigham Royce
Lord Ravensbane	..... Frank Reicher
Mistress Cynthia Merton	..... Mrs. Felix Morris
Micah	..... Harold M. Cheshire
Captain Bugby	..... Regan Hughston
Minister Dodge	..... Clifford Leigh
Mistress Dodge	..... Eleanor Sheidon
Rev. Master Rand	..... William Lewis
Rev. Master Todd	..... Harry Lillford
Sir Charles Reddington	..... H. J. Carvill
Mistress Reddington	..... Zenaidee Williams
Amelia Reddington	..... Georgia Dvorak



LEW FIELDS AND LILLIAN LEE IN "THE HEN-PECKS"

woman's life, and so he "dies." It is in this scene that Mr. Mackaye demonstrates his true claim to the title of poet. The scarecrow's apostrophe to himself in the glass is a passionate appeal rich in poetical imagery and fraught with a fine feeling of soulful self-abnegation. He was a true Parnassian climax.

But while his opening act, splendid in its practical detail and managed with consummate stage skill, promised much and brought about a good climactic, lots that followed was so discursive, so irrelevant and so wanting in theatrical value, that the substantial basis of rich intellectual idea became submerged and swamped in a sea of words and an ocean of incompetent detail. Mr. Mackaye writes so ably that it is a pity for the public, he might please so well, that he does not take a collaborator with the necessary technical knowledge. Be that as it may, although "The Scarecrow" has been relegated to the store house it reflects lasting credit on the author.

The acting left little to be desired. Alice Fischer, as Bess, played with a dramatic heartiness that made her league with the devil entirely convincing. His Satanic Majesty fell to the lot of Edmund Breese. An actor with many



Mlle. Camilla Dalberg

Late leading lady of the Imperial Alexander Theatre, St. Petersburg, and who appeared recently with great success at the Garden Theatre, New York, in a thrilling pantomime called "La Main"

natural resources, a fine voice, good diction and plastic fluency. he dominated his scenes with fine theatric fervor. Rachael Merton was neatly enacted by Fola La Follette, and all the minor rôles were carefully handled, but from the histrionic viewpoint the honors fell to Frank Reicher as the pseudo Lord Ravensbane. His was a characterization of fine poetic purpose and deft execution. The emotional side was presented with rare effect. In a word, Mr. Reicher made an impression that stamps him as a coming young actor of powerful value. Earle Browne made a manly and sympathetic lover, righteously indignant at these unholy demonstrations of the black art, and with courage enough to defy them, and Brigham Royce was dignified and forceful as Justice Gilead Merton, a man of austere principles, who has fallen by the wayside in his youth.

NEW THEATRE. "THE PIPER." Play in four acts by Josephine Preston Peabody. Produced January 30 with this cast:

The Piper, Edith W. Matthison; Michael-the-Sword-Eater, Frank Gilmore; Cheat-the-Devil, Jacob Wendell, Jr.; Jacobus, Lee Baker; Kurt, Ben Johnson; Peter, John Sutherland; Hans, William McVay; Axel, Stewart Baird; Martin, Edwin Cushman; Peter, William Raymond; Anselm, Pedro de Cordoba; Old Claus, Cecil Yapp; Town Crier, Robert Hamilton; Jan, John Tansey; Hansel, Emmett Hampton; Hec, Jeanette Dix-Trude; Claribell Campbell; Rudi, Dorothy Wolfe; Veronika, Olive Oliver; Barbara, Vera Jesslyn; Wife of Hans, Thais Lawton; Wife of Axel, Elsie Herndon Kearns; Wife of Martin, Mary Doyle; Old Ursula, Mrs. Sol. Smith.

The chief charm and delight of life is the care and love of children. To see them at play is to witness happiness. They epitomize and symbolize the joys of existence. Miss Peabody's prize play, "The Piper," is essentially a play of child life. Everything else in it is subordinate to this charm. Its philosophy and symbolism are not always clearly presented, its action is not always unfolded with dramatic precision, but its childlike is always picturesque and charming. The production by the New Theatre is one of the highest possible achievements in taste and the executive skill of the stage.

The Burgomeister and the council of Hamelin refuse to pay the Piper the reward of one thousand guilders for having rid them of the horde of rats infesting the town; he had lured them away with his pipe to a watery death. When they retire into the church to give thanks for their deliverance, the Piper, in the marketplace, begins softly with his lute, and the children, singly and in groups, in night-gown or however clad, dance about him, and then in procession dance away, following the entrancing lute. As they disappear, the two little acolytes, in red, bound out of the church, tumbling over each other, and hurry to join them. They are next seen in a "hollow hill," and as the Piper must away to reconnoitre, he provides means for their entertainment during his absence. His chief bit of magic for them is his creation of a rainbow that he leaves with them. One little child, the son of the "foreign woman" at Hamelin, is a cripple and for him he tenderly cares, giving him wings for his feet, and it is through the mother's

love for this child that he is mainly moved to return them all to their undeserving and sordid parents. The children are brought back dancing to the lute.

All this is indescribably lovely and appealing. Otherwise, to be entirely frank, the play is often dreary. The intent and the philosophy of the play are not unfolded synchronously. At moments, the very moments when it should be clear, it is vague. It can all be pieced together finally. Motives and causes do not always come in the right sequence. Moreover, they are often merely fantastic. Thus, Barbara, the daughter of the Burgomeister, is to be sent to a convent to become a nun and have her bright life snuffed out in darkness, as a measure of propitiation for the return of the children lured away. Now, the Piper was a strolling player and, with his troupe, was giving exhibitions in or from his booth in the market place at Hamelin at this time. Among his followers was Michael-the-Sword-Swallower. We see him swallow his sword to the delight and wonder of all. He finds Barbara, with whom he has fallen in love, and in the hope of rescuing her, he brings her to the cross-roads, where the Piper, with no very definite purpose, is hiding in the bushes. She loves and longs for the Piper. It seems that she would prefer the Convent to the Sword-Swallower. What does the Piper do? He does not love her. He has other business than love in hand, but exactly what that other business is is not clear enough in a dramatic way. There is no progressive action in any plan the

Piper has. As to Barbara he has her drink a cup of water from a spring at the cross-roads which acts as a love philter, whereupon Barbara adores the Sword-Swallower. Is this cruel deed of marrying off the Burgomeister's daughter to a sword-swallower satire or symbolism or poetry or what? Or is it simply the device of the poetic opportunist? In no event is there any dramatic justification for it.

The scenic setting of the play is uncommonly beautiful, and no scene is more effective than that of the Cross-Roads. A large neglected shrine stands there, with a weather-worn figure of Christ. Presently the procession of priests and villagers from Hamelin is heard approaching, swinging censers and chanting. The Piper softly pipes, and the gravest of them, all the pilgrims, begin to dance and dance their way back home in confusion. Whenever the Piper and the children are in action we have diversion. It is here that the Piper encounters Veronica searching for her lost child. Her attitude moves him, but he refuses to give the children up to parents who know only the love of gold. Veronica departs, and the Piper, after a passionate address to "the Lonely Man," the image of Christ, at the Cross-Roads, suddenly relents and will take the children back. "The Piper" is not at all a well constructed drama, but the intent is there and the material is poetic and



SAM H. HARRIS

Sam H. Harris, of the managerial firm Cohan & Harris, was born in New York about 38 years ago. His first success was in the burlesque business, and later he made a fortune with such melodramas as "The Evil Men Do," "The Fatal Wedding," etc. Some years ago he became the partner of George M. Cohan, and is to-day the executive head of the Cohan & Harris enterprises.



Holbrook Blinn

Frank Sheridan

Act II. The Archbishop reproves the Boss  
SCENE IN "THE BOSS" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE

Scenes in Rupert Hughes' New Comedy "Excuse Me" at the Gaiety Theatre



Photos White

ACT I. THE PULLMAN DAY COACH—ON THE WAY TO RENO



ACT II. THE PULLMAN SLEEPER—THE MORNING OF THE SECOND DAY



ACT III. THE HOLD-UP IN THE PULLMAN DAY COACH



Hall Percy Ames as Max Hein Louise Gunning as Princess Stephanie  
 Act I. Max tells the Princess that he will take care of her jewels  
 SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "THE BALKAN PRINCESS" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

exalted. We consent to the acclamation of Miss Peabody as a woman of genius. She is a living well-spring of pure English, and that is something, in these days of banality in speech, for national rejoicing. The play was worthy of its distinction in having its words uttered at the shrine of Shakespeare.

The choice of Miss Edith Wynne Matthison to play the part of the Piper was in every way wise. Inconsistency was not felt in her performance, and there was a tremendous gain on the poetic side. In point of fact (the poetic idea being better) the Piper was a ragged, illiterate stroller.

DALY'S. "THE FAUN." Play in three acts by Edward Knoblauch. Produced January 16 with this cast:

- The Faun .....Mr. Faversham
- Lord Stonbury ..... Nye Chart
- Sir Ernest Craddock, K. C. . . . .Albert Gran
- Maurice Morris .....Lionel Belmore
- Cyril Overton .....Harry Redding
- Fish ..... Frank Hollins
- Jackson ..... Leon Brown
- Lady Alexandra Vancey.....Julie Opp
- Mrs. Hope-Clark .....Nina Herbert
- Vivian Hope-Clark ..... Elise Oldham
- Miss Lvdia Vancey.....Mabel Crawley

Edward Knoblauch is an uneven dramatist. "The Shulamite," his initial offering in this city, did not meet with a liberal public support, but it was nevertheless a well constructed play of compelling dramatic interest. "The Cottage in the Air" was long winded and futile. "The Faun," in which William Faversham is personating the titular rôle at Daly's, is a satiric comedy that just misses being a work of supreme excellence. Some of the scenes are crude and the exposition is so abrupt that the certain element of conviction—so need-

ed—fails to introduce a number of subsequent scenes that are literally gems of cynical humor and philosophic observation. But it is pleasing to hear the report "that the play has gotten over the footlights and that Mr. Faversham will need no further medium for the remainder of his season."

Lord Stonbury, who has experienced tremendous losses on the turf, decides to end it all and is just prevented from shooting himself by the sudden appearance from a huge urn of geraniums of The Faun. On account of his intimacy with the animals the Faun strikes a bargain with his lordship. He will tell him just what horses will win and Stonbury shall introduce him into English society. From these premises the more or less obvious emerges. The ingenuous faun, with his love of nature and truth,

sets all his society acquaintances by the ears. In the spirit which Gilbert used so happily in "Pygmalion and Galatea" the truth, which he advances, precipitates complications; there is much trenchant observation in the futilities of modern life, but the results are happy as shams are swept away, conventions wiped out, and the logical lovers properly united; the Faun returning to his native woods resolved that society is hollow and that true happiness and nature are synonymous.

Mr. Faversham staged this piece himself, a mistake, as no central figure can do justice to a true balance of proportions. But his impersonation was a genuine artistic delight. Instinct with youth, graciously volatile and exuberantly frank, he imparted to his witty and corrus-



White Herbert A. Yost Margaret Lawrence  
 Act I. On board the SS. Hendrik Hudson  
 SCENE IN "OVER NIGHT"

(Continued on page vii)



Byron

Janet Dunbar

Act I. Peter Grimm (David Warfield): "A busy little girl about the house—a neat little housewife!"

David Warfield

SCENE IN DAVID BELASCO'S CURIOUS NEW PLAY OF SPIRITUALISTIC SIGNIFICANCE ENTITLED "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"



THEY tell of Mary Garden that she once said: "I like battles; they don't frighten me."

In that case, her New York debut must have been one of un-mixed joy, for no opera singer on record ever made good against a greater storm of opposition. Her voice, her répertoire, her methods, her personality even, were made the target of the most merciless attack, and when she did win out, it was against ingrained prejudice or, still harder, against absolute indifference to new methods. Everyone now knows the story of the girl who went from Chicago to Paris to study, and how she got a chance to sing "Louise" unexpectedly, only to find herself acclaimed next morning by *tout Paris* as a great artist.

But even the acclaim of Paris overnight puts no one in the fore-front of artistic success. It has to be won again and again, and yet again. It has to endure the tests of varying viewpoints, of incessant criticism, of yet more incessant competition. Success is a logical thing: the logical outcome of underlying conditions. In Miss Garden's case, neither her voice, nor her dramatic skill, nor her beauty, nor even her phenomenal capacity for hard work, in itself a genius—none of these things fully account for her successes. The reasons lie much deeper, and they are twofold.

In the first place, the keynote of modern life is unrest; its underlying motif is one of yearning. Again, the most potent charm of personality is admittedly that of elusiveness. Miss Garden's art gives us a perfect expression of that unrest, while her characters invariably strike the chord of elusiveness. They are perfect in their poetic charm, but they always leave a question behind them. Whatever the type of character,—and the range of her work is unusually wide,—Miss Garden invariably reads into it the elusive note.

For instance, Thaïs, perfect in her insolent beauty, supreme on her courtesan's throne, is yet weary of her life. These men who have possessed her body have never held her soul. Athanael, the monk who longs to convert, and ends by longing to possess her, comprehends her no better than the rest. Her soul yields itself finally to religious ecstasy, and finds there its satisfaction, while the cries of Athanael fall on deaf ears.

The little Juggler, vainly listening for something in the narrow disputes of the self-absorbed monks that shall answer his vague questionings,—what a wonderful, wistful picture of him Miss Garden has given us! Little street-sparrow that he is, prisoned in the cloister's cage, the soul of him pines for liberty. When his good friend the cook tells the Juggler that all service is acceptable to the Virgin, the striving soul has unwittingly been given its way of escape. The boy performs his tricks for the Virgin, who understands. Only the visible miracle, however,



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MARY GARDEN AS THAÏS

## The Art of Mary Garden

speaks to his monk-fellows. "A saint," they cry, as he dies, but had he lived, discipline and ostracism must have been his portion.

Sapho is the good-fellow type, even among the Paris light-o'-loves. We see her enter, pushing away her suitors with disdainful good nature. At the sight of Jean, something younger, fresher, purer than she has yet known, calls to her. She follows the call of Jean's hurt, but when convinced that it is to his harm, leaves him. As she turns from his sleeping figure, and with never a backward look passes out of his life, one knows that Sapho has found herself in sacrifice. It would have been easy to make her the mere vulgar courtesan, inspired for once by a good impulse; but Miss Garden has done much more. She has shown us the realization even in Sapho of a great ideal, dimly perceived.

Griseldis the loyal, Mélisande the mysterious, Marguerite the innocent, are all distinguished from one another by Miss Garden's perfect and individual characterization, yet all three possess the same peculiar elusive quality. The dream-princess, Mélisande

"has in her eyes a great innocence." Out of a cruel, mysterious past she comes into a still more cruel present. Never can Goland apprehend her. She bears his child on her death-bed but their souls have never met.

Dreamily Marguerite sings of things unknown to her, coming fast into her life—and the answer to her question is the jewel-box of Faust. Perhaps no Marguerite before Miss Garden has made us feel so keenly the cruelty of that answer. Other Marguerites have read into it their vanity; some have read sensuality, but Mary Garden's Marguerite reads it as the symbol of that love of which she has dreamed.

Salome and Louise stand together, in that both inherit strange and powerful passions. Louise's lover and the life he represents, are calling Louise equally—she knows not fully to what. Only she knows that for sternness and restraint she is offered love and freedom. After her short stay with Julien there has been roused in her what none can still, and when she is enticed back to her parents, she is a woman, strong to fight for her love, ruthless in her anger and disillusionment. In the final cruel scene, in her unbridled rage and longing, we see the modern revolt against unsatisfying conditions. We hear the modern cry, "I have a right to my happiness!" But we are left questioning, through Miss Garden's art, whether Julien, the merry and careless, will comprehend any better than her parents, the strange brooding young soul.

Salome is "the product of blood and lechery," but into her brain-sick life there comes an ideal man. That love to her means indulgence is natural. She is pursued constantly from the first moment by love—of the soldier, of her step-father, of the page





Copyright Mishkin  
AS SAPHO



AS MELISANDE



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AS SALOME

even. She eludes all, using them for her own purposes, only to find herself eluded, and death the only answer to her miserable riddle.

dying mechanically in white chiffon in her prison, one sense is gratified at the expense of another, and, worst of all, of common sense.

The very range of type covered by these various impersonations argues a wonderful talent, but Miss Garden does more for us than merely sing the character—she *is* Mélisande, Sapho, the Juggler; for her own personality is as elusive as that of any character she assumes,

When Mary Garden, the most pathetic of figures in her coarse black prison garb, lays her face in tenderest caress against Faust's hands, and then breaking from him, sings as at their first meeting:

Secondly, her appeal is strongly made to the modern desire for realism; even in opera, from which it has for so long a time been banished by tradition. It is not necessary to go back over the entire history of the operas to realize that into our modern conception of them some realism was bound to come. It has—and to remain. There may be—some of them are—exquisite glimpses into a life too beautiful to be real,—a world of fairyland, song and story,—but just to make one's dream complete, one must

*"Je ne suis belle—ni demoiselle—"*

we feel ourselves in the presence of a love that is stronger than death—as strong as eternal life. The last song ends in a torrent of melody; Mephistopheles' crouching figure creeps away baffled. Only the lovers remain, the dead and the living linked forever, their love purified by suffering. We are less in the presence of a great cosmic tragedy worked out than in that of an exquisite love-dream fulfilled.

have in it some semblance of the real. Marguerite's voice may be all that is most beautiful, but if she be a mere automaton,

"And I, too, have been in Arcady," says the rapt listener.

Place beside so superb an impersonation the smug Marguerites, the commonplace Violettas, the tradition-ridden Lucias of an



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AS MANON



AS LOUISE



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AS MARGUERITE



Copyright Dupont  
MARY GARDEN AS THE JUGGLER IN "LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME"

earlier period—and one no longer wonders at this artist's success. There will always exist the type of opera-goer who prefers "Rigoletto" to "Louise." It is well that it should be so. One sees in "Elektra" what the realistic school might become, taken too far; and the conservative element in music as elsewhere is indispensable. Meantime it is a joy to know that the operatic stage holds artists who can delight the ear without offending the eye; as well as composers who can give emotion a

musical vehicle without outraging every law of common sense. We have come to realize that artistically as well as mathematically the whole is greater than any one part—and more than any woman on the operatic stage at present, we can thank Mary Garden for that realization. Whether she can in the future live up to her own standard remains to be seen. Given her endowment of talent, her artistic insight and her ambition, there is no reason to doubt that her future may distance her past. CLARE P. PEELER.

## A Chat with Julia Marlowe and Susan B. Anthony

IT was in Rochester about five years ago. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were playing "Romeo and Juliet" and Miss Marlowe had invited me to come to see her after the play. I was then a school girl and a great admirer of Miss Marlowe, and my delight knew no bounds. I had seen the play many times and dearly loved it, but that evening could hardly wait for the "there rest and let me die," which meant the final curtain. However, as all good things must come to an end, I finally found myself back on the stage, which was very dark.

As I was being led to Miss Marlowe's room, I caught a glimpse of Juliet's tomb with its great iron gates, the floor all strewn with white roses and the whole flooded with moonlight. In another minute I was being welcomed into a warm, brilliantly lighted dressing room by Miss Marlowe herself. Although she was dressed in Juliet's "best robes" of white satin and gold with camellias in her hair, there was no trace of the unhappy Juliet in this smiling, gracious woman, who greeted me with such cordiality and simplicity. I remember she asked me all about my school, and how I marveled when she said she envied me studying Latin and Geometry. I could hardly realize that this woman with her merry laugh and exquisite sense of humor was Juliet, Viola, Ophelia!

With great glee she made her little black cockerspaniel come out from under the sofa and make friends with me. (He hated strangers and al-

ways sulked.) Finally there came a knock at the door and a maid announced "Miss Anthony."

Miss Marlowe seemed very much pleased and Miss Anthony and her sister came in. They were the most charming, quaint little old ladies I have ever seen. Miss Susan Anthony did all the talking and spoke of the beautiful performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and that Shakespeare was the only one after all, and ended up with saying, "Julia, you are the only actress I ever go to see now." She then asked for Mr. Sothern and he came in, looking very Italian in his deep purple Romeo costume.

Miss Anthony spoke of having known his father, and having many times seen his inimitable performance of "Lord Dundreary," and then she added in her quaint little way "you don't look at all like your father—he was so handsome," which made us all laugh. She told us it was her birthday, and how busy and happy she had been lately.

After they had gone she stood a long time in deep thought and finally turned to me and said, "do you know why that woman at her age is so content and happy? it's because she has such a full, interesting life, and is doing good and helping people." She then chose a bunch of violets from among her flowers, and as she gave them to me kissed me good-night.

I drove home with visions of a wonderful love, two dear, quaint little old ladies, and crowning all, the remembrance of a charming, simple, wholesome woman. MARGARET BRADFORD.



JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET





White Harry Mestayer Gertrude Dallas Henry Kolker Louise Hudson Collier  
 Act I. Hofer (Henry Kolker): "Mother, the man I insulted this morning was Brandmeyer."  
 SCENE IN JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY'S PLAY "THE GREAT NAME," NOW RUNNING SUCCESSFULLY IN CHICAGO

COMEDY that is brisk, vital, refreshing was disclosed at the Cort

## THE GREAT NAME

Theatre, Chicago, when Henry Kolker made his debut as a star in a vehicle in three acts, called "The Great Name," adapted by James Clarence Harvey from the German of Victor Leon and Leo Feld.

Admirably staged by George Marion, the plot fairly bounds along with flashes of genuine humor, giving place to moments of sincere pathos in scenes of considerable force. The entire press has united in declaring the piece refreshing in its sweetness and originality. A more satisfactory vehicle could not have been chosen to present Kolker to the public for the first time in a stellar capacity. His success in a genial, many-sided, eccentric character rôle has been unqualified, though significant honors are shared by Harry Mestayer and Russ Whytal in two skillfully acted rôles.

Briefly the plot concerns the brilliant triumph of a young composer, Joseph Hofer, created by Kolker, who reaches an astonishing degree of popularity in the making of light and airy waltzes. He has composed, however, a symphony on a big theme which he is most desirous of having played by the Philharmonic Orchestra. He loves his secretary, Stephanie Delius, the daughter of a once famous musician, but after playing over

that symphony she remains unmoved, for she realizes that Hofer has no ability in the composition of worthy music. In the orchestra engaged in playing his latest operetta the composer discovers an old friend, Brandmeyer—a genius, neglected and unheard, who has composed a wonderful symphony known as "Orestes." Discovering that Brandmeyer is in straitened circumstances with a family dependent upon him, Stephanie wishes to do some-

thing to assist her father's old friend. It occurs to Rupert Lang, Hofer's librettist, that it would be an excellent idea to coerce Wigand, the orchestral director, into giving Brandmeyer's masterpiece by pretending that it is the work of the celebrated Hofer. Having a symphony of his own to exploit Hofer rebels, when Stephanie, in an admirably acted scene, tells him that his own symphony is worthless. With an unselfishness that almost stuns the neglected Brandmeyer, he offers the use of his name. The symphony is about to be heard when the first violin, Roland, falls, stricken with heart disease. Another bill is to be promptly substituted when Brandmeyer himself courageously leaps into the breach and plays the solo in his own work. The symphony scores a triumph, and when Hofer, the supposed composer, is called before the curtain, he drags Brandmeyer, shame-faced, before the cheering multitude. For the first



White Gertrude Dallas Henry Kolker  
 Act I. Hofer: "Miss Stephanie, why do you always call me Maestro?"  
 SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY "THE GREAT NAME"

time, Stephanie finds her heart. For in her estimation the man who gave his name to lift his struggling brother has become great for the first time, and to that miracle she surrenders her love.

A well-balanced cast gives a most absorbing and interesting performance, including Russ Whytal as Brandmeyer, a character rôle, sombre, picturesque; Harry Mestayer as Rupert Lang, playing out skillfully and with convincing contrast the melodious light-hearted love story which bounds along the surface; Gertrude Dallas, as Stephanie, who loves real greatness; Lizzie Hudson Collier, as Hofer's mother; and Sam Edwards, Andrew Robson, Frances Gaunt, and Ruth Chatterton in less conspicuous rôles. The ac-

tion takes place in Hofer's home, in the plain living room of Brandmeyer's flat, and in the musician's room at the concert hall. During the progress of the third act, the Orestes Symphony, composed by Theodore Bendix, is played in the supposed concert auditorium beyond the Musician's room, and the allusion of a concert in progress is perfect, especially at the final climax when Brandmeyer is dragged out to bow his thanks.

In these days when almost any bare-looking barracks is hastily painted over, crammed over-full with seats and called a theatre, it is a delight to the knowing play-goer to wander into the new Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. A more artistic and at the same time a more comfortable theatre has never been opened to the public anywhere. The first glimpse is something of a shock. It is elegant, reposeful, exquisite in its artistic charm. Not the slightest indication of the spirit of modern greed and haste is observable anywhere. The Blackstone might have been erected exclusively for royalty and its distinguished guests. It is a temple of art, indeed, sprung Aladdin-like, out of an ugly reeking leek patch. To the right the trolleys whizz by, to the left the great lake tosses its foaming skirts noisily, across the way a saloon blazes insolently, yet the Blackstone stands detached, a thing of beauty, as if the sandy soil had been touched by some magic wand. It is another glimpse of the new Chicago rising slowly out of its first crude chrysalis.

Externally the house has distinction. Its broad facade of gray sand stone rises in the French Renaissance style, a wide canopy of iron and glass jutting out over the sidewalk. Within the long row of glass doors stretches a

broad lobby beautifully finished in French walnut and gold, its mirrored doors in turn leading into a foyer comfortably wide. One is struck at once on reaching the foyer with the sense of quiet and repose dominating the whole. The seats are upholstered arm-chairs, fitted with foot-cushions for those who

require them and arranged in rows so widely set apart that they permit any spectator to walk out along a row of fellow-spectators without touching his knees.

Comfortably seated, the first glimpse discloses the fact that there are no boxes except a single semi-balcony box on either side, similar to the royal box in European theatres. Down at the end of each aisle close to the orchestra pit stands a huge Italian wrought iron lamp, artistically shaded, lighting the lower

auditorium with a lovely subdued glow and casting a glimmer over the rare curtain above. In that curtain comes the greatest surprise. No other theatre in this country has a drop like it, and there are only two or three similar ones in the world, one in Milan, another in Moscow. No Parisian or London theatre may boast of such a curtain. It is a handsome piece of tapestry, woven especially at Aubusson, near Paris, for this purpose, and costing \$15,000. It is the largest single piece of tapestry ever imported into this country, measuring thirty feet by forty-five. The painting of the cartoon took place in the studio of M. Lamaille in Montmartre and the actual work of weaving at Aubusson occupied nearly eighteen months. It is a reproduction of one of the famous pieces owned by Napoleon the Great, now hanging in the Louvre, and its scene depicts a party of young people dancing in a glade at Fontainebleau in the time of Louis XIII. The predominating tint is Empire vert, the same color scheme being maintained throughout the whole auditorium, combined with ivory and cloth of gold.

A balcony and gallery rise in a steady incline, every seat on each floor being upholstered, and commanding an admirable view of the stage. Behind the last row of seats on each upper floor there is a wide promenade, leading out through a fire wall into a lobby with lounging rooms. The seating capacity is about 1,200.

An indirect system of lighting is employed and the ventilation perfect. The stage itself is equipped with all the latest improvements, the whole costing a half-million dollars.

L. FRANCE PIERCE.



\$15,000 TAPESTRY CURTAIN OF THE NEW BLACKSTONE THEATRE, CHICAGO



One of the proscenium boxes in the new Blackstone Theatre, Chicago



Copyright Charles Frohman May Blayney

Maude Adams

Act II. The Morning of Chantecler—The Invocation to the Sun



Copyright Charles Frohman Bertrand Marburgh

Maude Adams

Dorothy Dorr

Act III. The Day of the Guinea Hen—The Meeting of Chantecler and the Game Cock

**SCENES IN THE AMERICAN PRODUCTION OF ROSTAND'S FANTASTIC BARNYARD PLAY "CHANTECLER"**



Photo Lande

Signor Caruso Mme. Destinn

SCENE IN FRANCHETTI'S OPERA "GERMANIA," RECENTLY HEARD AGAIN AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

## NEW YORK is revelling in another opera invasion—this time it is not in the spirit of artistic war

# AT THE OPERA

to the knife, but is entirely in the mood of friendly rivalry: in a word, the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company is paying weekly visits to the Metropolitan Opera House, and is presenting French opera. Andreas Dippel is general manager of this flying wedge of French opera, its general musical director is Cleofonte Campanini, and nearly all of its artists are familiar figures and voices since it is nothing less than the Manhattan Opera House ensemble, so wonderfully collected and culled by Oscar Hammerstein. When the Metropolitan directorate bought out Oscar Hammerstein's rights to local activities, they took over most of his artists, scenery, performing rights to French works, and also the good will of the public—as is testified by the enthusiastic attendance at the Metropolitan during these French operas. These events are so recent that they need only be touched upon in passing. So when the season of French opera began at the Metropolitan, with a performance of Massenet's "Thaïs," on January 24th, the large and brilliant audience did not assemble to greet new faces, to hear new voices, nor to witness a novelty; in fact, it was simply a revival of a well-known work, sung by familiar singers.

But that fact did not curb enthusiasm in the least. All straws pointed the way for a night of demonstration. It began when Campanini entered the orchestra pit and was greeted by a fanfare and applause. He must have had curious sensations about coming back to the Metropolitan, an opera house in which he conducted in 1883—as the gray heads of opera history can prove by flashing proofs in cold, unrelenting printer's ink.

And the enthusiasm that began then prevailed throughout the evening, and whatever else may be said or thought,

it cannot be denied that the Metropolitan and its audience had extended the warmest hand of welcome to its Chicago

allies. Justice and fairness demand that there be no invidious comparison between these performances and those of the regular wing of the Metropolitan forces. They are in a sense "guests," and New York should be glad—and is, too, for that matter—to hear these French operas again. So that critical angle is disposed of, but—and this is not dyspeptic faultfinding—the performances given this far do not compare very favorably with the same opera productions sung by the same artists, given at the Manhattan Opera House.

Take "Thaïs." These principals were all the same, save in minor instances. But will anybody pretend, for instance, that Mary Garden's voice, or her singing, sounds as effective at the Metropolitan as it did at the Manhattan? It is true that she has been made thrall by grippe, and that she was physically scarcely able to appear on the night of "Thaïs," so that may be taken as an excuse in her favor; but in the following week's "Louise" she was presumably restored to health, and yet her voice rang hollow and disappointingly at times in the big and severe auditorium of the Metropolitan. Histrionically, Mary Garden has lost nothing; all her familiar statuesque and effective poses are still in her stage repertoire, and she exhibited them to fullest advantage in, and as, "Thaïs." She was beautiful to look upon, and she acted the rôle of this Alexandrian courtesan with utmost freedom, while in her final moments of atonement she was none the less effective.

Maurice Renaud, as Athanaël, was again that fine, fervent actor as ever he is, artistic to his finger tips. He has sung at the Metropolitan earlier this season, so that this audience knew how his voice sounded there. The



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MAURICE RENAUD  
Metropolitan



Copyright Dupont  
MME. NORDICA  
In concert



Moffett  
WILHELM BECK  
Hungarian baritone heard at the Metropolitan

surprise and disappointment came in Charles Dalmores, however, for it was expected that the ringing, dramatic voice of this tenor would find its real artistic response in the Metropolitan. But as a matter of fact, though he sang well, and his voice and acting had all the jubilant note of the *bon vivant* of Alexandria, the effect was a trifle disappointing. It scarcely "got over the footlights"—as theatrical parlance has it. Perhaps when he is heard here in a more dramatic part, he will show to greater advantage. Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli sang

with the same contagious high spirits as formerly at the Manhattan. This may sound an unimportant detail to harp upon, but having furnished their own standard at the Manhattan, it is only reasonable that they live up to it.

One interesting feature about this performance was the restoration of a scene that had been cut out, namely, that of the Noctambulist, sung by Edmond Warnery. Mary Garden's Louise was again finely acted, but her singing was below her own artistic level; Dalmores was excellent as Julien, and Bressler-Gianoli sang and acted the



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HECTOR DUFRANNE  
Heard in "Louise" at the Metropolitan

rôle of the Mother wonderfully. But best of all was Dufranne, who, as the Father, displayed a fine, resonant voice, artistically handled and with clear diction. It was a joy to hear him, and there was not a whit less pleasure in seeing his capital impersonation of this simple man. Enthusiasm reigned here as at the first of these French performances, proving that Oscar Hammerstein only whetted New York's appetite for products of the modern French opera composers.

the small part of Albine creditably, and the lesser vocal lights shone ably in the ensemble. Campanini conducted with energy and swing, and the sentimentalists in the audience insisted that the orchestral intermezzo, the saccharine "Meditation" be repeated, which demand Campanini granted, though with little artistic credit to himself. The orchestra is fair in tone quality, the chorus of "frowsy Cenobites," as they have been called, was decidedly ragged; and, worst of all, the scenery showed such unmistakable signs of travel and hard usage that it was surprising that it should have been shown in such a state.

The second performance of this French series was Charpentier's "Louise," and the selfsame principals officiated as at the Manhattan in former seasons. Mary Garden, in the title rôle, Bressler-Gianoli as the Mother, Dalmores as Julien, and Dufranne as the Father. Campanini conducted, and it was a generally creditable performance, although the chorus in the third act was not equal to its difficult task, and almost came to grief. Another important episode, the sewing-room scene, was not acted and sung

In the regular Metropolitan season things have gone the even tenor of their way. "Das Rheingold" had its first performance this season, beginning the matinée cycle of Wagner's colossal "Der Ring des Nibelungen." It was one of the best presentations in years of this famous music drama, the performance moving without any scenic mishaps, which is truly a feat in this work with its many changes of scene without any intermissions. With few exceptions, the cast was ideally made. The services of such artists as Soomer, Reiss, Burrian, Goritz, Homer, Glück and Alten were enlisted, there had been ample rehearsals, and Mr.



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MME. ALDA  
in concert



Copyright Mishkin  
M. DALMORES  
Metropolitan



Copyright Mishkin  
MISCHA ELMAN  
Russian Violinist



MME. GADSKI  
Metropolitan



MME. KIRKBY-LUNN  
Philharmonic

Hertz conducted a really admirable performance. Mariska Aldrich sang Fricka for the first time and was better in this than in any thing else that she has attempted here. Carl Burrian was the restless, evasive god of fire, Loge, and he fairly outdid himself in his acting of this rôle.

Then, too, was there a revival of Wagner's unique comic opera "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," which had been produced under Toscanini's baton last season, but so late in the opera year that it was heard here but twice. It created a vast amount of praising comment, so that interest was keen for its revival this year. There was no disappointment attached, for it was a mas-

"Germania" was also revived during the course of Metropolitan events. This Franchetti opera was heard here a year ago for the first time and met with only a fairly enthusiastic reception. Its present presentation did more than that, and the performance itself, although sung by the same principals, showed more real spirit and interest. Caruso sang beautifully, as Loewe; and in the rôle of Carlo, Amato has a magnificent opportunity for display of his fine voice and his finished manner of singing. Emmy Destinn sang Ricke admirably, and Toscanini conducted with fire.

There have been, besides, many repetitions of well known operas among which "Tristan und Isolde" was given some mem-



Byron

Edith Wynne Matthison as the Piper

Olive Oliver as Veronica

Act. III. The Piper refuses to restore to Veronica her child Jan

SCENE IN JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY'S PRIZE PLAY "THE PIPER" AT THE NEW THEATRE

terly performance. Destinn appeared here for the first time as Eva, and created a most favorable impression, singing it, as she does everything, with musically satisfying effect. Carl Jörn was the Walther, a part in which he is very good, and Soomer's Hans Sachs is a rôle that suits his booming, noble voice wonderfully. Goritz as Beckmesser is famous on two shores of the ocean, and on this occasion he was quite up to his usual form, bringing to hearing all the fun and satire of this part. Wickam's Magdalene left something to be desired. Toscanini conducted with that inspiring love which he bestows upon everything that comes under his hands, eyes and baton. But here he again showed himself to be a great Wagnerian leader, grasping the humor—Teutonic humor, at that—completely. Some of his detractors contend that Toscanini's "Meistersinger" is Italian, not German, but that is possibly because he refuses to brutalize this work as much as some heavier-handed German conductors. One feature about this performance was the remarkable chorus work in the end of the second act.

orable performances. These latter, the excellent presentations of "Rheingold" and "Meistersinger" prove conclusively what is the attitude of the present régime toward German opera. Wagner's popularity among Metropolitan audiences seems really to be increasing instead of diminishing, due doubtless to the interesting and excellent performances his works are receiving.

Nor is Wagner slumbering in the concert room. Johanna Gadski and the Philharmonic Society have given a series of Wagner concerts that have crowded Carnegie Hall to its utmost. And justly so, Gadski, who has been on a long concert tour, was in brilliant voice and stirred her audiences. The Philharmonic Orchestra, under Gustav Mahler's baton, also gave some rousing readings of well-known Wagner excerpts.

And Lillian Nordica, too, has given Wagner concerts, with the aid of the New York Symphony Society conducted by Walter Damrosch. Nordica tried the experiment of singing some of the Wagner texts in English.

And if German has flourished, so

(Continued on page vi)

Scenes in Percy Mackaye's Fantastic Drama "The Scarecrow"



White Blacksmith Bess (Alice Fischer) Dickon (Edmund Breese) Lord Ravensbane (Frank Reicher)  
 ACT I. DICKON: "BEHOLD, HE WALKS!"



Blacksmith Bess (Alice Fischer) Dickon (Edmund Breese)  
 ACT I. THE WITCH FORGING THE SCARECROW'S RIBS



Rachel Merton (Fola La Follette) Dickon (Edmund Breese)  
 ACT II. DICKON: "HIS LORDSHIP MUST SMOKE HIS PIPE"

## Emma Trentini—the "Little Devil" of the Opera House

"WHICH is the real Trentini?" I inquired, for two distinct, opposing young women had flashed upon the screen of my consciousness, had appeared and vanished and left me puzzled.

Emma Trentini, twenty-two years old, and a star of comic opera, looked puzzled, too, for at twenty-two we have not lived long enough to fully obey the difficult command: "Know thyself."

"I don't know," she answered, after the little clock on the mantel had ticked away two minutes of her frowning concentration upon the subject. "When I am skipping about the stage, singing and acting, I think that that is the me—here." She pressed a pair of tiny brown hands upon her breast. "When I come home, I am silent. I think, think all the time, and say nothing. The day passes, and I speak no word to anyone. My maid and I are as quiet as the grave. Then I think, that is I.

"But when I have guests, when some one comes in, I entertain. I am as I am on the stage. Perhaps that is the real Trentini, and the other is the resting Trentini. I do not know."

"One is the music, the other the rest in the music?"

"Perhaps, yes, I think so." The starlet nodded with a sage smile.

The night before I had seen her, a pulsing, capering, carolling madcap, demonstrating what the giants of science had declared is impossible, perpetual motion, on the stage, as Naughty Marietta. This morning I had found her a grave-faced, demure-mannered little person, risking words only when they were needed, thoughtful, measured. The sprite had disappeared, and there had succeeded a seemingly tired young woman, whose slim shoulders yielded a bit to the burden of worldly cares. The night before she had worn scarlet. To-day she wore a black velvet. Colors express the spirit or subdue it.

But the search for the real self interested her. Voluntarily she pursued it.

"Are we not several selves, perhaps, at the same time. Certainly, at different times. For me, as I review the procession of Trentinis, I can see three. My first recollection is of the first, the little Emma. She was a wordless child. If persons spoke to her, she did not answer. I can see her sitting in the corner of the chimney. She was very black, and the chimney made her more so, but she did not care. She had but two wants, to sit always in the chimney, and to be let alone. She hated to talk. I do not know what her thoughts were, perhaps only of being let alone.

"I have a little nephew, who is black, and lumpish, and silent, and sullen. My mother points to him and says: 'There is you, Emma. There is the child you were.'

"This silent Emma lasted for ten years. I was ten years old when they sent me to a convent school. Then the silent Emma died, and the impish Emma was born. What a dreadful Emma!



Mishkin

EMMA TRENTINI

It is because I remember her well that I am able to play Naughty Marietta. She played tricks on her schoolmates and on the good sisters, the imp, Emma Trentini, and she crowned her naughtiness by running away. Because she wore the uniform, the costume, of the pupils of the convent, she was discovered and brought back. I am afraid she made her entrance into the convent grounds kicking and scratching her captors. I am quite sure of it. I do not know what would have become of the imp, Trentini, if they had not discovered in her a voice.

"It was nothing that she could sing, for everyone in Italy sings. In Naples, particularly, you do not meet on the street a beggar, nor in the palaces a noble, who cannot sing. But I began singing at three, and my voice grew faster than my body. They let me lead the singing in the girls' classes, and sing with the choir of nuns. That steadied me, and gave me a purpose. Then appeared and remained the new Trentini, the Trentini with the voice, the singing Trentini."

"Who is perhaps the other two Trentinis in one?"

"Si, I mean yes."

From these soul states of Trentini we passed to a common state in a common world, not the smiling world of charm and leisure, but the frowning world of work and con-

centration, the world of money earning and money saving.

"This is the first season that I have made much money."

The little figure in black velvet frock was primly silhouetted against the blue walls of the tiny blue and gold drawing-room in the tiny Trentini flat close to Washington Square. She lolled on no divan, dawdled in no reclining chair. This resolute, sincere young person sat erect in a straight-backed chair. She is not lazy, and she has not yet become luxurious.

"In grand opera I sang only a few times a week, sometimes not at all, and my salary was not great. But now that I sing seven times a week the money is much more, and I think of what I shall do with it. I know what I shall do. In Mantua, where I was born, I will buy a house when I go back in May. My brother-in-law has found a house for me to buy. I remember it well. It is of stone-gray, and not high like your houses, but two stories, and low and broad. But neither is it little like your houses, small, with maybe ten rooms. This house has forty rooms.

"I shall place my mother there to live. And my cousins, a boy and a girl, who are very poor, they I shall place there, and in the summer when I rest I, too, shall be there.

"That is what most of the singers, who come to your country to make money, do. They go to Europe and buy for themselves houses, a house in the city and a chateau in the country. But it will be long before I shall want a chateau. I shall want in the summer to go about and see the world, which is so like a big picture-book. After awhile, when one tires of the many world





Photo Mishkin

Mlle. MARCELLE MYRTILL  
*Première Danseuse* at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York



Sarony

PAULA WILKES

Clever young actress who will be seen shortly on the Metropolitan stage

Bangs

ADELE ROWLAND

Seen as Betty Winthrop in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino

Bangs

WINONA WINTER

Seen as Constance Harvey in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino

pictures one can go home and take a well-deserved rest."

Emma Trentini had been one of the favorite singers in the Manhattan Opera House organization, before Arthur Hammerstein, son of the impresario who had discovered her in Turin, informed his father that he believed there were "millions in her" as a comic opera star. Was the transition from Yniold in "Pelléas et Mélisande," the gavroche in "Louise," the courtesan in "Thaïs" and Fraschita in "Carmen" to "Naughty Marietta" difficult? The adaptable little Italian had not found it so.

"It seemed strange to sing seven times a week instead of two

or three, but I like to act and to sing and it never tires me—at least until afterwards. And on the day when I play a matinée I sleep in my little bed in the dressing room between acts.

"And then it seems so fine and wonderful to be a star. When I was at the Manhattan the prima donnas were so stately and unapproachable. I admired them but I was afraid of them. They awed me. But in comic opera it is Madame Trentini here and Madame Trentini there. Everybody consults me about everything. I am always considered. It is delightful."

ADA PATTERSON.

**T**HERE are those who maintain that histrionic genius indisputably does

## The Last of the Mestayers

not flourish in the younger generation of the great names emblazoned in the history of the American stage. Yet as Harry Mestayer, the last of that famous name, gradually finds the opportunity to show his mettle, it is apparent that this young actor has inherited not only the instinct for flawless technique, but the poetic temperament, the imagination, the magnetism and the sincerity of his father, the late Charles H. Mestayer, a Shakespearean actor of taste and refinement long associated with Booth and Barrett in other days.

An extensive experience in stock, especially in Ibsen rôles in California where the name of Mestayer is identified with the growth of the State, was followed by Mestayer's elevation to stardom by Oliver Morosco in a special performance of Ibsen's "Ghosts," the first introduction of that rôle to the far West. The performance placed young Mestayer in the front rank of California players. Tiring of his little world beyond the Rockies, he has reached Chicago where in a brilliant performance of the rôle of the son in "The Penalty," of much dignity of conception and swift unerring skill in portrayal, he has won a place in the mid-west, following up his hit by an unusually charming and illuminative performance of a light comedy juvenile rôle in "The Great Name." His versatility has thus been made apparent, for both performances were notably effective and received unlimited praise



HARRY MESTAYER

from the press and public both.

Mestayer is the last of a famous theatrical family, undoubtedly the oldest in this country, a dynasty unique in the annals of the American theatre, ante-dating the Drews and the Jeffersons by fully thirty years. Of French origin, bringing with them Gallic finesse, charm and sincerity, the Mestayers first settled in New Orleans in old Colonial Creole days before the Revolution. Early in the nineteenth century, about 1820, Louis Mestayer rose to distinction, followed by the luminous sway of Emily Mestayer about 1830. Then came the era of the first cousins, Edwin B. Thorne and Charles R. Thorne, to be succeeded by that of W. A. Mestayer and of the late Charles H. Mestayer, best known in the seventies, the latter being the father of Harry, now about thirty years of age.

The Mestayer sincerity, earnestness and high ideals have been transmitted to the last surviving member, and left almost unblemished by the crass decline in taste of our own period. No youth ever burned more ardently to maintain the dignity of his name, nor has one ever lived who longed more sincerely within his own heart to achieve distinction himself. A student and a dreamer, reared in the atmosphere of old tragedies when his father essayed significant rôles with Booth and Barrett, he is arranging to give a performance, the first in this country, of Björnson's "Sigurd Slembe," by means of which he hopes to convince the public of the earnestness of his aims.

L. F. P.



Sarony

OTIS SKINNER AS DENIS ROULETTE IN HENRI LAVEDAN'S FANTASTIC PLAY "SIRE"



Byron  
Scene outside the Knickerbocker Theatre on the morning that the seats for "Chantecler" were put on sale. The line which formed the night before extended round into 38th Street as far as Sixth Avenue. In the cold early morning hours hot coffee was served to the messenger boys and others waiting in line, this at the initiative and expense of Miss Maude Adams

## MISS ANNE CALDWELL, who wrote "The Nest Egg," **A Successful Woman Playwright**

the piece in which she chanced to be playing. We may then regard the

is not, after all, Miss Caldwell. She is Mrs. James O'Dea. This commonplace fact is especially interesting only for the reason that the heroine of her play, "The Nest Egg," is an old maid, not a modern, handsome, youngish bachelor maid of the city, but the cramped, narrow, tight-haired old maid of the village. Miss Caldwell's psychology of old maidenhood was esteemed so sound that it was believed by the thoughtless to emanate from actual personal experience. It was expected that her person was spare, her features sharp, as those that caricature and story associate with the unclaimed flowers of humanity.

But Mrs. James O'Dea is the antithesis of these. She is plump, without an upward or downward growing inch to spare. Her features have childishly rounded curves. She has the brown eyes of sentiment, and the tender voice of motherhood. She is an actress, a writer of songs, collaborator in several musical comedies. Her father was a master of a Latin school in Boston, but he should have been an actor, she thinks. Her daughter has a singing voice and a talent for music, and will become the prima donna her mother expected to be. Chance plays strange tricks with lives. It was the chance of a child's strained voice that brought about the chain of events that produced "The Nest Egg." Chronologically it all happened this way:

Anne Caldwell at fourteen went upon the stage in a juvenile opera company that toured New England. She says it doesn't matter how long ago, and it doesn't. It is sufficient that much and loud singing tore the childish voice to pieces, and that the hopes of a future in grand opera perished with the voice. During the days of the slow dying of that voice she was seen and heard in "The Tar and the Tartar" in New York, and each year brought her to New York in some comic opera or in musical comedy for a season, brief or long, according to the success of

successful playwright as the frustrated prima donna.

Seven years ago, when Miss Caldwell married Mr. James O'Dea, a writer of popular songs, she left the stage. She wrote the music and he the words for many popular airs. Seldom has any musical comedy been produced in Broadway but one song from the O'Dea-Caldwell rapid working output was one of the liveliest numbers. In conjunction with Mark Swan, they wrote "The Top of the World," Mr. Swan the libretto, Mr. O'Dea the lyrics, Mrs. O'Dea the words.

Four years later "The Nest Egg" was produced, and was acclaimed a success.

Anne Caldwell's mother had a down East Yankee seamstress who unconsciously sat for the portrait of the "Nest Egg's" heroine. She had the same high disregard for the nice meanings and shadings of words, and she had the same sub-current of appreciation for the other sex. Likewise the same disposition to energize in other persons' affairs, having none of her own.

"It was by the sheerest accident that I happened to write the play," said the author. "In the first place, I had seen Zelda Sears in 'Girls,' and thought her work was delightful. Her singing that song was one of the most delicious bits of comedy I ever heard. Last summer my husband came home. He is the most absent-minded man on earth, and usually forgets to tell me the most important things. But the accident was that this time he remembered. He said: 'Mr. Wisswell is looking for a play

for Zelda Sears. They have read thirty-seven, and they have almost accepted one now on the scenario, but they are not satisfied with it.'

"I would love to write a play for her. I believe I could," I said.

"In a week I wrote the scenario around an item I had seen in the newspapers in the spring, of how a case was made out against a firm by the date written on an egg." A. P.



White  
ANNE CALDWELL  
Author of "The Nest Egg"

## A Pioneer American Actress

ON Saturday, December 17, 1756, two players new to Dublin, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder, made their appearance very acceptably at Smock Alley, as Captain Macheath and Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera," and revived so much interest in Gay's old satire that the well-worn piece was performed during the season for fully twenty nights. Although our concern is chiefly with the lady (regarding whom some curious details exist, which have mysteriously eluded all the historians of the American stage), something requires to be said about her husband. A Cockney, who had begun life as an artist and never wholly resigned his brush, James Wilder not only was a competent actor-vocalist, but a very worthy man. For thirty-two years at a stretch he remained associated with the fortunes of the Dublin stage, and his portrait by Harding now appropriately adorns the historical section of the National Gallery of Ireland. Among his many friends in the old city by the Liffey, not the least noteworthy was big-hearted Sam. Whyte, the poetical pedagogue, who had an overpowering predilection for the play, and (it will be recalled) instilled his tastes into the mind of his apt pupil, Tom Moore. In the volume of his collected verse, published in 1795, Whyte reprints his long poem on "The Theatre," in which glowing reference is made to the veteran Wilder, and supplements the details concerning him by a valuable biographical note in an appendix. After pointing out that the success of the Wilders in "The Beggar's Opera," in 1756 led to the immediate revival of Mrs. Cibber's little fairy play, "The Oracle," Whyte goes on to say: "Mrs. Wilder was young, pretty and a good figure, and was esteemed excellent in girls' parts. Her Cynthia and Wilder's Oberon were received with singular applause. She was originally bred a Quaker, and had all the neatness in her appearance of that estimable people. When very young, she unadvisedly gave her hand to a military surgeon, who carried her with him to America, where he treated her unworthily, and, dying shortly after, left her with an infant on the breast, destitute in a foreign land. Must the mother and the helpless innocent both perish? She joined a company of players there—it was her only alternative; yet it exposed her to new and almost unparalleled distresses, which I have often heard her feelingly describe. It will be sufficient to say she travelled on foot with her child, an infant daughter, in her arms, from one end of the continent of North America to the other! Wilder afterwards met her in Edinburgh, I think, and in his conduct towards her proved himself an affectionate husband, and a tender father to her child."

If only the worthy Whyte had vouchsafed us Mrs. Wilder's earlier married name, all would have been well. Without that one has no firm ground to stand upon, and can only flounder about in a quagmire of conjecture. Still, it may not be wholly profitless to strive to find bottom.

One point is clear—not many years can have elapsed between the future Mrs. Wilder's trying American experience and her coming to Smock Alley. A useful rather than a brilliant actress, she was still young enough to play Miss Prue in "Love for Love" in January, 1757, and Juliet in April, 1758. That Wilder met and married her in Edinburgh, as Whyte states, is apparently correct. As a matter of fact, the two came straight from Edinburgh to Dublin, where Lee, their manager, had preceded them. We know, of course, that that arch-blunderer, Hitchcock, in his "Historical View of the Irish Stage," states that the Wilders were brought by Sheridan from Drury Lane, but it remains to be shown that they ever appeared there. Genest, that court of final appeal, has no record of either husband or wife at the great London playhouse. On the other hand, Dibdin, in his "Annals of the Edinburgh Stage," chronicles the fact that when Lee opened his winter campaign in the Scottish capital on November



Sarony

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER  
Will be seen shortly in a dramatization of "Thais"



Bangs  
FRANKLIN RITCHIE  
Appearing as Beacon Lone in "The Marriage  
of a Star"

Bangs  
MAUD GILBERT  
Playing Celia in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" at  
the Comedy Theatre

Moffett  
EMMETT CORRIGAN  
Playing Gordon Laylock in "The Deep Purple"  
at the Lyric Theatre

25, 1755. Wilder sang there in "The School of Anacreon," and appeared a week later as Captain Macheath. The details recorded of the season are unfortunately scanty. No reference is made to Wilder's marriage, nor any clue afforded to the identity of the actress whom he then espoused. It is in catching at a straw held out from another quarter, I arrive desperately at the conclusion that the lady in question must have been the "Mrs. Barclay" who made her first appearance on the Edinburgh stage on January 3, 1756, as Cordelia, and was afterwards seen as Lavinia in "The Fair Penitent."

My belief is that Mrs. Wilder's first husband, the callous army surgeon referred to by Whyte, died in Williamsburg, Va., early in 1753, and that the distressed young widow accordingly joined Hallam's depleted company of players in the spring, shortly before their departure for New York. It would seem that the manager, equally with the suppliant, was in a quandary, and that for both it was a matter of Hobson's choice. In those rough and ready days a journey of five hundred miles by sea and land would be irksome enough, in all conscience, to a nursing mother to burn its memories into her brain. It was not at all plane sailing even when Hallam's little band reached New York in June. Magisterial stubbornness had yet to be overcome, and it was not until three months later that their new theatre in Nassau Street was ready to be opened. In studying the details of the opening bill on September 17th, as preserved by Dunlap, one notes that all the actresses bearing the prefix "Mrs." to their names, with one exception, had their husbands in the company. The exception was a mysterious Mrs. Becceley, who played Phillis in "The Conscious Lovers" and Phillida in the little ballad opera of "Damon and Phillida." The name of this actress strikes one as a misprinting, or disguised form, of Barclay. I have been to the trouble to search through quite a number of current

English directories, but have failed to trace a single example of the name. My belief, then, is that the Mrs. Becceley, of New York, is identical with the Mrs. Barclay, of Edinburgh, and that the young actress, having become possessed of funds, sailed for England when Hallam's company left for Philadelphia late in March, 1754. This conjecture is, in part, borne out by the significant fact that Mrs. Becceley's name is not to be found among the players performing in Philadelphia in the following April.

In Dublin, Mrs. Wilder's popularity (unlike her husband's) was not well sustained. It may be that she never wholly recovered from the strain of her harrowing American experience. From 1759 she was five years off the stage, but in 1764 she was engaged by Mossop for his Smock Alley company, and made her reappearance in October as Lucy to her husband's Captain Macheath. In the succeeding season her name disappears from the bills, and her death, apparently, occurred not long after. No portrait of her has come down to us, and but for the reflected light of her husband's career, her memory would have passed long since into the darkness.

The curtain falls, the play is played:

The Beggar packs beside the Beau;  
The Monarch troops and troops the maid;  
The Thunder huddles with the Snow.  
Where are the revellers, high and low?  
The clashing sword? The lovers' call?  
The dancers, gleaming row and row?—  
Into the night go one and all.

W. J. LAWRENCE.



W. V. Saxe  
R. S. Bonsib  
COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOYS IN "THE PAPER CHASE"

Of Peter Grimm Mr. Belasco says:

"As I first wrote and rehearsed the death scene, I pictured Peter Grimm dying in full view of the audience. For weeks I rehearsed Mr. Warfield in the part until he became too vivid. It was then I conceived the idea of merely suggesting death, and I did this by placing the old armchair (in which he passes away) with its back to the audience, so that all the spectator sees is the top of Peter Grimm's grey head fall slowly forward; the hand dropping to the side, and his old pipe released from the relaxing fingers. The effect of this picture upon the audience is as instantaneous as it is ominous.



Sarony  
**JANET DUNBAR**  
 Leading woman with David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm"

Davis & Sanford  
**ANN MEREDITH**  
 Who plays Alice Bentley in "The Cub"

Davis & Sanford  
**JANE LAUREL**  
 Lately seen as Mrs. Rosenberg in "Smith" at the Empire Theatre

## ONE of the least known, yet not always one of the least interesting of the groups of

# The Guardians of Glamor

individuals associated with the theatre in America is that made up of the old stage-door keepers. A well-known metropolitan theatrical producer recently went so far as to say that one of these men, "Doc" Murray, was, in his opinion, the most interesting figure ever connected with the theatre in this country. "Doc" Murray," he explained, "was the stage-door man at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia for fifty successive years. In all that long period, he took only six days off. He knew most of the prominent actors, actresses, managers and producers during his time and, when he died some years ago, he willed his skull to the property room of the playhouse with the suggestion that it be used thereafter in any production of 'Hamlet' that might be made in the Walnut Street Theatre." Protest as one may at the superlative characterization of the producer in question, it is not difficult to conceive that this "Doc" Murray, of whom so little is known, might well be regarded at least as *one* of the most interesting figures "connected," so to speak, "with the American stage."

Pursuing his argument, the producer said: "I cite Murray only as a single example to show why I believe that the old stage-door tenders—the guardians of glamor, as we may call them—were, and are, the most unique group of persons in all the world of the footlights."

Without taking sides in the argument, it remains that the producer is backed up by many facts that seem to sustain much of the force in his superlative statements. It is true, for instance, that "Doc" Murray *did* will his skull to the property room of the theatre he had guarded for half a century, and had come to love with rare affection. And there are other Murrays in the stage-door tender sphere. There is one stage-door man in New York to-day who once managed a theatre in the metropolis, and there is still another who, in his earlier years, was a well-known actor of leading rôles in stock companies. The latter succumbed to the strain of acting, suffered a physical collapse, and finally came to be a stage-door tender—a sad relic of the dashing days of his youth. Of all the old stage-door men in New York, however, "Pop" Wood is probably the most interesting. I. C. Wood, he signs his name, and the Hudson Theatre

is his post. His story, as he related it to Henry B. Harris, is as follows: "I was born in 1838, and started in the theatrical business with George L. Fox in 'Humpty Dumpty.' Although I am seventy-two years old, I still feel young and strong. I served in the navy on the old frigate 'Independence,' and served four years in the army during the Civil War as a member of the 139th New York Volunteers. I have refused to accept a pension. I am strong enough to support myself. In 1868, I was the stage-door keeper of the old Olympic Theatre situated on Broadway near Houston Street. This playhouse was formerly known as Laura Keane's Varieties, and then John Duff took the lease and, as his first attraction, put on 'Humpty Dumpty,' in connection with Mr. Fox."

"Pop" Wood tells the following story of how the late Augustin Daly became identified with the theatrical business. "Pop's" own words are used:

"John A. Daly was the name we first knew him by. He first came around the theatre after he had married Mr. Duff's daughter. Daly was then a newspaper man, and Duff took him in and made him the business manager of the theatre, and it wasn't long before he became the big figure in the theatrical business in New York, with two theatres, the Grand Opera House and the old Madison Square Theatre, which he named Daly's Theatre. I knew Booth and Barrett, E. L. Davenport and John McCullough, and they were a fine lot of men. Barrett was very friendly with us around the stage, but Booth seemed always to be laboring under a spirit of depression. He hadn't very much to say. I think that Edwin Forrest was the greatest actor I have ever known, and one of the finest men, too. Everybody had a good word for him, and he had a good word for everybody. The people in his company idolized him, and he had thousands of friends among theatregoers, more than all the other actors of his time put together. And maybe

you think George Fox wasn't a good actor. I remember once at the old Olympic Theatre he gave a travesty on 'Hamlet,' and it was a brilliant audience that witnessed his performance. In one box sat E. L. Davenport, in another box John McCullough, Edwin Booth occupied a third, and Lawrence Barrett a fourth. After the performance I was standing alongside Mr. Duff, our manager, and they came back to congratulate Fox on his

### To Geraldine Farrar

As Mimi in "La Bohème"



Copyright  
 Dupont

Poor Mimi pauses on the stair.  
*(Sa chandelle ne brule pas.)*  
 Beneath the door she spies the glare,  
 And finds the artist starving there.  
 (Il chante, "Hoop-li, hoop-là!")  
 The key is lost upon the floor,  
 The wind blows shut the open door;  
 What won't that artist do,—and dare?  
*(Comme ci, comme ci,)*  
*(Comme ca!)*

Sweet violets beside the bed.  
*(Les oiseaux ne chantent pas.)*  
 Poor Mimi turns her weary head,  
 To breathe her thanks and sobs instead.  
*(La neige qui tombe là-bas.)*  
 The night comes closing down again,  
 Short hours of joy, long hours of pain.  
 The chirping, trilling bird is dead.  
*(Comme ci, comme ci,)*  
*(Comme ca!)*—CLARENCE STRATTON.



White Laura Hope Crews Henry Miller Daniel Pennell Francis Byrne  
Richard Craig (Henry Miller) threatens to arrest Hessert (Francis Byrne) for embezzlement  
SCENE IN H. S. SHELDON'S PROBLEM PLAY, "THE HAVOC," PRESENTED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

performance, and all declared that it was one of the best things they had ever seen. Lawrence Barrett was particularly enthusiastic. He said he had no doubt that Fox could give one of the best straight performances of 'Hamlet' of any actor on the stage. The grave-digging scene was very effective for a burlesque. The two grave-diggers were played by a famous team called The Queen Sisters, who, while digging the grave, sang *Five O'Clock in the Morning*, and that song was picked up by everybody in New York, and was as big a hit in its day as *After the Ball* or any other song success since that time."

Frank Richardson, stage-door man at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, has been at his post for thirty-three consecutive years, and has gone down into stage-door keeper history as the only man in his branch of the theatrical profession who ever succeeded in making Richard Mansfield "know his place," as Richardson himself expresses it. It happened one afternoon directly following a rehearsal of "A Parisian Romance." Richardson, having maintained perfect silence during the rehearsal, began whistling a popular tune as soon as the actors left the stage. Mansfield, hearing him, approached the stage-door man, who was sitting far back in the wings, and commanded him to be quiet. "But," protested Richardson, "the rehearsal is over." "That matters not," replied Mansfield hotly, "you must keep quiet whenever I am in the theatre." "Oh, is that so?" returned Richardson. "Well, Mr. Mansfield, all I've got to say is to tell you to mind your own business." And he proceeded to whistle on as loud as he could. Mansfield withdrew and, during the rest of his engagement, never again interfered with Richardson. "He had to be taught a lesson by someone," says the old stage-door man, "and I made up my mind then that I was the one to do the job."

Frank Richardson was stage-door tender at this theatre when A. L. Erlanger, present leader of the so-called Theatrical Syndicate, was selling tickets in its box-office, and it is he who first related the story of the way Mr. Erlanger got even one day with

a prospective ticket buyer who had insulted him. "The man came up to the window," says Richardson, "and asked for two seats in the third row on the aisle. 'I can give you the fourth row on the aisle,' said Mr. Erlanger, 'but the third row is gone.' 'I want the third row,' persisted the man. 'But I told you it is gone,' said Erlanger. 'You're a liar,' ventured the man. Without another word, the ticket-seller slammed down the little window, walked around into the lobby, demanded that the man retract what he had said and, upon the latter's refusal, punched him in the face."

Richardson is never without a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and says he never has been without one in all the time he has been a stage-door man. Walter Russell, his assistant, vouches for the fact that, although Richardson has been reported dead on three different occasions, the foundation for the rumor rested on nothing more serious than his boss's having taken a day off. "It's so rare for Frank to take a day off," he explains, "that when he does, and doesn't show up, they think he has died." This puts the writer in mind of the story of an old stage-door keeper at Daly's, in New York, who, upon being prevailed upon to take a two weeks' vacation a few years ago, spent his holidays standing on the steps of a saloon across the way from the stage-door to make sure that nobody got in the theatre who didn't belong there.

Almost all the prominent figures in musical comedy know "Pete," the stage-door man for many years at the Herald Square Theatre. "Pete"—no one knows his last name—is half blind, and his health has been failing rapidly in recent years, but his loyalty to his post has not been paralleled save in the cases of "Doc" Murray and Richardson. Several years ago, when he was taken so ill that he was sent to bed against his will, his place was filled temporarily by a former chorus man in one of the old Rogers Brothers shows. Joe Devens was his name. "Pete" heard that Devens was doing his guarding work so well that he became jealous, got out of bed and hustled down to the theatre again, only to suffer a serious relapse and be confined to his bed for





Sarony, N. Y.

MISS KATHRYN KÆLRED, RECENTLY SEEN IN HENRY ARTHUR JONES' PLAY "WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT"



White  
 GEORGE LEON MOORE AND GRACE VAN STUDDIFORD IN "THE PARADISE OF MAHOMET" AT THE HERALD SQUARE

several more weeks. "Charley," the stage-door man for the last fifteen years at the Empire Theatre, in New York, is a pet of all the Frohman stars who have appeared at that famous theatre, and treasures among his possessions an autographed photograph of each of them. He worships Maude Adams and says she is the most gracious woman on the American stage; he regards John Drew as something between an Emperor and a Crown Prince; he says Ethel Barrymore "is the prettiest woman in the world"; and is similarly enthusiastic over each of them.

Old "Dutch" Miller, the guardian of the Garrick, was at one time a soldier in the German army. He is regarded by theatrical people, who have played at his theatre, as the politest stage-door man in the country. Sullivan, the guardian of the Lyric Theatre in New York, is similarly regarded as the quietest. He rarely says a word and rarely has said one. His greatest delight is gained by getting an actor or actress to watch him execute an intricate clog dance, of which he is a master. Speaking of the peculiarities of other stage-door men, "Old Man" Rogers, of the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, when this subject is under discussion, deserves a high place in list of stage-door oddities. He never leaves the theatre. He sleeps there and has all his meals brought to him. These "meals," from breakfast to lunch and from lunch to dinner, consist primarily of pies. Rogers eats pie three times a day and two big pieces at each meal.

"Tom" Moakley, the veteran stage-door keeper of the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, confessed recently that he had written a play during his long vigils back of the stage. Hiram McDonald, the American Theatre's guardian, admits that he has a sneaking ambition to go into vaudeville. "I've seen a dozen acts in my day," he says, "that I could beat with one hand."

Joseph Morris, the stage-door man at the Liberty Theatre, was once a professional strong man and appeared at county fairs as "the world's champion weight lifter." He also appeared on the stage in an act centering around his muscular prowess. After he gave up this line of work, because of failing health, he became the guardian of the gate at the old Fourteenth Street Theatre, where he remained for many years. Morris says that there is an old stage-door keeper in Chicago who, during the time he was on the stage, was a musician first in a travelling band and later in the orchestra of a vaudeville house. And he also cites the case of a Boston stage-door keeper who, in his earlier days, was a professional prestidigitator.

Joseph Medill Patterson was one of the first writers to realize the picturesqueness of these diverse guardians of glamor and introduced one of them in the last act of his play, "The Little Brother of the Rich." The character created a greater impression than anything else in the play. There is, indeed, much material among this class of theatre-folk about whom so little has ever been written and about whom so little is known. Each has his story, his interesting story, and each, in himself, is a living, if fading, romance of theatreland.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

#### BLANCHE BATES AND THE "WIDDERS"

Blanche Bates, who is playing the part of Roxana, the pseudo widow in Avery Hopwood's clever comedy, went to considerable trouble when studying the rôle. Says the actress:

"For months I deliberately cultivated the society of widows. I urged all my friends to go through their visiting lists, and wherever they found a widow therein invite her to dinner. I also asked that at least one eligible man be asked to join the party. That was necessary, of course, because when there is no eligible man around widows are just like other women. In this way I met more than half a hundred women whom death had robbed them of their mates, and, though they little suspected it, I learned from them secrets that I had been diligently trying to discover all my life. Up until this time I had shared the popular superstition that the fascination of widows was as inexplicable as it is certain. I discovered, among many other things, that nine-tenths of this fascination is due simply to the fact that widows want to please men. Marriage has been to them a school in which they have certainly learned at least one thing, and that is that it is good policy to always please a man at any cost. They know it *pays* to please a man. Spinsters don't realize this."

# More Secrets of the Dramatist's Workshop

The secrets of the dramatist's workshop seldom reach the public ear, yet some of them would make highly interesting reading. The road which a play travels, from the time the manuscript is first typed to the moment when the curtain rises on the premiere, is a troubled one, with both comedy and tragedy, disappointments, vexations, and totally unlooked for changes plentifully sprinkled along the thorny way. During the preliminary negotiations between playwright and manager, it frequently happens that the complications are more numerous, and the situations more harrowing and tense, than any to be found in the play itself. Under the above heading will be told from time to time piquant anecdotes, giving some idea of the tribulations which plays undergo before they finally reach the footlights

THAT David Belasco practically rewrites everyone of his plays, after he begins rehearsing them, is well known, the knowledge being based upon his candid admission. They do not take workable form in his mind until they have been acted. Indeed, this dramatist-manager himself acts every line before he pens it.

Loose, haphazard notes spearing the thought as it flies, Mr. Belasco saves in a heterogeneous mass which, from lack of assortment, he often throws into the waste-basket, desperately determining to rely upon memory and present impressions, and in this he is fairly safe, for a playwright is an intense impressionist. How intense one may best judge by the intensity of the impression he makes upon his audience! Behind the locked doors of his secret studio the real work of his playwriting begins. Hard work it is for the two stenographers, who are locked in with him, in what he confesses is for the time a mad cell. Is he depicting a love scene? He flings himself upon his knees before, and utters impassioned declarations to, an unresponsive office chair. Is he conducting a heated argument with the villain? The table becomes the villain, and is liable to be flung to the floor with such force as to be splintered. And the stenographers must enter into the task with as much seriousness as the playwright himself. Woe unto them if any signs of levity appear upon their faces. Theirs not to smile nor see aught but inspiration in the strange acts of the master. Theirs to take down his words as rapidly as they fall from his lips. Like hard-driven horses the stenographers work in relays. Also, they work in pairs, for one acts as a check of inaccuracy upon the other. When the dictation rehearsal is over—and it isn't over until Mr. Belasco himself is exhausted—they compare notes, and between them draw out of the torrent of dictation some flotsam of permanency.

Eugene Walter's intermittent methods, which disheartened friends often term "Gene's spasms," are likewise well known. Of current report, and never denied, is the story of how the third act of "Paid in Full" was perforce written. Mr. Walter had written two acts of the domestic drama, and an impatient manager was verging on nervous prostration, for the third act was still in a nebulous state in the mind of the dramatist. In desperation one morning the manager made his last demand that "Gene"

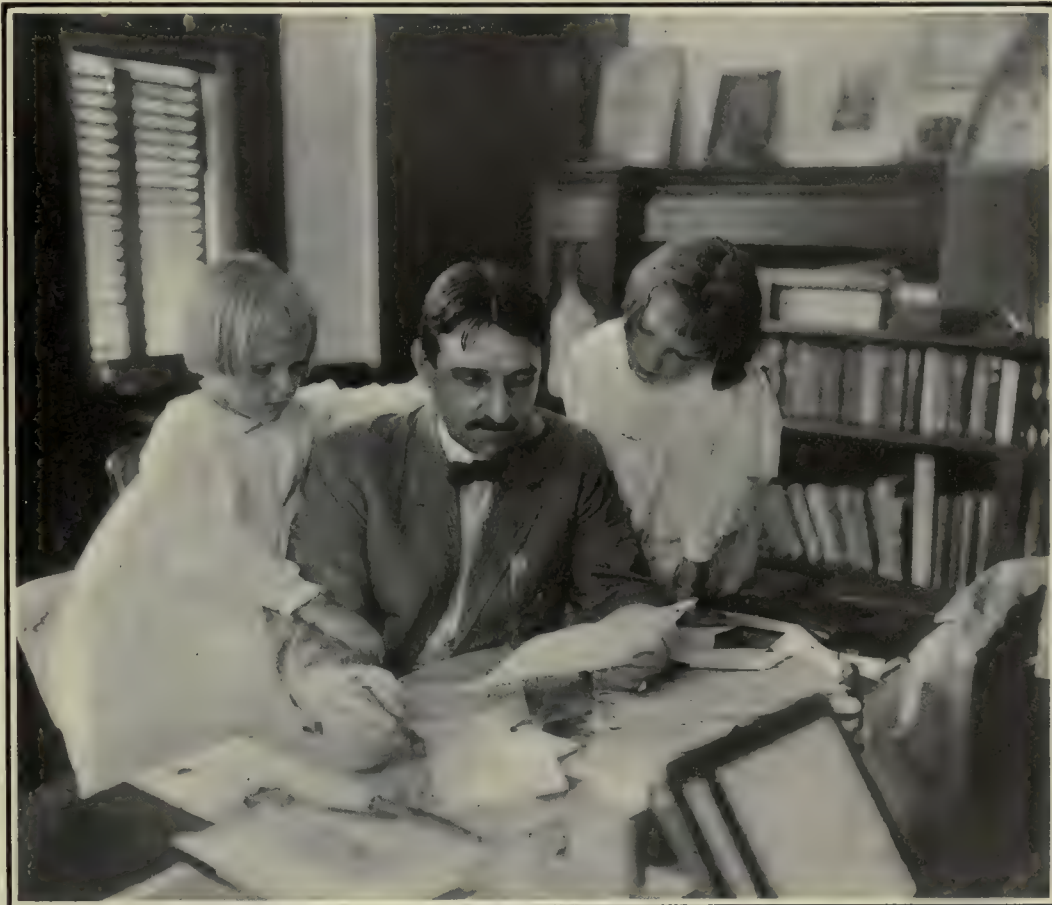
get to work on the third act. In vain. "Gene" didn't feel like writing that day. He hadn't quite made up his mind about the act, at any rate. Whereat the manager seized the procrastinator and thrust him into one of the outbuildings of the Long Island farm, locked the door and pocketed the key.

"There," he said, with friendly expletive, "write that third act!" It was finished that evening, and at twilight the prisoner was released.

"Liberty Belles," one of Harry B. Smith's most popular successes, was written in three weeks. Mr. Smith attacks his

librettos and lyrics much as a business man does his day's work in the office. He sits down before his typewriter, with his file envelope of notes on that work before him, and writes as long as it is necessary to finish his play by the acquired time. It may be five hours, or it may be sixteen, reminiscent of the old newspaper days in Chicago when Mr. Smith worked two-thirds of every day.

Edwin Milton Royle, author of "The Squawman," etc., is always at work from breakfast to luncheon. The four hours a day are inviolate. His two adored

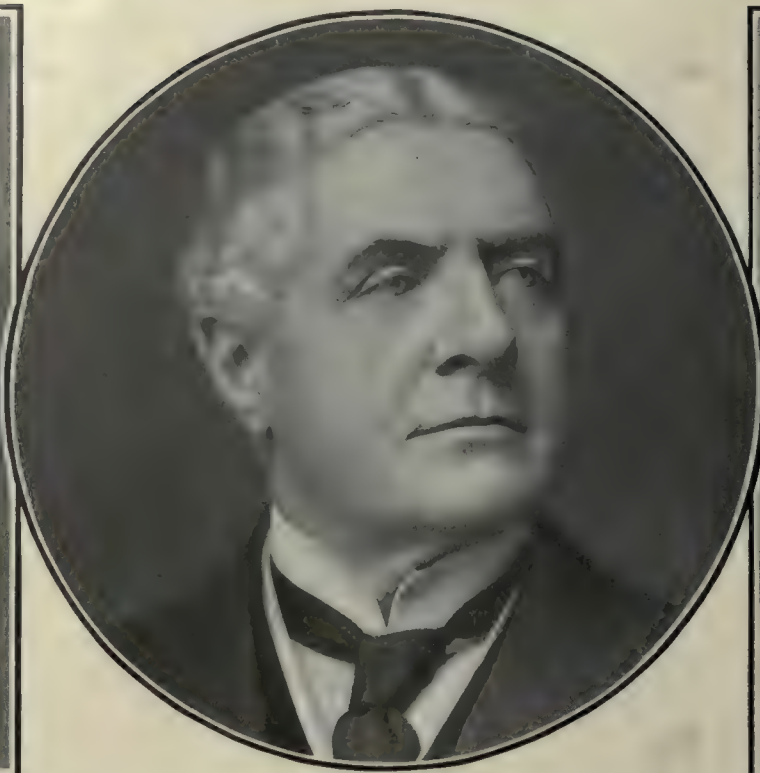


EDWIN MILTON ROYLE AND HIS TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

little daughters, Josephine and Selena II, never enter the studio from nine to one, though both stand at the closed portal for five minutes before one, and when they hear the punctual turning of the key in the lock, they dash into the study, and the dramatist celebrates his release from his working day by a romp with the little ones. "The Squawman" met with many vicissitudes before it saw the footlights. The thought of the play came to Mr. Royle one sleepless night. More than twenty years before, when he was a boy, he had been a guest on the Uintah reservation in the eastern boundary of Utah. He saw Indian life in the rough, and doubtless those impressions remained. Something had awakened those sleeping impressions, and the problem of what a young man, thrown among such surroundings, might do, and how he would become a squawman, possessed him. He saw the long road down which the events of his life would travel. He wept over his sorrows. In the morning he told his wife of the play he had thought out during the night. Then "The Squawman" received its first nipping of frost. His wife (Selena Fetter) said: "Your success has always been in comedy. I would stick to that and leave such sad things alone." Soon afterward N. C. Goodwin



Fenley  
LOUISE VALE  
Seen recently in this city as leading woman  
of the Vale Stock Company



Sykes  
CHARLES STEVENSON  
Now appearing as James Darwin in "The Gamblers" at Maxine  
Elliott's Theatre



Bangs  
IVA BARBOUR  
Seen as Germaine in "Alma, Where Do You  
Live?" at Weber's Theatre

was appearing in Mr. Royle's play, "My Wife's Husbands." He disliked being identified with farce, and asked the author if he had not something serious for a curtain raiser. He told him of "The Squawman," and went to work upon it. While he was at the Lambs Club one day, someone asked him if he hadn't something that could be used for the next Gambol. He said he had nothing except an Indian sketch. They insisted upon seeing it, and it was produced. Despite a number of adverse circumstances there seemed to be something in the play that "got over." Having a sense of this something in the playlet, Mr. Royle expanded it into a play. Then followed a series of merciful escapades for "The Squawman." Several times it was nearly chosen by the wrong management or the wrong star. At last it was given a production with a star who was ideal for it. It ran for four years in this country, and is still running in London. "My Wife's Husbands," says Mr. Royle, "had an even rougher road. It was three times killed and buried, and three times resurrected before it reached success. First it was produced at the Madison Square Theatre, my wife and I playing the principal rôles. Mrs. Royle made a great personal success in it. I wasn't so bad in it myself, the critics and my friends were kind enough to say. But it was produced early in the season with an untimely summer heat oppressing the city. The management of the house gave us four weeks, and we had to make room for another attraction already booked. 'Take it on the road and bring it back later,' the management advised.

'Not with a record of only four weeks in New York. I would rather close,' I said. Mr. Goodwin had seen the production and liked it, and when his season in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' ended prematurely, he arranged to produce it. In a few weeks he closed it. That was the second burial. The third, a slower interment, occurred in stock. The first year a play is in stock one gets good royalties, but the scale is a swiftly descending one, and the royalties grow beautifully less. 'My Wife's

Husbands' got into stock, and I believed I was taking a final fond farewell of it. But D. V. Arthur had seen it, and needing a vehicle for his wife, he asked me to turn it into a musical comedy. I did so, and for two years Miss Cahill played very successfully in it under the title, 'Marrying Mary.' My wife, who is a just critic, says my greatest fault as a playwright is in putting enough material for three or four plays into one. I am paying the penalty of that fault just now, for a manager liked the third act of 'These Are My People' so well that he asked that it be taken out and a new play written around it. There is still enough drama left in 'These Are My People,' we think, and I am nursing it back into health since I performed the major operation of removing its third act."

Sometimes a new story about an old play is better worth telling than some things of more recent occurrence. Like wines in old bottles, it gains flavor by letting the cobwebs settle upon it. A few years ago there was produced a play called "Hearts-



THREE GENERATIONS OF DENMAN THOMPSON  
Denman Thompson is now a grandfather. His grandchild, by name Denman Thompson II., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Thompson, and he was born way up in Swansea, New Hampshire, the scene of Denman Thompson's famous play, "The Old Homestead." Denman Thompson is seventy-seven years old and this is his twenty-fifth year playing consecutively the rôle of Joshua Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead"



White

EMMY WEHLEN AND C. MORTON HORNE IN "MARRIAGE A LA CARTE" AT THE CASINO THEATRE

ease," by Joseph I. C. Clarke and Charles Klein. It was a play adapted or worked over from the German. These co-authors prepared a *scenario*, and submitted it to Henry Miller. The actor liked the idea, and gave an order to write the play, and paid some money down. After several months' work the manuscript was completed, and an appointment made with Mr. Miller at the Players' Club to come there and read the play. It was read, and the actor declared the whole scheme ridiculous and absurd, and told the two authors to take their play anywhere they chose. They were free to dispose of it if they cared. The collaborators were bitterly disappointed. The manuscript was handed about in the usual manner, knocked about from pillar to post until it was taken by Mr. Clarke to the late A. M. Palmer. Now, if ever there lived a procrastinator in reading plays, it was Mr. Palmer. Manuscripts were to be found under his stenographer's feet or serving her as a cushion. It happened about that same time that the late Creston Clarke, actor and dramatist, had also sent Mr. Palmer a manuscript; in fact, it had been there for years, and although Creston Clarke had written and rewritten about it, he failed utterly to receive any reply. Finally, then, Creston Clarke wrote to Mr. Palmer that unless his manuscript was returned to him at once—he did not care whether it was read or not—he would employ a lawyer to recover his property. Upon the same day that this letter was received from Creston Clarke, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke called upon Mr. Palmer to inquire about "Heartsease," and was put off by the dilatory Palmer with his usual stone-wall politeness.

As he was clearing up his correspondence a few days later, the manager came across Creston Clarke's letter of threats of replevin. Mr. Palmer at once conceived a violent desire to read the Creston Clarke play, and therefore at once instructed his secretary to put Mr. Clarke's manuscript in his bag, and he would take it out to Stamford, where he was then living, and read it. Now the secretary had seen and overheard J. I. C. Clarke in the office asking about the Clarke-Klein play, and presuming this was the manuscript meant, he dug up "Heartsease" from its hiding place and put it in Mr. Palmer's grip. Naturally, upon taking up the manuscript, the manager dis-



Sarony

RUTH MAYCLIFFE

Now appearing as Margaret Leffingwell in "The Fascinating Widow," shortly to be seen in New York

covered the comical but perfectly natural error made by his secretary, but as he had his mind attuned to read somebody's or anybody's play, he sat cheerfully down to read "Heartsease." The further he read the better he liked it, so that upon his return to town he sent for J. I. C. Clarke, and said to him: "I did intend taking home Creston Clarke's manuscript, but now I've read your d— play, what do you want for it?"

Terms were quickly agreed upon for "Heartsease," and Creston Clarke's manuscript was returned to him unread. Upon Mr. Palmer announcing the forthcoming production of "Heartsease" at the Great Northern Theatre, Chicago, an awful howl went up from Mr. Miller, who declared that Clarke and Klein had disposed of his play without his consent, and he, too, threatened all sorts of dire legal doings. This, mind you, after having dismissed the play as impossible. But finally diplomacy prevailed, and Mr. Palmer engaged Mr. Miller to create the leading part. Rehearsals were held under that actor's able direction, and the company proceeded to Chicago to open the new theatre. Upon arriving there, they found everything in a state of chaos. Even the auditorium seats were not in place for the opening night. Finally these were screwed down when, horror of horrors! at half-past seven o'clock in the evening it was discovered that there was not a stick of furniture nor a rug in the theatre with which to dress the stage. It looked like a sure postponement. Here the house manager, extraordinary as it may seem, had a brilliant idea. He knew a furniture house and, after securing a van from a nearby livery stable, the whole party, managers, authors and star, proceeded in the van to interview the night watchman, for he was their only hope. The watchman proved obstinate, and not until the proprietor himself was communicated with, would he open the store door, whereupon they helped themselves to whatever they needed, and in two vanloads secured enough stuff to furnish the stage. At first the piece did not make good. It seemed old-fashioned, and the story and incidents hardly modern. Then the happy idea was conceived of making it a costume play, and in that dress it was produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, and met with substantial success.

EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



Photo Giletta, Nice

THE CASINO OF MONTE CARLO

MONTE CARLO, January 20, 1911.

THE Monte Carlo opera season has become one of the important European events of the artistic year. The brilliancy of its productions in which the greatest artists take part, the magnificence of its scenery, the excellence of its repertory, all contribute to make of the celebrated lyric theatre at Monte Carlo a truly unique institution.

Hence, the season's program is always awaited with impatience. Among those who have added to their reputations here, unless I am much mistaken, are such artists as Caruso, Tamagno, Chaliapine, Renaud, Sembrich, Cavalieri, Farrar, and *tutte quanti*.

Marthe Regnier, the charming Parisian actress, will make her début as a singer in a few days. She is at the height of her dramatic career, and this change with all the risk it implies is, therefore, all the more credit to her.

mimicked the part of Phryne in Ganne's pantomime, no one could have foreseen that one day they would both sing in opera.

Did not Jeanne Granier, before becoming an exquisite actress, play with great dash in operetta? Marthe Regnier, the actress, will become a singer, and will make her début in "La Vie de Bohème." It is interesting to note these many evolutions, for because of the great risks therein it proves that artistic ideals are held high above the question of money.

Among the artists with world-wide reputations who will this season appear at Monte Carlo, I may mention Mlle. Lucienne Bréval, the peerless singer; Mme. Felia Litvinne, the superb interpreter of Wagnerian rôles; Lucy Arbell, a highly appreciated contralto. Then the chief among the men are Chaliapine, Titta, Ruffo, Rousselière, and Delmas. As to répertoire, the most important production of the year will be Saint-Saëns'

Truly, everything is possible in theatrical affairs. When Cavalieri sang, or rather declaimed, those little Neapolitan songs at the Folies-Bergères some fifteen years ago, when on the same stage the lamented Margyll

masterly work "Déjanire." Among the already known operas are Mozart's "Les Noces de Figaro," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," the revival of Massenet's "Don Quichotte." Reyer's "Salambo." Puccini's "La Vie de



Photo Bert Mlle. MARTHE REGNIER  
Singer and Comedian



Photo Bert CHALIAPINE AS IVAN THE TERRIBLE



Photo Felix Mlle. LUCIENNE BREVAL  
Opera Comique



Photo Boissonnas and Taponier

Mlle. ARLETTE DORGÈRE. THEATRE MICHEL.  
Large hat of black crin. The under brim is of pink silk, veiled with mousseline of the same shade and partly faced with black velvet. It is trimmed with drooping willow plumes of pink and black.  
Creation of Mme. Lenthéric

Bohème," and "La Tosca," Boito's "Mefistophele," and M. Raoul Gunsbourg's "Ivan le Terrible," an opera which I saw at Brussels in the month of November, and of which the music is as terrible as the title.

Much as I admire M. Gunsbourg as an impresario and stage director, to just such a degree do I care little for his talent as a composer.

The director of the Casino, faithful to his admirably successful administration of past seasons, and which consists in enlarging year by year an edifice already large, has just opened a series of rooms reserved for the select public who frequent the principality of Monaco. Contrary to the usual custom, the entrée to these rooms is by subscription. Thus visitors who desire more exclusive surroundings than the public rooms may find protection from the jostlings of the general crowd, and gain the freedom and intimacy of family surroundings.

Thus M. Camille Blanc, the clever president of the Casino, has again proved that tact is one of his dominant characteristics.

Monte Carlo, and the other winter resorts of the Cote d'Azur, are full of life and gaiety.

The Casino at Cannes, as well as the different hotels under the skilled management of M. H. Kuhl, are filled with guests, and that can well be understood when it is recalled that M. Ruhl is also the manager of the Carlton at Paris, the Grand Condé at Chantilly, and of the Grand Hotel at Cabourg.

All the prettiest and smartest women at Nice and Monte Carlo make a rendezvous of Madame Lenthéric's luxurious salons at Nice, where the latest creations of that well-known milliner excite their admiration.

PARIS, January 23.

Since I have named Mlle. Lucy Arbelle as a member of the opera company at Monte Carlo, let me say two words of the heroine of Massenet's opera, "Don Quichotte," which was first produced at the Gaiété-Lyrique. This beautiful artist made her début at the opera as Delila, then

last year at Monte Carlo sang successively in "Aïda" and "Thérèse." Her interpretation of the rôle of Persephone in "Ariane" was a great revelation. Murmurs of admiration greeted the first appearance of this statuesque singer, and warm was the applause for the noble art with which she interpreted the part. As Dulcinée in "Don Quichotte" she acted with great charm. Her warm and vibrant contralto voice, reaching into the soprano notes, moved with ease in the most brilliant passages. She, furthermore, added to her triumph by



Photo Reutlinger

Mlle. LUCY ARBELL AS DULCINEE IN "DON QUICHOTTE"

the wonderful way she accompanied herself on a guitar in one song.

Nevertheless, I doubt if the career of "Don Quichotte" will be of long duration. There are two fundamental reasons for that opinion. In the first place, the libretto is absolutely falsified. It has nothing whatever in common with the adventures of the illustrious Chevalier de la Manche, Cervantes' splendid creation. The author of the libretto, because of the necessities of the subject, that is to say, that the composer Massenet might be inspired by a heroine suited to his musical temperament, transformed Cervantes' village maiden, Dulcinea, into a courtesan of the town.

This makes such a decided difference that Miguel Cervantes' tale has been completely obliterated. The remainder of the intrigue is in keeping with this transformation. On this mutilated libretto Massenet has given us a score unworthy of him.

Except that from time to time there are a few *leit-motiv* of known scores, one continually asks one's self if this can be the same genius who wrote two such exquisite operas as "Werther" and "Manon."

The score of "Don Quichotte" contains pages of such pronounced triviality that it is incomprehensible how they could have been written by Massenet. He is too much of a musician, he has too fine an appreciation of his art to have thought for one moment that they were good. Better than any one else he knows that they are bad. If it is to please the public taste that he has written them, what an opinion he must have of the public! And what an opinion of himself, who, to please the public, has written such things!

Since "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," M. Massenet has given us only such operas as "Thérèse," "Bacchus," and "Cherubin," all operas of the third class.

It is profoundly sad that the splendid musician who conceived "Werther," "Manon," "Herodiade," "Thais," and "Le Cid," those five marvels of contemporary musical art, has so greatly deceived himself by showing such a pitiable contrast to them in his later works.

M. Massenet, like so many other great men, has not taken into account the fact that nothing here below is eternal. Above all is this true of musical inspiration, and the Muse by whom he was once so petted, has this time played out of tune. M. Massenet has arrived at the crossroads, where it would be wise for him to choose the road to repose.

Now let us talk of the famous repre-



Photo Felix

Mlle. MONNA DELZA OF THE GYMNASE  
Creation Béchoff-David





Photo Aglé

A FASHION SALON IN PAQUIN'S

Eggimann, Publisher

sensation of "Macbeth," given at the Opera-Comique with the splendid setting of which only that magician, M. Albert Carré, is capable.

The music of M. Bloch, the composer of "Macbeth," has the defect of being entirely impersonal. Then the subject does not lend itself readily to music. It is true that more than one composer has judged the test not insurmountable. In the annals of music are to be found a "Macbeth" by Lock, which was presented in London in the year 1672; another by André at Berlin in 1780; a third by Reichart at Munich in 1795; a fourth by Chélaré at Paris in 1827, and that of Verdi in 1847.

To come back to M. Bloch, I must avow that this young musician has the gift of memory. He has what the late Aurelien Scholl, the famous Parisian journalist, maliciously called "the cleverness . . . of others."

In truth the score of "Macbeth" is an eclectic composition of Wagner, Claude Debussy, Massenet, and Paul Dukas, and reminds me of the famous Russian salad which Alexandre Dumas, fils, described in one of his stories, a salad which contained so many ingredients that the greatest gourmet could not have found out what it was made of.

Then, too, M. Bloch's music is cold, it does not correspond in any way with the poignant situation of the libretto derived from Shakespeare's drama. One feels that truly this composer is a Genevois, and, while a conscientious and upright worker, is influenced by the snowy summits of Mont Blanc. His music has not even the reaction and glow which the human body receives from contact with ice.



Photo Femina

MR. DOEUILLET, THE FAMOUS FRENCH COUTURIER

Switzerland is generally a poor nurse to Art. It is the golden country of funiculars, hotels and condensed milk. For besides the Holbein in the museum at Bale—and I know full well that Holbein was a German—the surroundings necessary for artistic development are totally lacking.

Speaking of art, after fifteen years I have been studying once more the collection of paintings which the philanthropist Chauchard willed to the Louvre Museum. Neither the flight of years nor the change of surroundings has changed my opinion of that beautiful Barbizon School, of which Corot and Millet were the stars of first magnitude. Yet Millet's famous canvas, "L'Angelus," seems to have suffered much from its peregrinations to the United States and other places, and does not produce so deep an impression, as, from my remembrance of it, I had thought it would. It seems to have grown darker, and to be perfectly frank, I believe that this well-known canvas has been touched up in certain parts.

On the contrary, "La Bergère" by the same painter, is a marvel. An indescribable amalgam of ruggedness and grace characterizes this canvas on which the marks of time seem to have left no imprint.

Meissonier, who once was so highly regarded, loses something of his old prestige now that one can calmly analyze his work. His painting, done with the aid of a magnifying glass, now creates little impression on the observer. His "1807," now in your Metropolitan Museum, and which represents most accurately the battle of Friedland, is an example of that fastidious precision in execution which did not overlook a single button on the tunics, a single link of the curb-chains, which is certainly abnormal in such a frenzied gallop of horsemen rushing into conflict with the Russian battalions.

His "1814" in the Chauchard collection, on the contrary, shows Napoleon first, followed by his generals, riding across the snows in a silence eloquent of responsibilities and anxieties. This without a doubt is a true work of art. It is the greatest of Meissonier's works, that in which all his abilities are summed up.

What can I say of Corot, unless it is that he is the painter-poet beyond compare, the Alfred de Musset or the Lord Byron of painting, with this difference, that he has all the poetry of these two writers, but that he has banished from his painting every melancholic note. His is a simple

soul, happy to live, to see live, and to let live; he is in one word the painter of optimism.

The "Chevriers des Iles Borromées" is, among the dozen Corots in the Chauchard collection, the one which impresses me the most. This canvas alone is sufficient to hold the observer a long time in a pleasant dream. It is one of the most ethereal evocations that has ever been conceived and realized on a square of canvas by any painter! Space is lacking to tell at greater length of this admirable collection, which with the Thomy-Thierry collection, makes it possible for the Louvre to pride itself upon possessing the finest specimens of that incomparable school of landscape painters, the school of 1830.

This new and magnificent legacy to the Louvre has the double advantage of giving the admirers of pictures the opportunity of studying and appreciating their beauties, and of comparing that group of great landscape painters, all men upright and conscientious in their art, with that other group, the Modern School, improperly called the impressionist school.

The public with its habitual good sense can now wisely judge the subject, and its verdict is even now known. It is the death warrant, the death blow to the Modern School, and of those self-styled impressionists.

Now to theatrical criticism. The National Academy of Music, called the opera, has just produced a lyric drama, "Le Mir-



Photo Bert

MR. ALDERS IN "MACBETH"  
Opera Comique



Photo Felix

MLLE. BAREILLY OF THE ATHENEE  
Creation Doeuillet

acle," the music of which is by M. Georges Hüe. I will not undertake to tell in detail all its interesting contents, all its fine qualities. The score is characterized by sincerity and clearness of style. I limit myself to saying that the composer has the right to be satisfied with his work. That the audience was more than satisfied was shown by its hearty applause. Mlle. Chenal is an interpreter far above the average, who by her voice, her talent and her beauty increased the interest in the rôle of Alix, the courtesan, who is the heroine of this drama.

For a Parisian, or rather I should say for a boulevardier, there is nothing easier than to distinguish the origin of a toilette. The first night "Le Miracle" was given at the opera, it was easy for me, even with an opera glass, to name every one. Whether it is a question of one of Doeuillet's or of Paquin's creations the decision is a simple matter. There are a dozen dressmakers in Paris who have an individual touch. What to the stranger might be a riddle is no more than child's play to the eye attuned to the latest creations. The genuine creator of fashion, as well as the painter and the sculptor, has his personal characteristics, which are the results of temperament. Since it is true that in all branches of art there must be technique, it is no less true that once acquired it is temperament which gives the finishing touch to technique, thus making a homogeneous and characteristic whole. It is the same with women's hats. One of Madame Lenthéric's creations is at once known by its simplicity. Nothing is more common than the making of eccentric hats, even those big baskets that are like so many screens made to hide the face. But a chapeau de style, with its soft colors, ornamented moderately with an appropriate plume or a well placed knot, harmonizes most happily with a pretty face.

In another letter, so soon as the *reunions sportives* are in full swing, I shall endeavor to demonstrate this to you by pictorial comparisons.

A prophecy, which at the moment when the readers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE read these lines, will probably have become a reality, is the creation of a new feminine eccentricity, the *Jupe-Culotte*. What makes me fear the coming of this new heresy is the success of the costumes in "Nebuchodonosor," at the Théâtre des Arts, one of the numerous smaller theatres, of which there are legion in Paris. While these gowns remain purely theatrical costumes, their have their *raison d'être*, since they are only classic reproductions of the Chaldean era; but if the dressmaker tries to force them on fashion as "street gowns," he will commit a great esthetic blunder. We are no longer able to count the misdoings of certain dressmakers, but we can certainly have the right to deplore them.

PETRONIUS.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The above article is the third in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. A similar letter will appear in every issue of this magazine. "Petronius" is sparing neither time nor expense to show our fair subscribers the latest novelties of the leading dressmakers and modistes of Paris without being put to the inconvenience of leaving New York.



Photo Felix

MLLE. REGINA BADET, THEATRE ANTOINE  
Creation Paquin



Photo Bert

MLLE. CHENAL OF THE OPERA IN "THE  
MIRACLE"



Photo Boisso, Nas and Taponier

MLLE. ARLETTE DORGÈRE, THEATRE MICHEL  
Large hat of black velvet turned up in front and  
trimmed with an elaborate white aigrette  
Creation of Madame Lenthéric

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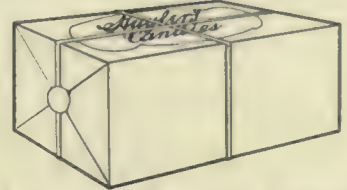
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## AT THE OPERA

(Continued from page 84)

has French, for both Maurice Renaud and Edmond Clement have given recitals at Carnegie Hall. Renaud's was not entirely ideal. One always remembers what a great opera artist he is and pouts when any of his achievements fall below his own high standard. In song recital he rather proves that he needs stage accessories as a background for his singing art. Even his wonderful diction seemed to suffer in the concert room—but for all that and all that, he is a very great artist.

With Clement it is different. His refined, finished art and his fine diction made his song recital extremely interesting. He succumbed to the prevailing screams for English and sang three songs in that language which were scarcely evidences of his artistry. But the rest of his program, in French, was one joy.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given its usual brace of concerts, packing Carnegie Hall to the doors and sending people away for lack of space. That must be a gratifying spectacle to Henry L. Higginson, founder of this famous orchestra, who fought so many years for the cause of this musical organization and who paid its annual deficit without a murmur. The orchestra, as usual, played faultlessly, and the soloist was Mischa Elman, that wonder of wonders of violin playing.

Marcella Sembrich, in an exquisitely arranged recital which she sang exquisitely, said farewell for several years. Her admirers were out in force and made this great artist sing a lot of encores, just to prove they loved her.

So they go—and they come, too, for Busoni has come back to us with that marvelous technique and that clear, calm thinking head of his, one of the ablest that ever graced a pianist's shoulders. He played two recitals—the first one in rather a disappointing way, but in the second he was in his element, playing Chopin in a wonderfully illuminating manner and Beethoven with the air of authority. He is a great pianist, is Busoni. There have been smaller recitals and concerts without number, but the exigencies of space command silence until next month.

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#### Caruso and Homer Heard in Aida

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In the March list of new Victor Records the great scene in Act IV of "Aida" between Amneris and Rhadames is given in complete form by Homer and Caruso, the two most famous exponents of these rôles, and the rendition of this dramatic scene is so wonderful that it must be heard to be appreciated. These two artists also sing superbly the great Azucena-Marrico duet from Act II of "Trovatore," and Caruso sings as a solo the favorite *Siciliana* from "Cavalleria Rusticana," with harp accompaniment, and his exquisite singing of the decrescendo passage at the close of the number is worthy of particular mention.

Rita Fornia, the brilliant young soprano, is now numbered among the Victor's famous opera singers, and her first records are two selections from rôles in which she has been especially successful at the Metropolitan; her fresh and youthful voice is admirably suited to the music of the *Flower Song* from "Faust," and the singing of the *Page Song* from "Romeo and Juliet." The charming *Habanera* from "Carmen," is finely rendered by that famous French contralto, Jeanne Gerville-Reache. An unusually interesting record is one made by a captive nightingale in Germany, and after hearing this loveliest of warblers it must be said that the results obtained were well worth the elaborate and long continued efforts which were undoubtedly necessary to produce such a remarkable piece of recording.



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**Plays of the Month**

(Continued from page 74)

cating speeches just the nice touch of naivete that brought conviction and effect. The Faun is one of the best characterizations this painstaking and earnest actor has yet presented. Miss Julie Opp as a suffragette overcame the affections that marred her first act and played the remaining scenes with sincerity and theatric judgment. The youthful lovers were neatly portrayed and the older lovers capitably delineated by Albert Gran and Nina Herbert.

ASTOR. "THE BOSS." Play in four acts by Edward Sheldon. Produced January 30 with this cast:

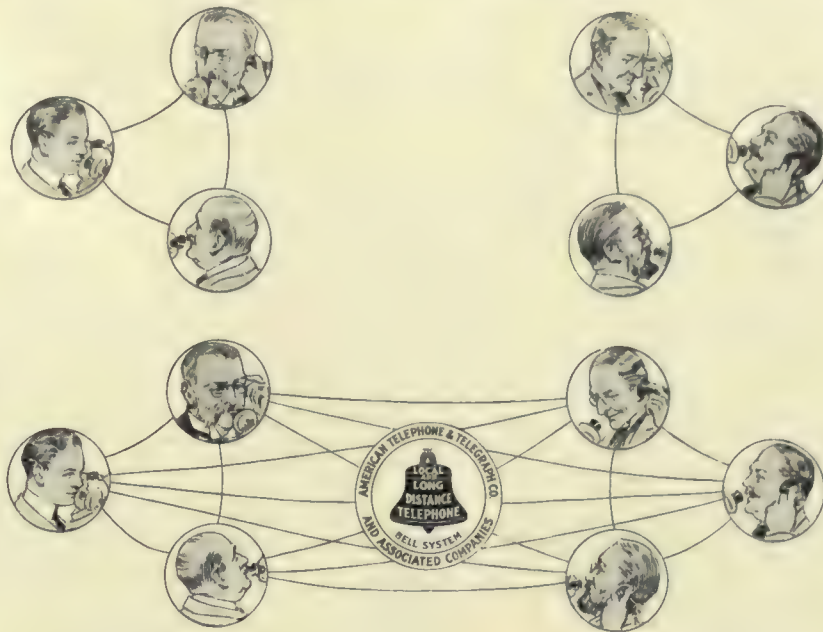
James D. Griswold, Henry Weaver; Donald Griswold, Howard Estabrook; Emily Griswold, Emily Stevens; Mitchell, Henry Sargent; Lawrence Duncan, Kenneth Hill; Michael R. Regan, Holbrook Blinn; Davis, J. Hammond Dailey; Mrs. Cuyler, Ruth Benson; Gates, John M. Troughton; "Porky" McCoy, H. A. LaMotte; Scanlan, Wilmer Dame; Archbishop Sullivan, Frank Sheridan; A French Maid, Rose Wincott; A Parlor Maid, Miss Celia; Lieutenant of Police, Frank Julian; A Police Officer, James MacDonald; Another Police Officer, H. G. Weir.

All men who understand the science or the common sense of the conduct of life refuse to cherish private animosities. One can withdraw from contact with him who inspires a feeling that is base if it leads to no useful results. He may indeed slay the man by thrusting him from his mind as non-existent. This process of annihilation is easy enough. But when a man is a public character, in office directly or indirectly, using every means in his power, resourceful and able, to fight us with the money that he is stealing from us, it is the duty of every citizen to hate him vigorously, unceasingly, without compromise and effectually. One who does not hate a boss in our political or economical life is not worthy of being a citizen of these United States, founded on Idealism, holding to it for more than a century as a natural law of our being, and now reduced to the position of having to fight for it and to hope for what is to be, confident that public honesty and decency is in the end unquenchable. One who does not hate a boss, who makes any compromises with him, is not an honest man.

The Boss in the play of that name at the Astor Theatre, by Mr. Edward Sheldon, is a masterly reproduction of the infamous character. He asks us to regard him as an amiable person, as a hero in all circumstances. This Boss starts in life as a barkeeper, becomes a modern business man, a term that is rapidly getting to be the designation of a thief, gains control of the grain trade in a lake port in the eastern part of the State of New York, "does" his underpaid laborers as well as his competitors, and finally forces the business situation to such an acute point that he is called in to a conference by a merchant, with his son, who will be ruined if they cannot come to an understanding with him. He goes to the conference, sure of his advantages and with an air of self-possession that is emphasized by a huge cigar which accompanies him, lit or unlit, throughout the action of the play. He had casually met or seen the daughter of the house at her work among the poor of his ward. She is deeply interested in her charities. After convincing his competitors that he can bring them to ruin he offers a compromise. He will give them control of the business to conduct honestly, remarking that possibly they might make it profitable, on condition that he is permitted to marry the daughter. The daughter overhears some of the discussion, and for the sake of her poor, as well as to save her father, she agrees to marry the Boss. But she tells him that it will be "in name only." Much of the succeeding action is based on the fact that this compact is carried out. We are sure that Mr. Sheldon has been misinformed as to what really did happen. Ohnet's Ironmaster might have lived up to such a pact, for he was a gentleman. We do not deny for a moment Mr. Sheldon's ability; but we do deplore his insincerity and his sacrifice of the ethical to dramatic purposes. The end gained is only temporary. His plays can never become permanent so long as they lack the note of sincerity and purpose.

The Boss is a stormy character, using picturesque slang. He is a man of ability and brawn. Here are a few of the incidents that happen in the well appointed library at his home: His wife's father and brother had not kept their contract and were stirring up discontent among his laborers, the brother visits his sister to induce her to work against her husband, and the Boss is on the point of killing him; a strike leader visits him, a half-starved creature, and the Boss

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knocks him down with a powerful swing on the jaw; the Archbishop (it will be observed that Mr. Sheldon raises everything to the highest power in his fixed tendency to what he holds to be dramatic) visits him in behalf of the strikers. They were boys together at school, and they talk together chummily about their old exploits in fighting and in their own personal combats, the interview ending with the Boss's threat to knock "the block" off the Bishop. A mob attacks the house and break in the windows with stones. The Boss is arrested (but not before showing fight) and sent to jail on the charge of complicity in attempted murder. He has every comfort in jail. The wife gets a pardon for the Boss, which leads to the more or less happy conclusion of the state of married truce between them.

The part that the wife plays in this drama is utterly impossible, and the mannerisms of Miss Emily Stevens only served to render the character more unsympathetic. The character of the Boss and Mr. Holbrook Blinn's acting of it were unimpeachably fine. Mr. Sheldon has been reared on the theory of climax. These climaxes get to be tedious and too obvious. It is an easy method of writing in which everything is subordinated to climaxes. He has skill. He has a career before him. May he use it for good and not for evil.

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## NEW THEATRE. "NOBODY'S DAUGHTER."

Drama in four acts by George Paston. Produced February 13 with this cast:

Mr. Frampton, A. E. Anson; Mrs. Frampton, Theresa Maxwell-Conover; Col. Torrens, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Torrens, Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh; Tony, Master George Clarke; Honora May, Pamela Gaythorne; Christine Grant, Helen Reimer; Teresa Holyrod, Olive Wyndham; Sir Jasper Marchmont, William Raymond; Will Lennard, Frank Gillmore; Jane, Mary Doyle.

No theme on the stage has been more unprofitable than that of illegitimacy of birth. It has been essayed again and again, at times by dramatists of great distinction, without distinct success. It would seem to be a hopeless subject, for it involves a problem of a most difficult nature. But here is a play, "Nobody's Daughter," which escapes the morbid, avoids philosophical discussion, and reduces its problems to a dramatic and personal basis in no unnecessary way. The unnecessary play, it matters not what its intent is, is a nuisance. The New Theatre has made no mistake in adopting this play, which has been approved for its qualities by a long run in London. The dramatist (Miss Symonds, writing under the assumed name of George Paston) has centred the interest in a charming girl, delightfully innocent in a real rural way, who is ignorant of the illegitimacy of her birth and is not touched by any sense of wrong. This treatment makes the play possible. The girl wins us before we can refuse to admit her to our conventional hearts. She has lived all her life with an old nurse, whom she knows as her mother, believing her father to be dead. Her real parents, eminently respectable people, live in the neighborhood. They had committed their fault in early youth, been separated without marriage, and have families. She, the wife of another, he, the husband of a loving wife. The mother wishes to have the girl emerge from her simple life and marry in her "proper" station; she visits her daughter and finds that she is in love with a young mechanic of the neighborhood. It is finally arranged that the girl shall live with Mrs. Frampton, who is really her mother, for six months, to be free after that time to choose her own life. It is an experimental adoption. She is fitted out with gowns and all the attire suitable to her new surroundings. She is not unhappy, but she does not forget her simple lover, in spite of the effort to divert her to another choice. Mr. Frampton becomes suspicious of the parentage of the protégée in a general way, and follows up misleading information which Col. Torrens, the father of the girl, gives him, with the result that when the old Scotch nurse appears on a visit to her supposed daughter, the issue is made, and we have a succession of situations and scenes. In the playing, a few of the minor members of the cast, are to be held in grateful remembrance. Miss Pamela Gaythorne, as Honora May, the "unfortunate" and yet thrice happy girl, all innocence, all sweetness and simplicity, is newly come from England and is welcome. Mr. Frank Gillmore, as the mechanic, her lover, was the physical and spiritual type needed, artistic too, and all that was required.

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**THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE**

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Mr. E. A. Anson, as Frampton, was good; Mrs. Dellenbaugh, as Mrs. Torrens, fine, and Helen Reimer, as the Scotch nurse, superb.

**HERALD SQUARE.** "THE PARADISE OF MAHOMET." Opera Bouffe in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith. From the French of Henri Blondeau. Music by Robert Planquette. Produced January 17 with this cast:

Babouch, Florence Kolb; Vaninka, Lillian Seville; Ali, Albert Crucelius; Hassan, Joseph Guthrie; Maboul, Harry MacDonough; Clarise, Maude Odell; Prince Cassim, George Leon Moore; First Friend, Harry Murphy; Second Friend, Robert Latsch; Bengaline, Grace Van Studdiford; Noah Vale, Robert G. Pitkin; Baskir, H. David Todd; Narestan, Charles Knapp; Nemea, Marta Spears; Zeline, Shirley King; Alphonse, Karl Stall.

For comic-operatic purposes long ago Turkey was partitioned among the Powers. The Sultan has been made to obey the baton of musical conductors and do his song and dance as well as the rest of them. The public has been admitted to the harem without formality and the favorites have delighted us in every possible manner. This insistence upon the Orient for our pleasure in idle moments is proper enough. We get away from a world of facts and figures and reach a land of dreams and nothingness. "The Paradise of Mahomet" goes back to Planquette for its music and to Blondeau for its book, although the book and the lyrics have been worked over with a muck-rake by the Smiths. Mr. Silvio Hein directs the music, having revised the original and interpolated new. The Sultan does not appear in this opera. A beautiful Turkish girl (Grace Van Studdiford) became a wife and a widow on the same day, her husband having left for the wars and being supposed to have been killed. A marriage broker has claims on her, but only wants her money. She is in love with Prince Cassim and finally gets him, after the marriage broker's discarded wife turns up. This more or less beautiful piffle fills out an evening of entertainment. The opera accomplishes its real purpose. It is staged with more than common taste and effective beauty. The scene of the Quay of Constantinople and the Oriental gardens of Prince Cassim are luxuries of splendor and color. Grace Van Studdiford has a voice of a higher order than is usually found in comic opera and sings with a technical excellence not often heard in the circumstances. The comedy is furnished by Harry MacDonough, Robert P. Pitkin and Maude Odell. Miss Odell's song, "You're So Different from the Rest," had to be repeated a number of times. Mr. George Leon Moore, as Prince Cassim, and Miss Bernice Mershon as the Gypsy girl, were among those who, with the assistance of an exceptionally youthful chorus, contributed to the entertainment.

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**HERALD SQUARE.** "THE BALKAN PRINCESS." Musical play in prologue and two acts. Music by Paul A. Rubens. Book by Frederick Lonsdale and Frank Curzon. Lyrics by Paul A. Rubens and Arthur Wimperis. Produced February 9 with this cast:

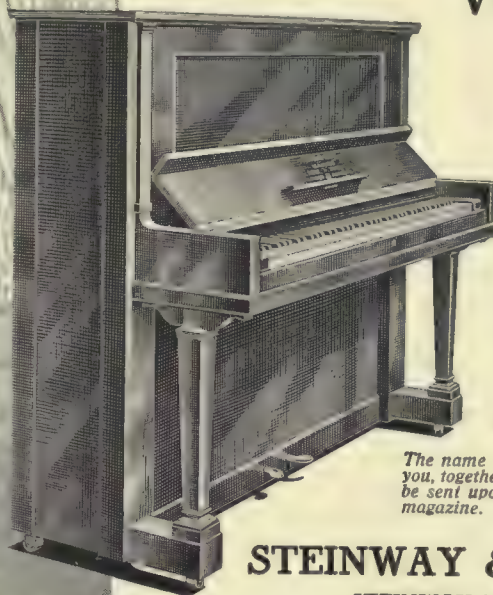
Grand Duke, Robert Warwick; Count Boethy, W. T. Carleton; Captain Radomsir, Kenneth Hunter; Lieutenant Varna, Fritz Macklyn; Max Hein, Percy Ames; Blatz, Teddy Webb; Lounger, Harold de Becker; Emil, Harry Lewellyn; Hermann, Fred Hudler; Henri, Herbert Corthell; Magda, May Boley; Olga, Marie Rose; Sofia, Vida Whitmore; Paula, Rose Firestone; Tessa, Bobby B. Nichols; Carmen, Carmen Romero; Margherita, Daisy James; Teresa, Peggy Merritt; Cashier, Sylvia Clark; Princess Stephanie, Louise Gunning; Five Nobles; Four Waitresses.

"The Balkan Princess" is distinctly more interesting than the customary inchoate musical play in that it has consistency and, where its episodic interpolations are introduced, they are at least definite. Thus, some very substantial amusement is afforded by Mr. Herbert Corthell as a restaurant waiter. His treatment of the customers, although at times preposterous, is genuine fun and has a spontaneity about it that is a relief from the conventionalities handed down from one comedian to the other. Louise Gunning as the Princess, has the kind of qualities and attractions that get over the footlights in a personal and intimate way. She is singing to you and not to the vague general public at large. The story is a simple one. The Princess rules over the mythical realm of Balaria, and is to select one of six grand dukes within the week or abdicate. One of the dukes refuses to come. This is the one who, after various misunderstandings, marries her. It is a real love affair, for she is willing to give up the throne for him, and he loves her all the more because of her unselfishness. The opera is remarkable for the potency of its love songs and some dances that

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accompany them which are very beautifully contrived. Miss Whitmore, a daintier person than Miss Gunning, with her fulness of physical attraction, gave a phase of love-making of an effective kind. Mr. Robert Warwick, as the recalcitrant duke, was the centre of the combined love interest and carried off the song, "Dear, Delightful Woman," finely. The evolutions of the double octet gave the song a veritable magnitude in color, animation and tunefulness. Altogether "The Balkan Princess" is the most satisfactory opera of its kind seen here recently.

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GAIETY. "EXCUSE ME." Farce in three acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced February 13 with this cast:

Harry Mallory, John Westley; Ira Lathrop, Scott Cooner; Rev. Walter Temple, John Findlay; Jimmie Wellington, James Lackaye; Arthur Fosdick, John Davidson; Roger Ashton, Harry Carter; Harold Wedgewood, Harry Kendall; The Porter, Willis Sweatman; The Conductor, Thomas H. Walsh; Lieut. Hudson, Alonzo Price; Lieut. Shaw, E. H. O'Connor; Mr. Baumann, Frank Manning; The Gambler, Alonzo Price; The Train Butcher, Frank Dee; First Highwayman, E. H. O'Connor; Second Highwayman, Alonzo Price; Rev. Charles Selby of Ogden, Frank Dee; Marjorie Newton, Anna Murdock; Kathleen Llewellyn, Rita Stanwood; Anne Gattle, Grace Fisher; Mrs. Walter Temple, Lottie Alter; Mrs. Fosdick, Ouida Bergere; Mrs. Jimmie Wellington, Isabel Richards; Mrs. Whitcomb, Margherita Sargent.

"Excuse Me" is an exceedingly amusing farce. We wish to congratulate Mr. Rupert Hughes, a writer of fine ability. "Excuse Me" has a slight plot, but it is a workable plot. Briefly, the story is that of a young Lochinvar, out of the west, a lieutenant in the army, who has to reach San Francisco in time to catch a transport to the Philippines, reaches the transcontinental train, with Marjorie, the girl he is eloping with, just as it is pulling out. Their taxicab had broken down, and their marriage by a minister had been prevented. They hoped to find a minister on the train, but inquiry reveals none. In point of fact, a minister and his wife, both of them tired of the dreariness of clerical life, have started out on a holiday trip, determined to have a time of it. At his wife's suggestion that he looks too ministerial, he tells her that he has taken care of that, and twists his black collar around, bringing to the front a flashy red scarf. Thus equipped he becomes quite gay. Another couple succeeds in getting a minister for themselves by telegraphing ahead, but by the time their ceremony is completed, he must leave the train, which he does at great speed in order to get off as the train starts, leaving his coat behind in the clutches of the lieutenant, who valiantly tries to detain him. In the closing act the train is held up by two bandits. After a realistic scene of holding up the passengers and during which the identity and presence of the minister is discovered, the Lieutenant jumps on the back of the bandit nearest him, and directing the outlaw's pistol on the other bandit, helps to secure their capture, and forces the minister-on-a-vacation, at the point of a pistol, to marry them. The young lieutenant is played by Mr. John Westley. He can be relied upon in anything that he undertakes. In emotional acting of the life we know, the natural and not the classic, he has astonishing powers. Marjorie was played by Miss Anne Murdock, and she pleased immensely, both as Ann and as Marjorie.

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GARRICK. "THE ZEBRA." Farce in three acts by Paul M. Potter. From the French of Nancey and Armont. Produced February 13 with this cast:

Com. Farragut Lee, A. Hamilton Revelle; Col. George De Peyster, Richie Ling; Lieut. Agincourt, Lawrence D'Orsay; Sludge, Alexander Clarke; Prof. Ferishah, Alfred Hudson, Sr.; Count de la Beauv, Reginald Mason; Bullinger, Ernest Cossart; Milliken, Henry Hall; Hicks, John Harrington; Bulbul, Adelaide Nowak; Ottima, Vera McCord; Kiki, Irene Fenwick; Blenda, Wilhelmina Lewis.

"The Zebra" is a farce from a French play of the same name. The Zebra is a balloon and the complications come from the fact that it remains sailing through the air an hour or two longer than expected. Two husbands, in order to get away to their pleasures in Paris, announce to their wives that they have arranged for an ascension with a celebrated aeronaut. They return home at the time the balloon was expected to descend, and they find from the newspapers that the Zebra is missing and has not been heard from. They realize that they must escape from the house at once, and being short of funds on account of the nature of the business they were engaged in at Paris, it is necessary to steal a roll of bills which had been put in the safe by the wife of

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one of them. Not being able to escape from the house, they take refuge on a balcony in the room which is used as a part of the library of the father-in-law, who is engaged in psychical research. After the discovery of the theft of the money detectives are placed around the house, and the two, then, are prisoners. The hobby of the father-in-law provides a number of scenes. He wishes for a certain book, and it descends on him from the balcony. A very comical character is played by Alexander Clarke, who professes to fall into trances at the will of the old man in his experiments with the psychic force. He gives a most cheerfully idiotic and indescribably amusing performance. The most pleasing personality in the farce is Irene Fenwick, a shop girl, who comes to deliver a new frock. She is compelled to remain over night, and on occasion appears in her nightgown. It is hardly necessary to give a detailed account of the happenings in such a slight farce devised only for amusement.

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**CRITERION.** "SIRE." Comedy in four acts by Henri Lavedan. Adapted by Louis N. Parker. Produced January 24 with this cast:

Denis Roulette, Otis Skinner; Abbé Remus, John Clulow; Doctor Cabot, A. G. Andrews; Darling, Charles B. Wells; Brossette, Edward Fielding; Vérougnoux, Arthur Row; Camus, Walter Scott; Lagratte, Arthur Hyman; Maître Létourneux, Thomas Kingsbury; a soldier, George Devereaux; Mademoiselle de Saint-Salvi, Mabel Bert; Léonie Bouquet, Izetta Jewel; Gertrude, Alice Gale; Madame Aurélie, Margaret Sayres.

It is a matter for regret when we find an actor of Otis Skinner's rank wasting his gifts on a play like "Sire." It is a pity to see his magnificent physique, his splendid, well trained voice, his exceptional charm of personality given to the service of such trivial stuff as this. For several seasons now Mr. Skinner has been seen in nothing but vagabond rôles. They have become, so to speak, a specialty with him. He seems to love best these rollicking, careless types, the easy swagger, the broad humor that raises loud guffaws, grandiloquent, bombastic speech. Beware, dear Otis Skinner, of the lines that tickle the ear! Your best friends regretfully see in you this tendency, and wish to see you resume your proper place either in Shakespearian repertoire or in serious modern drama.

"Sire" has to do with the Dauphin who, had he lived, would have been Louis XVII. Mlle. Saint-Salvi, an aristocratic, elderly spinster, is convinced that the Dauphin was not killed in the Temple, but is still living. Gradually it becomes the obsession of her life to meet again the Prince to whom as a girl she had given a certain flower. Fearing for her reason, her doctor and abbé induce Dennis Roulette, a strolling player, to impersonate the lost Dauphin. If this idea had been carried out in a serious vein the impression made by the play might have been different, but written and acted in the spirit of farce there was not the slightest illusion or interest.

**BROADWAY.** "THE HEN-PECKS." Musical play in two acts. Words by Glen MacDonough. Notes by A. Baldwin Sloane. Rhymes by E. Ray Goetz. Produced February 4 with this cast:

Silas, Sam Watson; Henoria Peck, Gertrude Quinlan; Henrietta Peck, Lillian Lee; Hiram, Joseph Keno; Dr. I. Stall, Bert Leslie; Henderson Peck, Stephen Maley; Verbena Peck, Edith Frost; Zowie, Vernon Castle; Pansy Marshmallow, Lillian Rice; Weenie Wistaria, Angie Weimars; Henry Peck, Lew Fields; Rufe, Frank Whitman; Henolia Peck, Ethel Johnson; Ayer Castle, Laurence Wheat; Henella Peck, Blossom Seeley; Montgomery Muggs, Fred Roberts; Launcelot Gaggas, Harry Pond; Ravioli, Joseph Kane; Mrs. Murgatoyd, Nan Brennan; Mlle. Twinkle Toes, Mazie King; Major Manley, Hazel Allen; Ermengarde, Dolly Filley; Casey Jones, Virgil Bennett.

It matters little in what Lew Fields appears. He is always a delight and while he is on the stage you are sure to get your money's worth. It cannot be said, however, that "The Hen-Pecks" shows this clever comedian at his funniest. The piece itself is little better than a vaudeville show and much of the humor is too obvious to be wholly enjoyable. The story has to do with a hayseed family, the head of which comes to New York to escape his wife who is a virago. She follows him, with what complications may be guessed. There is a shaving act in which Lew Fields plays the part of an eccentric barber, and a number of conventional songs which Gertrude Quinlan delivers with spirit. Ethel Johnson and Lawrence Wheat do some clever dancing.

**EMPIRE.** "THE TWELVE POUND LOOK." Drama in one act by J. M. Barrie. Produced February 13 with this cast:

Sir Henry Sims, Charles Dalton; Lady Sims, Mrs.

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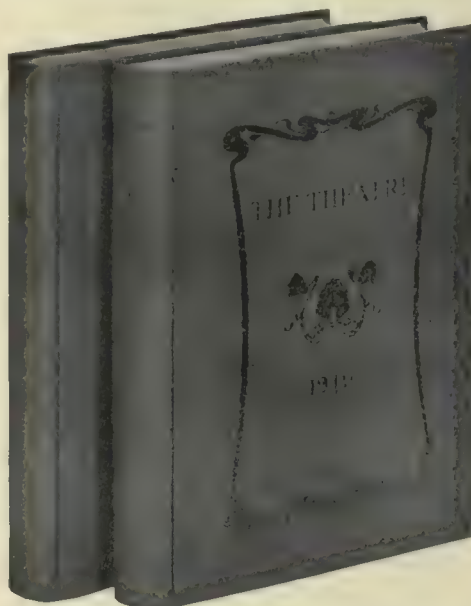
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Sam Sothern; Kate, Ethel Barrymore; Tombes, James Kearney.

Ethel Barrymore changed her bill at the Empire on February 13th, substituting J. M. Barrie's charming comedy "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" for Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells." In this play Miss Barrymore is seen at her best. The comedy was followed by a one-act play, also by J. M. Barrie, entitled "The Twelve Pound Look." This proved to be an amusing little comedy, very human in its appeal and full of clever dialogue. Sir Harry Sims has been married twice. The first Mrs. Sims, who has got her divorce and is making her own living as a stenographer, comes in the line of her duties to the home of her former husband just on the eve of his being knighted, when he is engaged rehearsing the ceremony. Questioned as to how she is getting on, the first wife says she is happy and contented. She says she saved up twelve pounds, or sixty dollars, and that enabled her to buy a typewriter and thus achieve independence. She adds caustically that it is just as much as a woman needs to get away from such a confirmed egoist as her husband proved to be. The same twelve pound look of scorn comes into the second Mrs. Sims' eyes before the final curtain falls.

ASTOR. "JUDITH ZARAINÉ." Drama in four acts by C. M. S. McLennan. Produced January 16 with this cast:

David Murray, Charles Waldron; Colonel Pontifex, John E. Kellard; Conrad Borinski, Emmett Corrigan; Jack Borinski, Gordon Johnstone; Lieutenant Trench, Walter Cluxton; Lieutenant Goodrich, Edward Langford; Orderly, Charles Dowd; Carl Borinski, Donald Gallaher; Judith Zaraine, Lena Ashwell.

Lena Ashwell, an English actress of considerable distinction, has not been fortunate in the vehicles which she has selected for her American appearances. "The Shulamite," in which she appeared here some four years ago, was a little less than a *succès d'estime*, and long before the final curtain fell on "Judith Zaraine" it was doubted if this new offering would be more acceptable. The play belongs to the capital and labor class of dramas. The United Mining Company has driven a weak concern to the wall, throwing thousands of men out of work. Judith, who is a dreamer, urges the workmen to resistance. The fight is at its height when David Murray, the head of the United Mining Company, comes to investigate, disguised as a reporter. Judith persuades him that the men are in the right and she finally marries him. The play is weak and tiresome and not even the fact that it was well played could save it from oblivion.

GARRICK. "OUR WORLD." Drama in four acts by Walter Hackett. Produced February 6 with this cast:

Hope Sommers, Doris Keane; Mrs. Constance Sommers, Amelia Gardner; Herbert Morley, Malcolm Duncan; Dr. John Morley, Campbell Gollan; Black, Alice Putnam; Parsons, Olive Murray; Hutchins, Herbert Budd; Arthur Railton, Vincent Serrano.

This play proved a hopeless failure and was speedily withdrawn. A girl is suspected of tainted heredity, and Dr. Morley determines to test her before approving of her engagement to his son, Herbert. The girl goes to New York, takes too much wine and becomes intoxicated. Rescued by her mother, the girl realizes her narrow escape and returns to be happy with Herbert.

#### Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (February 20th): "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" and "The Twelve Pound Look," at the Empire; "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine," at Nazimova's 39th St.; "Chantecler," at the Knickerbocker; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's Theatre; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," at the Comedy; "Madame Sherry," at the New Amsterdam; "Marriage à la Carte," at the Casino; "Naughty Marietta," at the New York; "Nobody's Daughter," "The Piper," and "The Blue Bird," at the New Theatre; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Hackett; "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Republic; "Seven Sisters," at the Lyceum; "The Balkan Princess," at the Herald Square; "The Boss," at the Astor; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Faun," at Daly's; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Happiest Night of His Life," at the Criterion; "The Havoc," at the Bijou; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Slim Princess," at the Globe; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "The Zebra," at the Garrick.

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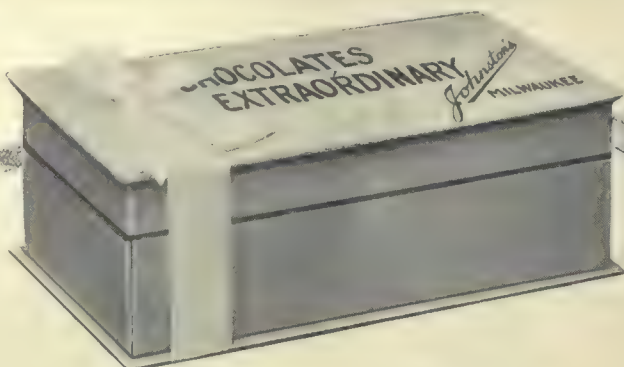
Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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**Queries Answered**

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Green Room, Ottawa, Can.—Q.—Will you kindly tell me what you can about the origin of the name *Green Room*? A.—The term *Green Room* is as old as the days of the Elizabethan drama. It was derived originally from the green rushes which, in place of carpet, were strewn upon the floor of the retiring rooms of the players in the early theatres. Later, paper of a green color was used on the walls and green baize took the place of the rushes, so that the name is retained to the present day. The first *Green Room* was at Drury Lane Theatre, London, England. It was built as a reception room for members of the royal family so that they could step from their box to the *Green Room* and meet the actors. Players received other friends there, also, and chatted and talked with fellow actors during the performance. Rehearsals also were conducted in the *Green Rooms*, and new plays read to the members of the company. Actors, after making up, would go before the performance to the *Green Room*, where the stage manager could look them over and if not satisfactory they were compelled to return to their dressing rooms for a more complete toilet. In those early days a prompter and call boy were essential, as a different play was given each night. But now plays have such long runs that an actor is not dependent on a call boy. *Green Rooms* practically have been out of existence for fifteen or twenty years, so the younger generation scarcely knows the meaning of the word. The latest instance of a *Green Room* was at the Iroquois Theatre, Chicago. After the theatre was burned a city ordinance compelled the management to change that part of the building devoted to the *Green Room* to an exit. Augustin Daly and Richard Mansfield had artistically decorated rooms which they called the *Green Room*. The Grand Opera House on Eighth Avenue, New York, formerly had a fine, large *Green Room*.

H. B. A., Reader—Q.—Who were Billie Burke's parents, and are they living? A.—Miss Billie Burke is the daughter of William E. and Blanche Burke. Her father, a well known clown of his day, is living.

A. S., Narberth, Pa.—Q.—When did Eleanora Duse last appear in Philadelphia? A.—At the time of her last visit to this country, which was in 1902. She opened her tour in Boston and was later seen in New York at that time.

Miss A. W., Trenton—Q.—Have you published any reminiscent articles about Clara Morris? A.—Under our series entitled "The Personal Recollections of Augustin Daly," much space is given to the career of Miss Clara Morris. See our issue of June, 1905.

Barbara Brown—Q.—Is Ring Blanche Ring's real name? A.—Yes, she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ring. Q.—Will she be seen in a new play this season? A.—Hardly, as she is still appearing in "The Yankee Girl." Q.—Where can photographs of Miss Ring be purchased? A.—We do not know. Many have been reproduced in our pages. The colored cover of the September, 1910, issue of THE THEATRE shows her as the Yankee Girl.

Subscriber—Q.—What cities will Mme. Bernhardt's tour include? Mme. Bernhardt has already been seen in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York and Boston. We are unable further to say exactly in which cities she will be seen. Q.—What plays are included in the repertoire she is presenting? A.—"L'Aiglon," "Jeanne D'Arc," "Camille," "La Sorcière," "Les Bouffons," "La Samaritaine," "Sapho," "Madame X," "La Tosca," "La Beffa" and "Judas."

H. B., Grinnell, La.—Q.—Where can I purchase copies of the plays, "The Country Boy" and "The Concert"? A.—The plays you name have not yet been published.

A Subscriber—Nance O'Neil continues to play the rôle of Odette in "The Lily."

T. E. M., Arnold, Pa.—Manuscripts of plays are usually typewritten. To place your play send it to a playbroker, or direct to one of the producing managers.

V. A. M., Washington—Q.—In what will E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe appear this Winter, and will they be seen in Washington, D. C.? A.—Sothorn and Marlowe are presenting their Shakespearian repertoire, to which they have recently added "Macbeth." Most likely their tour will include Washington.

Mrs. F. H. M., Long Hill—Q.—In what operas will Anna Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin be heard this season? A.—These two Russian dancers were seen on December 20th last, at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Armide." They also went on an extensive tour.

D. Baldwin, Savannah—For the names of dramatic schools in your city we suggest that you consult your local directory.

Reader—At what theatre is Jane Cowl appearing? A.—Miss Cowl is at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, appearing in "The Gamblers."

B. J. West—Q.—Have you published a portrait of William T. Hodge, or scenes from "The Man from Home"? A.—Portraits of Mr. Hodge appeared recently, in November, 1907, and in January, 1910. Scenes from "The Man from Home" appeared in December, 1907.

H. T. Adams, Chicago—The information you seek may be found in *Julius Cahn's Theatrical Guide*.

D. C., New York—Q.—In what number did you publish a review of "Alias Jimmy Valentine"? A.—In March, 1910.

C. R. J.—Q.—Can you give some information about the stage career of Ethel Johnson? A.—She was born in Chicago and made her stage debut in that city in the chorus of "The Burgomaster" in 1901. Shortly afterward she was given a part in this play. She was next seen in "The Tenderfoot," then came "The Storks," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Red Mill," and "The Old Town."

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Some New Books

MEMORIES AND IMPRESSIONS OF HELENA MODJESKA. An Autobiography. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1910. \$4.00 net.

Of the five hundred and seventy pages of this autobiography, two hundred and fifty-six are devoted to life in Poland. Modjeska was born in Cracow on the 12th of October, 1840. As a child she witnessed the horrors of more than one insurrection. Throughout her life she was intensely devoted to her hapless country. She praises its people and lauds its artists. She was hardly out of her teens when she married G. S. Modjeska, whom she first met as her tutor when she was a girl of ten. He was twenty years her senior. Her second child, a daughter, died in 1865. She adds: "They say misfortunes never come singly, but are accompanied by other misfortunes, forming a long-linked chain. Blow after blow struck my heart and bruised it to the core. Family considerations do not allow me to give the details of all I suffered at that time; but after fearful struggles with inexorable fate, I found myself free, but ill and at the point of death. My mother and my brother Felix brought me and my little son to Cracow, and I never saw Mr. Modjeska again." Her first experiences were with a wandering company, of which period she recites many curious anecdotes. The story is too minutely recorded to admit of detail here. She finally became the leading actress at the Warsaw Theatre and there had her triumphs. In 1868 she was married to Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a young man of aristocratic family. The Warsaw Imperial Theatre was controlled and subsidized by the Russian government and composed of an opera company, a comic opera, a ballet, a drama, and a comedy company. It had three orchestras, two choruses, a ballet school, a dramatic school, and a large number of officials, high and low, with workmen of all kinds. The salary list included from seven to eight hundred people. The Theatre owns a main building, the area of which is equal to a large square in New York city, containing two theatre auditoriums, besides concert halls and ball-rooms. After many triumphs she encountered jealousies and happenings of a trying nature, so that rest for her was imperative. Some friends who had been in California were enthusiastic about its advantages and attractions, and it was determined that her leave of absence from the Theatre should be spent there. She was to pay a forfeit if she did not return. A colony was established in California. It failed. She did not return to Poland. In the extremity she applied for an opportunity to appear on the stage in San Francisco. The details of her success are familiar history. The outlines of her career in America are too well-known to be retraced here. She was as successful in London as in New York. She met the most distinguished people of the day and here gives her impression of them, always in a kindly spirit. There is not an unkind word in the book, and yet she does not abate the truth. She is frank as to her few failures. Her record of her tours with Edwin Booth are particularly interesting. She represents him as a most delightful companion with his observations, anecdotes and advice. She gives good proof of it, and this chapter will give pleasure to those who admired him as an actor or loved him as a man. It is a new light shed on his individuality.

JUDITH. A Tragedy in Five Acts by Martin Schutze. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1910. \$1.25.

The story of Judith and Holofernes has a fascination for dramatists who use blank verse. The author of this version has skill and exercises some independence in his treatment of the subject. The merit of the play consists largely in this. It may be said that his play is an improvement on other versions. The principal tragic motive, as he explains, is the irreconcilable conflict between a noble and passionate woman's fanatic and desperate patriotism and her moral nature and personal integrity. The conflict of Judith is further intensified by the presentation of Holofernes as a great man whose power and wisdom yield to the passion inspired by her force and beauty. The old legend of the drunkenness of Holofernes is abandoned because it evades the tragic conflict at the crucial point. The account of the miraculous dispersal of the forces besieging Bethulia is replaced by a more human and rational interpretation of the disintegration of the Assyrian army, while the triumph of her people, through her sacrifice, reacts upon Judith herself in such a manner that the tragic integrity of the motive is preserved.



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Fély Déréyne

#### TRANSLATION

I write you still under the ravishing impression left in my soul upon listening to the piano Haines Bros. With such an instrument one can impress everything; delicacy, charm, strength, sentiment of a great variety and the most delicate feeling can be brought out on this incomparable piano. To sing, and I say so with all sincerity, no one can imagine anything more agreeable; the power of expression of the piano Haines Bros. renders it susceptible to blend with all voices. The voice of the artist is never drowned, no matter how strong the accompaniment may be. It is absolutely perfect.

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Models in every skirt length, with varying heights above the waist, suiting the most conservative as well as the ultra dresser.

The importance of the right hose supporter, in the matter of quality, as well as equipment suiting the corset shape, should not be underestimated. High quality Security Rubber Button Hose Supporters complete Redfern Models—which are priced from

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indeed, for every woman who desires to be well corseted, or, in other words, who desires to have a trim, stylish figure, and at the same time an easy and graceful carriage.

This corset of elastic webbing must not be confounded with Dr. Walter's famous rubber-reducing corsets, so generally worn by fashionable women who desire to retain their youthful figures, or to rid themselves of an overabundance of flesh.

I was much disappointed in the gowns worn by Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." The general praise given them had prepared me for a treat. However, there are some lovely gowns worn by the other actresses in this play that are well worth seeing, both on account of their beauty and the fact that they are so well suited to the wearers. The trouble with the gowns worn by Miss Bates is that they are exact copies of French models that are suited neither to her figure nor her style. I am quite sure that if she had asked for them at the Paris establishment where they originated, that artistic dress-maker would have found a way to substitute a totally different style for this clever actress.

### FACTS WORTH KNOWING

*We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.*

Summer is the time when the home-maker revels in dainty, cool furnishings. It is the time when women can exercise their individual tastes in their surroundings to the best advantage, for summer cottages and bungalows do not require the formal effects in period decorations that call for expert advice. Thus the woman who has the happy eye for artistic colorings, and the harmonizing thereof, is in her element when intent upon the purchase of summer draperies, pillows and the like.

A curtain material, which I recently admired in the studio of a well-known portrait painter, I was told could be had for the small sum of \$1.35 a yard at a shop whose upholstery section is little known. Yet I found on visiting it that it contains many of the materials that make the strongest appeal to women of discriminating taste. For instance, this very curtain material which my artist friend uses for sash curtains, and yet is equally adapted for long curtains, comes in several colors with a changeable effect that is most entrancing, and that will not fade. I particularly admired the gold tone of one piece, and was equally attracted by the dull pale green and blue effect of another.

For the woman that revels in brown and yellow shades for upholstery and draperies, I venture to say that there is no other place in town where she can find such an excellent range of these colors. Even in an inexpensive material at thirty-five cents a yard the golden brown tone is stunning, and it, too, will not fade, so that it is just the thing for the long curtains intended for the living room.

Especially admirable are the new hand-stencilled wash silks that are equally suitable for sash curtains and pillow covers. These are generally on a white ground with the most wonderful and lovely flower designs in various colors.

Another use for these hand-stencilled silks is for the wadded wool coverlet, with which every bedroom at seashore, or in the mountains, should be equipped. These covers are made to order in colors to match the rooms, and add much to the decorations of the room when neatly folded or rolled up at the foot of the bed during the day. The stencilled silks are used for the right side with a deep border of a plain color of which the under side is also made. The price ranges from \$13.50 to \$18, according to the quality of silk chosen.

Then there are hand-embroidered curtains done in wistaria and other drooping vine patterns on a delicate shade of pink, blue or lilac material, which looks like a heavy grass linen. They are just the thing for a colonial room, with its white woodwork, pretty flowered wall paper, and pink and white or blue and white Japanese cotton rugs.

In the same place can be found unusual chintzes for pillow covers, suitable for the piazza or living room, where medium colors are required on account of the constant and hard use to which they are subjected.

Every one knows the vexation, not to say danger, of having the bristles of tooth-brush come out in the mouth. There have been cases of serious strangulation, particularly among children, from a bristle making its way into the windpipe. Many a sore throat might rightly be laid to the irritation caused by a loose bristle. Hence, many will hail with delight a new brush that is so made it is said to be absolutely impossible for a bristle to work loose from the setting. These new brushes come in three sizes, the smallest intended specially for children, and are no more expensive than any other good toothbrush, over which they have such a great advantage.

Looking over a collection of chic new straw and lace hats recently, I was struck with the unusual cleverness of the designer in adapting the latest Paris modes to the American profile. The original French models are to be found in this



Photo Felix

Mlle. BERTHELOT

shop in abundance, but it is the adaptation of many of them which created my admiration. One there is as light as a feather, because it has been executed without any wire in the brim, but so well done that the waves in the brim are perfect. It is made of the new chameleon straw in the new oblong or airship shape, and is simply trimmed with a knot and wings of velvet, and is a style suitable for traveling and general wear. A medium-sized black tagal straw has a most becoming and graceful side roll to the left brim, which is faced with black velvet, the only ornament being an enormous black bird of paradise, which, by the way, is one of the most fashionable trimmings. It is an ideal hat for a tailored suit, and goes equally well with a dainty lingerie frock. There are many other fascinating models too numerous to mention. The fact that the head of the establishment is able to transform a shape to suit the individual, and furthermore will use aigrettes and feathers that have already been in service, makes it a specially desirable place for those women who like smart yet refined styles, and prefer to





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which offer a wide choice of patterns and fashionable colors.

As an assurance of the real Cheney Silks, it is always best to look for the name which appears on the label and is stamped on the end of the piece.

Cheney Silks include "Shower-Proof" Foulards, Florentines, Decorative Silks, Upholstery Goods, Velours, Velvets, Ribbons, Cravats, Velvet Ribbons, Spun Silk Yarns, Reeled Silks, etc., etc.

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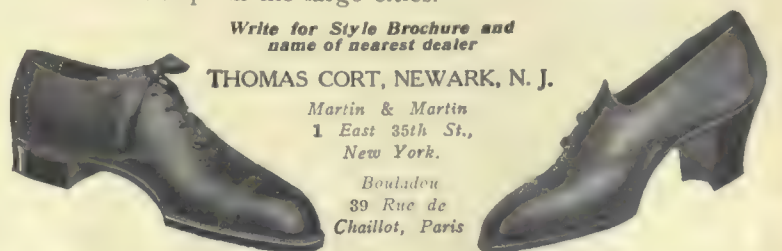
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**Annette Kellermann**

Room 703 K 1133 Broadway New York

make their selections in the more exclusive shops rather than in those frequented by any and every one.

Women who are no longer in the first bloom of youth often find that the muscles of neck and face are unnaturally soft, and are inclined to hang down. They try one cream or astringent after another, in the endeavor to find the one best suited to their skin. The astringent lotion is not one to be lightly tampered with, and should only be used under the advice of an expert. I know of one astringent that in years gone by was an excellent remedy, and which, with other facial remedies, was so good that it made a fortune for the owner. But since she has gone abroad to enjoy her well-earned fortune the astringent has deteriorated in quality, and therefore is not to be recommended. But there is a method



Photo Felix

MME. CHEMAL



## As Long As Good Sense and Good Taste Survive, Shantung Silks Will Re- tain Their Popularity

SHANTUNG is the silk of many uses. It meets more requirements than any other dress fabric and meets them well. For the tailored frock, street costume, or in fact the gown that will suit the occasion, let the occasion be what it may, the dress of Shantung is correct. In no other fabric can be found such a combination of style, durability and economy.

Rogers and Thompson are pioneers in the manufacturing of American Shantung silks and R. & T. Shantung silks are the best Shantung silks in the world.

They are now treated with the "Pluvette" Process which makes them proof against spotting by water. "Pluvette" is a process owned and controlled by us and is used exclusively on genuine R. & T. silks. It is the most perfect spot-proof process known. This process is used on the well-known brands

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of overcoming this tendency to relaxed muscles that is highly effective if it is persisted in. It not only restores the naturally rounded contours of the cheeks, and does away with the lines and wrinkles under the chin, but it also is an aid in reducing any superfluous adipose tissue.

The most popular collar support for the warm weather is a new one, which is so made that it is practically invisible under the most transparent collars. Added to this great advantage, it has that of being washable, so that there is no necessity for removing it from the garment before it is sent to the laundry. This means the longer life of the collar, since the ripping out of stitches is so apt to mean the destruction of the fine laces, nets and embroideries of which they are made. This collar support is in the form of curved lines, and while it keeps the collar in the desired position when properly attached to it, the support is so pliable that it bends with every motion of the wearer's neck. Furthermore, its price is so small that it is within the reach of all, for a card of five costs only ten cents.

OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT



Photo Felix

Mlle. G. BOISSY

# The Trend of Fashion in Tailored Suits and Fabrics

THERE are so many stunning new styles that it is difficult to decide just where to begin a chronicle of them. Perhaps the most important at the moment are the new street dresses and suits that resemble dresses. Of the many of these I have seen the palm must be awarded to Redfern models, and garments made therefrom. Other admirable styles there are from the famous Paris dressmakers, but thus far the Redfern models are those which I believe will best please the refined taste of American women.

Several of these suits and dresses are adaptations from costumes worn by Charlotte Corday. Indeed, it is the epoch of the first Republic and the first Empire that are the sources of the fashionable shapes this spring. Hence, there is the continuation of the high waistline in all garments of the more elaborate aspect. This may be only two inches above the normal waistline, or it may rise four or five inches therefrom. The latter is mostly seen in evening gowns, and in dressy tailored suits.

At first it may seem strange that such a high waistline should be admirable in a tailored suit, and it would be more exact to say that the skirt terminates four or five inches above the normal waistline in the extreme modes in tailored suits, for, after all, the skirt is nicely adjusted about the waist and hips, and so follows closely their outlines. The reason the skirt extends so far up is that the modish suit is completed by a smart little Eton jacket. The general effect of this new suit is that of a princess gown, for the Eton is a fitted affair with lines and trimmings corresponding to those in the skirt. One of the simple and elegant models may be cited as an example. The three-piece skirt consists of one wide front gore and two narrow side gores, so that one seam is in the centre back, and the others one on each hip. These seams are either piped with a contrasting material or are made in welted seam style. To correspond with these skirt seams there is a seam in the centre back of the Eton jacket, and one under each arm.

The Eton jacket comes down well over the top of the skirt, so that there is no possibility of the bodice showing between skirt and jacket, yet it is of a short, becoming and jaunty length that does

not reach the normal waistline by some three inches. Thus can be seen the necessity for the skirt to extend four or five inches above the normal waistline.

Princess dresses for street wear follow closely the outlines indicated for the Eton tailored suit. There is a tendency in both of these to use the broad back panel, and the novel feature in this is to leave it unattached to the skirt for twelve inches or more from

the bottom, thus giving the effect of a flat sash. The back panel may be used to give greater width than the fashionable one to the skirt, yet withal retain the two-yard appearance. This can be done by finishing the skirt proper with an inverted plait, and covering it with the panel.

The fashionable skirt is of the two-yard width. Straight lines continue to be accented in all skirts, whether for tailored suits or costumes. It is impossible to obtain the modish effect in a skirt that is wider than two yards and a quarter, and even that width does not look so stylish as the two-yard one when correctly cut.

Striped materials are much used. These are generally the narrow hairline stripes alternating with a wider one of a contrasting color. Black and white and white and black are combinations that continue to be much favored. The new idea in the use of stripes is that they shall be employed in vertical lines for the garment, and that the trimming bands shall be cut on the length of the goods; that is, in horizontal lines. A clever idea for the band at the bottom of the skirt is that it shall only be sewed thereto at the upper edge. On some

models this band is laid only across the front of the skirt, and just before it ends at the side a small plait may be laid underneath to give extra width to the skirt. This plait is invisible but useful, as the band is not sewed down at the side, but finished there by a row of closely set buttons, often of white pearl.

Black and white shepherd's checks of moderate dimensions are employed for both suits and dresses, generally relieved by some dash of brilliant color in the way of satin or embroidery placed across the shoulders or bust. Green, blue, yellow, and the fruit shades of red are favorites for this purpose, though the vivid



Photo Felix

MME. L. DE ROSTORO

## Silks That Fashion Demands!

### Exquisite Weaves for Dresses and Automobile Wear

#### EXCLUSIVE COLORINGS AND PATTERNS

UNQUESTIONABLY, silks—especially in the form of foulards—will be the leading spring and summer fabric. For general wear, a simple dress of dark figured foulard is by far the smartest and most serviceable costume one can invest in.

At Vantine's one can find some of the loveliest foulards imaginable at a price, quality and, above all, in designs which can be duplicated nowhere. As a material for general wear, we suggest a dull finished Foulard, or printed Habutai, which comes in a variety of colors and conventional patterns. This material is especially adapted for hack wear, as it is guaranteed *absolutely rainproof*, which cannot be said of many materials. It measures 27 inches wide and comes as low in price as 85c.—this being of excellent quality. The heavier weight Habutai sells for \$1.00 to \$1.50.

A Foulard with a soft satin finish, either broché or plain, with an exclusive design in white, makes a very handsome costume, and calls for little or no trimming. Black and white and blue and white will undoubtedly predominate in popularity, but dresses of lovely green, rose or mauve shades will also be much worn. These Foulards all come 43 inches wide and range in price from \$2.00 to \$4.00.

Japanese Silk Shirtings come in all colors, with checks and stripes, and the colors are guaranteed not to fade even the least little bit. For making tailored shirts for women or cool shirts for men, nothing can surpass this silk for smartness, durability and usefulness. They measure 27, 30 and 32 inches, and cost \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Canton Silks, for rough and ready dresses and blouses, come in plain colors only, but there are 37 different shades to select from. These silks are especially stunning on account of their rough looking surface, although in reality they are very soft and smooth to the touch. \$1.25 a yard is the price of the Canton Silks, and they come 27 inches wide.

Chinese Pongees, natural color, range in price from \$1.00 to \$4.50—34 inches wide—according to quality, the \$3.00 quality being quite heavy enough to make a most substantial motor coat, or tailored suit, and would require no lining.

For afternoon wear a gown or blouse of silk Crêpe or satin-finished Crêpe is really stunning and very much "à la mode." These come in a variety of entrancing colors, in single (23 in.) or double (43 in.) width, ranging in price from \$1.35 a yard to \$4.00.

Other chic materials are—double bordered silk Voile, 42 inches wide, some of them in two-tone effect; Chiffons, and Fleur de Soie.

You will feel bountifully repaid, if you make a personal inspection of these silks—which is cordially invited.

If this is inconvenient, we will be pleased to send you copy of our book, "Oriental Dress Silks," containing 18 samples. This book will be sent you free. Address Dept. G,

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*Sincerely,  
J. G. Gordon.*

ONCE you wear the R & G  
you'll always wear it. Why?  
Simply because it will give you  
that poise you can have only  
when you feel your best and  
know you look your best.

**R&G  
CORSETS**

On Sale Everywhere



Photo Felix

MLLE. ANDREGEFF

shades of purple are also sometimes used with advantageous effect.

Serge and similar fine weaves of material are fashionable for street dresses as well as suits. White, muffin and other odd shades of tan and very dark blue are the smart colors. They look exceedingly well trimmed with silk braid. One lovely model is of cravenetted English serge in the midnight blue shade with the back panel of the skirt trimmed with long lines of black silk braid corresponding with those on the short Eton jacket, and further embellished with a wide black satin collar, which falls in front in wide, soft revers. The advantage of a cravenetted serge is that the dust stays on the surface, and can be easily brushed off, while if it is not cravenetted the dust is quickly ground into the serge, and it is impossible to dislodge it even with the most vigorous brushing. Then, too, if any cravenetted material becomes disfigured by spots they can be quickly removed by means of warm water, pure soap and a little ammonia.

For the tailored suit for warm weather there is nothing cooler or smarter than the cravenetted English mohairs. They come in plain colors, in shadow check and stripe designs, and in the manish gray mixtures similar to the designs shown for men's wear. These cravenetted English mohairs are admirable for traveling suits and coats, as well as for those intended for motor wear and general use. Many men have discovered that they make the ideal summer business suit, as rain will neither spot nor wrinkle them. But be sure you get the genuine Priestley cravenetted English mohairs and serges.

Any cravenetted material is an ideal fabric for the raincoat, whether it be for summer or winter wear, because it contains no

rubber, and therefore will not overheat the wearer. Paris accents the use of cravenetted covert cloth for motor garments this spring. One of the most attractive of these is by Bernard, and is of a grayish tan cravenetted covert. The long, close sleeves are made in one with the upper part of the garment, thus giving the kimono sleeve effect. The long, full-length skirt of this coat is attached to the shoulder and sleeve-piece by means of a slight arch front and back, thus forming a yoke effect. There are only two seams in this skirt portion, one under each arm, so that the fashionable straight lines are preserved in all their elegance. The front of the skirt laps well over to the left side, where it fastens with two immense buttons of the covert rimmed in horn. There is an odd wide collar of the stitched covert that disappears in front into a long, narrow roll. The neck opening is filled in with a vest of cherry satin embroidered in Bulgarian design with black and blue silk. This vest is adjustable, so that it can be discarded when desired.

The many modes shown in black wool and all silk satin consists mostly of long wraps and smart tailored suits. One lovely evening wrap has a wide satin collar elaborately embellished with white porcelain beads applied in floral design. A black and blue changeable chiffon wrap has the rounded fronts and entire edge bordered with black velvet, and there is a black velvet sailor collar over which is laid a smaller one of point de Venise lace, and both lace and velvet collar are edged with a narrow quilling of black velvet ribbon.

Some of the colors shown in chiffon coats intended for evening wear are intense, not to say glaring, and the combinations of color



Photo Felix

MLLE. P. ANDARAL

# THE THEATRE





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have as **individual** makes achieved commanding recognition among the world's foremost tires.

But under the new arrangement the **strongest** points of each of these brands—the private methods of manufacturing that have brought each to the front in the tire field—will now be embodied in **all United States Tires**.

It must be plain to every motorist that tires which embody the best known methods of four of the world's leading tire manufacturers must prove superior to tires made under ordinary conditions and with ordinary laboratory and manufacturing facilities.

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The Best Cocoa of them All.

<p><b>Maillard's Cocoa</b></p> <p>has a characteristic flavor not found in other cocoas. The method of extracting the nutritive elements from the bean are responsible for its delicate flavor and its wonderful health giving properties.</p>	<p><b>Maillard's Vanilla Chocolate</b></p> <p>is recognized the world over as being the best for eating or for drinking. Pure and delicious. It is flavored with the true Vanilla Bean and is readily digested.</p>
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 23 WEST 43rd STREET, N. Y.



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# THE THEATRE

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APRIL, 1911

No. 122

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Sarony

MRS. FISKE AS BECKY SHARP AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



White Arthur Forrest

Constance Collier

Tyrone Power

Act II. Thais (Constance Collier): "To thee I'll sing; before thee I'll dance!"

SCENE IN PAUL WILSTACH'S DRAMATIZATION OF ANATOLE FRANCE'S NOVEL "THAIS" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

NEW THEATRE. "THE ARROW MAKER." Play in three acts by Mary Austin. Produced February 27 with this cast:

Choco ..... Stewart Baird  
Winnedumah ..... John Sutherland  
Pamaquash ..... Reginald Barlow  
Yavi ..... Albert Easdale  
Fleetfoot ..... Edwin Cushman  
Taywots ..... Pedro de Cordoba  
Seegoche ..... Ethel Brandon  
Tiawo ..... Helen Reimer  
Wacoba ..... Olive Oliver

The Chisera .... Edith Wynne Matthison  
Bright Water .... Leah Bateman-Hunter  
White Flower .... Elsie Herndon Kearns  
Tuiyo ..... Lewis Seymour  
Seyavi ..... Barbara King  
Simwa ..... Frank Gillmore  
Great Hawk ..... Ben Johnson  
Rain Wind ..... E. M. Holland  
Haiwai ..... Mary Doyle

## THE NEW PLAYS

"The Arrow Maker" is another exhibition of the virtuosity that rules at the New Theatre, of an excellence on the technical side of production which undoubtedly sets the highest mark ever reached in the history of the stage in the United States. This excellence has been proved again and again, is not casual, and is a permanent resource. The New Theatre could not be expected to accomplish all its objects in its brief existence up to this time. It so happens that this virtue in production is its defect. It will cease to be a defect when plays of a high spiritual quality are obtained in sufficient numbers to offset these merely external advantages. Mr. George Forster Platt is a stage manager, and represents, with all his skill and intelligence, the one danger that threatens our stage at large—the domination of stage management. The first and commanding force at a theatre should be the playwright, first, last, and all the time. In the very nature of the art the stage manager, important and indispensable as he is, is an inferior person to the playwright, and should be taught to keep his place. Here is a play in which the stage manager would naturally revel. Everything would be correct; the



ROBERT MANTELL

Shortly to be seen in Shakespearian repertoire at the New Theatre

shawls would be woven in Indian looms; the habiliments would be true to a feather; the pigments would be right to

a shade; the tepees would have their flaps properly disposed; the smoke would ascend in the spiral curves of the true atmosphere; the war dances would be correct in physical contortion, grunts and yowls—everything would be a triumph of realism.

But the play? It is not there. It is a series of moving pictures amid beautiful scenery. It is the idealized Indian with everything about him so clean that each picture would answer for an advertisement of Sapolio. We do not object to idealism. We have no prejudice against cleanliness. But where is the play? At best "The Arrow Maker" has not enough dramatic logic in it, with incidents enough, to cover an evening's performance. It is poetic but crude. There is little or no skill of the playwright in it. The story belongs to the a b c's of the dramatic art. The Priestess (she used to be known as the vestal Virgin) has a secret and guilty love affair with a young tribesman, who later is chosen as the chief, and having tired of the Priestess, marries a girl of his choice. The betrayed Priestess ceases to hold communion with the gods; famine and disaster follow. The cause is discovered. The young chief (the Arrow Maker) is slain by the tribe, and the avenged Priestess throws an arrow upon which she has bestowed her benediction into the cañon, where the enemies of the tribe are, and destroys or drives them away, whereupon peace and prosperity rule again.

This is merely a story; it is not a play. Its

ending is a *non sequitur*. Where is the sympathy for the Priestess? Where is the tragedy of soul? There is but one point of interest in the play, and that is where the tribe turns on the seducer and slays him with a multitude of fierce and deadly thrusts. This sudden, terrible vengeance, this wreaking of an outraged people's wrath is a thrilling, passionate scene which, acted with vivid realism, gives the simulacrum of actual tragedy! There is, of course, a momentary interest in the plight of the Priestess, who has given herself, body and soul, to the handsome young tribesman, for there is nothing more pathetic than this abandonment of one's self, than this state of mind and heart and soul, of blind impulse, than this condition of being that makes one forget every obligation to God, to self, to those nearest to her, and to the world.

In many ways the play is a triumph. It is an ethnological study, true enough as to externals. It is beautiful. As insistent as they are on the Continent for significance and logic in a play, "The Arrow Maker" would overcome every objection and probably be received as a striking novelty there. Reduced to its equivalent in plain English terms the story has no novelty whatever, and is wholly deficient in the requisite number of turns in an action to make that action interesting. The details are all details of blankets and war paint and head coverings of feathers and the like. The war dances are vigorous, but the action of the play is lethargic. It is extremely interesting to the eye, but only mildly so to the intelligence. It does not grip. It is an impressionistic thing. If we should tell the story with its Indian names, it would be at once plain that the impressionism of it all is merely on the surface.



Otto Sarony Co. **KITTY GORDON**  
Now appearing at the Winter Garden

Chisera is a young medicine woman of the Sagarawite tribe, in love with Simwa, the Arrow Maker, who deserts her and marries Bright Water, whose companions are White Flower, Tuiyo and Seyavi, while the tribesmen are Choco, Winnedumah, Pamaquash, Yavi, Fleetfoot, and Tavwots; Seegooche is the wife of the Chief, Tiawa, an old woman, and Wacoba is set down on the bill as a "matron," and so is Haiwai; among the fighting men are Great Hawk and Rainwind. If you will fix your eye intently on these names and set them revolving, you will get the impression of the play. It is all worth seeing, for it is one of the New Theatre's real achievements.

Edith Wynne Matthison played Chisera with her customary distinction and charm. There is but one Edith Wynne Matthison, and fortunate is the New Theatre that possesses her. Of course, the other players were capable, but to lavish praise on them would be worse than perfunctory, for it is wholly unnecessary, and not one of them believes in his heart that he did anything extraordinary except to wear paint and feathers. The comeliness of some of the younger women of the company was not effaced by pigments and blankets and feathers, but enhanced. The effect of the just mentioned succedaneums was in no wise disadvantageous to the men, in some cases entirely obliterating personality. The incidental music and dances, based on Indian themes, were composed and contrived by Mr. Elliot Schenck. The songs and chants were taken from phonographic records of Indian music.

The Indian dances, all of which were novel and interesting, were taught by Chief Red Eagle. In every respect, the production is a most noteworthy one.



Charlotte Ives and John Mason



Amelia Gardner and John Mason



John Mason and Chrystal Herne

SCENES IN AUGUSTUS THOMAS'S NEW PLAY "AS A MAN THINKS" AT NAZIMOVA'S 39TH ST. THEATRE



Copyright Charles Frohman  
Richie Ling

Irene Fenwick  
Act. III. The Pantomime Dance

A. Hamilton Revelle

SCENE IN PAUL M. POTTER'S NEW PLAY "THE ZEBRA," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

CRITERION. "THE HAPPIEST NIGHT OF HIS LIFE." Play in three acts by Junie McCree and Sydney Rosenfeld. Composer, Albert Von Tilzer.

Produced February 20 with this cast:

Harry Jelliman	Phil Riley	Officer Flannigan	Junie McCree
Martha Jelliman	Julia Ralph	Hermen Schultz	Will A. McCormick
Popsy	Sallie Stembler	Dick Brennan	Victor Moore
Tom Dawson	Jack Henderson	Mrs. Ricketts	Mae Phelps
Minnie Randolph	Annabelle Whitford	Jane Ricketts	Gertrude Vanderbilt
Mrs. Clark	Leola Lucey	Popsy's Little Sister	Emma Littlefield
Mrs. Dearborn	Lillian Stanton	Anastasia McLystre	Charles E. Walt
Mrs. Washington	Rose Leslie	Nell Grogan	Jack Fairbanks
Mrs. Madison	Maud Le Roy	John	James C. O'Neill
Mrs. Monroe	Dorothy Page	Dan	Victor H. Bozardt
Mrs. Adams	Beryl Marsden	Tom	George W. Steteler
Mrs. Wabash	Edythe Gilbert	Pete	Edward C. Yeager
Mrs. Lake	Bessie Stewart	Chimmy	Harry Smithfield
	Post L. Carried		Henry Ward

If a man of sixty finds the happiest night of his life carousing in the so-called Tenderloin of New York, the Earth is a sorry abode and life is a poor thing. And this is said of a father who must have had the experience of love and courtship, of marriage with the one desired in his youth, with all the ties that follow. There is no happiness that cannot be found at home, and in the only relations that last. Perhaps the authors meant the gayest night of his life. Perhaps they thought it did not matter what they meant. But it does matter. Their whole idea is vulgar, and made worse by slang that has lost its piquancy. There is nothing more stupid and in worse form than frank and perhaps unconscious vulgarity. In pieces of this kind, if there is a bottle or a punch bowl in sight all the action gravitates toward it. The Professor, in this case, having occasion to leave the stage hurriedly, takes six drinks in rapid succession by means of the ladle and the cup plied simultaneously. There is a convention of widows in town from Chicago. It is needless to say that they are captivatingly demure and yet arch, and that they dance and sing alluringly.

Mr. Victor Moore is a sport (always a refined person in pieces of this sort, full of sentiment and song), who arranges a plan by

which the nephew of the old man, who has the happiest night of his life, who has stolen five hundred dollars from his uncle, can return it to him. The night off accomplishes it in some way. Thus, the old fool, the sport, and the young thief, have a happy time in rounding matters up. Incidentally the sport, in "carrying out their plan," disguises himself as a clergyman by putting on smoked glasses, smoothing out his hair, turning down the lapels of his coat, and otherwise assuming the part. A clergyman in his cups is naturally more amusing than when he is entirely sober. If the sport is not drinking, he is giving a pantomimic imitation of how the bartender opens a bottle. This bit is very clever. Mr. Moore is very clever, graceful, attractive. He only needs to find a more suitable vehicle. The sport marries the Widow. That is about all, except that a few of the dances and songs were acceptable. Annabelle Whitford and Gertrude Vanderbilt were comely and pleasing. Phil Ryley, who had the happiest night of his life, is a capital actor. Mr. Junie McCree, one of the authors, appearing in the piece as a police officer, who had lent his uniform to a peddler of sausages, and was trying to get it back, made a speech at the proper time, as is the custom.



Bangs Mlle. DAZIE  
Danseuse at the Winter Garden

NAZIMOVA'S 39th St. "AS A MAN THINKS." Play in four acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Vedah Seelig, Charlotte Ives; Doctor Seelig, John Mason; Holland, footman, Ernest Wilkes; Butler, Ralph Samone; Mrs. Clayton, Chrystal Herne; Julian Burrill, Vincent Serrano; Benjamin De Lota, Walter Hale; Frank Clayton, John Flood; Mrs. Seelig, Amelia Gardner; Sutton, butler, W. H. Sadler; Miss Doane, nurse, Gail Kane; Dick, Master Raymond Hackett; Judge Hoover, William Sampson

Some three years ago at a public meeting Augustus Thomas said that plays, to be vital, must necessarily be upon subjects that are in the public mind and that the task of a dramatist was not only to write a good play, but to look far enough ahead in the choice of a subject to have that subject timely when the play should

(Continued on page ix)



Scenes in "Nobody's Daughter," Recently Seen at Daly's Theatre



Byron E. M. Holland Teresa Maxwell-Conover Pamela Gaythorne Helen Reimer  
 ACT I. HONORA MAY (PAMELA GAYTHORNE) ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO MARRY A MECHANIC



Byron Mrs. Teresa Maxwell-Conover A. E. Anson E. M. Holland  
 ACT III. MR. FRAMPTON (A. E. ANSON) ACCUSES HIS WIFE

# Porto-Riche and His Sensational New Play

"I AM the heartbreak over fallen things, the wail over the world of all that weep!" This seems to be the cry of the most remarkable of modern French dramatists, whose latest play, "Vieil Homme," has been the most discussed and enthusiastically received event of many seasons.



GEORGES DE PORTO-RICHE

Georges de Porto-Riche is looked upon by a vast number of admirers as one of the greatest playwrights France has ever produced. Some even declare him to be the equal of Racine and Molière. By others, he is regarded as standing supremely alone,—the greatest of all modern dramatists. Be this as it may, critics cannot tell, and posterity alone can judge,—the fact remains that he is indeed one of the supremely great writers of our time.

The production of a new play from his pen causes the same passionate, feverish excitement that a Hauptmann drama or a Strauss opera does in Germany, or a Rostand tragedy or Massenet opera in Paris. It is even more than an artistic or literary event, it has become almost national; for this man is the symbol of the temperamental tendencies of his race; he presents the sweeping tide of the ruling forces of their average life. He looks down on them like some sad eyed eagle, watching them being carried resistlessly along by a fearful current of drowning sensualism. To him all that constitutes their power, their unescapable charm, their art, culture, wit, wisdom and genius is all-encircled, permeated by the dominating power of the flesh. Porto-Riche is too great an artist to be a mere preacher, too great a man to use his genius to amuse or to add to the sentimental breeders of hypocrisies. He is a man with as trenchant a message to deliver as Ibsen, Tolstoy, Balzac or Zola. What his message is we shall see.

Between the years 1871 and 1879 Porto-Riche produced several plays and volumes of verse. The great purport of his artistic life began with the series of plays grouped under the title "Théâtre d'Amour." They include "La Chance de Françoise," produced for the first time December 10th, 1888, "L'Infidèle," produced at the Théâtre d'Application in 1890; "Amoureuse," at the Odéon in 1891; "Le Passé," in 1897. Since 1897 no new play had appeared from his pen. There have been many revivals of his four other dramas, but he himself withdrew into silence. Obscurity enfolded him and for nearly fourteen years little was heard of him. This apparent halt in the middle of his creative life caused no little conjecture, criticism and discussion. Although prolificness is no mark of genius, some accused him of laziness, others began to dispute the worth of his former works. But dissen-

sions gradually ceased when the news crept out that the isolated poet had completed another drama which had been secured for the Renaissance by the indefatigable efforts of M. Tarride. The splendid reception, the great outburst of spontaneous applause which was awarded the drama must have been welcome to the artist after the many years of untiring labor, griefs, loss and revelation which have gone to the making of this drama of flesh and blood and desolating tragedy.

The play is very long. It ceases almost to be drama. It is more like some new and intimate unfoldment, clairvoyantly revealed to us of a psychological battle of souls. It is so pregnant, so *neur* in its simplest detail that one sits without impatience, in utter absorption through four and a half hours of subtlest analyses. This in itself is a triumph in these days when art in the theatre has so nearly succumbed to the commercial. Its grandeur of atmosphere, profundity of treatment, the amazing individual performances of the various artists, remarkable even in Paris, this city of superb acting, cannot be conveyed on paper; neither the astonishing detail of the action nor the peculiar and delicate eloquence of the dialogue.

The plot is not complicated. The same simple set is kept throughout the five acts. A large, light room, great windows wide open at the back, work-room, library, music and drawing-room in one; outside a rose garden, the blue of a river and the high mountains. The household consists of Michel Fontanet, his wife Thérèse, Augustin, their young son of sixteen; Chavasieux, Thérèse's father; a young girl secretary and a servant. The only other character in the play is Brigitte Allain.

For five years the Fontanets have lived here in retirement, since their departure from Paris, owing to reverses in their fortunes due to Michel's reckless way of living. They have now a printing and publishing business, fast becoming prosperous, thanks to the untiring efforts of Thérèse, the beautiful, serious, saddened but devoted wife of Fontanet. One gathers that her life has been one long martyrdom of suspicion, proof and agony. The early years of her marriage were chiefly spent at the bedside of her delicate child, in a clairvoyant knowledge of her husband's infidelities. But since their retirement to the country, despite the black shadows over her past, and her complete comprehension of her frivolous, irresponsible husband whom she yet loves, the five years have been spent in comparative happiness and peace.

Fontanet, in his careless, happy-go-lucky way, loves his wife and child, and is flattered by their adoration of him. He repeatedly swears to Thérèse that the past is completely buried, the "old Adam" vanquished and departed. But Thérèse's suspicions are only stilled. She knows too well the character, the soul of this man with his instinctive unfaithfulness, inability to speak the truth, lack of moral courage, cynical egotism and easy deceptions. But in adversity she has proven the stronger of the two,



From *L'Illustration*

Mlle. Lantolme  
(Mme. Allain)

Mlle. Margel  
(Augustin)

Mme. Simone  
(Mme. Fontanet)

M. Tarride  
(M. Fontanet)

SCENE IN "VIEIL HOMME" AT THE THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE, PARIS

for despite a restless, morbid, imaginative temperament, she has poise and character, and misfortune has been to her an impetus. Because she works hard and with vigilant exactitude, allowing nothing to turn her from the tasks she has set herself, her moral authority, her great love seems to have settled its peaceful and harmonious hands over the house. Their affairs prosper, even riches seem on the horizon, Michel for long has given her no cause for anxiety. It seems almost as if his love for her had become deep and comprehensive. Only occasionally does the old nostalgia seize him for Paris, the enchantment of her twilights, her light loves and infidelities. Despite his seeming contentment and gaiety there is ever and anon in his manner a suggestion that the "Vieil Homme" is not utterly vanquished, and that as long as "he is young enough to love she will be young enough to suffer."

Nevertheless a certain joy is hers. Their son, an ardent, imaginative boy, of lovely nature, prematurely serious and thoughtful, lost in dreams of noble loves and high ideals up in his mountains—creates a bond between them. The worship of his heart is concentrated on his mother, whose romantic nature and deep capacity for suffering he has inherited. This she has divined and her fears for his future constantly obsess her. Their home is alert with work, the love of books, or the joys of music. But his thoughts, despite his innocent and sheltered life, are already occupied with life and love. The atmosphere around him is too pregnant with it for him to escape. His grandfather hints at it. His heart has been struck by the tale of a young girl who has committed suicide because of despair. His parents' love for each other, all, everything speak to him of this unknown enchantment. Into this united circle one beautiful morning comes the old temptation in the attractive guise of a fascinating little Parisian, whom a former slight acquaintance in Paris and the hazard of life draw into their midst. Inheriting a chateau near by she has dropped in to ask Fontanet's advice concerning some detail of her estate. Already one scents the approach of fate, as in some Greek drama. The "Old Adam" is not dead; he has only slept, to awaken with even more life at the first approach of the call of the flesh.

Brigitte Allain is gay, pretty, witty, elegant, and seductive; her temperament mentally and morally easy-going. She is not vicious, neither deliberately cruel, she is merely shallow; admiration is the salt of life to her. No problems trouble her; she accepts without analyses amusement as it comes her way, and an incident of unfaithfulness is of no great import to her, and in no wise diminishes her self-respect, or her affection for her home and children. She is quite attractive enough to upset the equilibrium of a much less ill-balanced brain than Michel's.

Immediately the old temptation has appeared the sleeping desires of Fontanet are awakened in all their sensualistic egotism. He has but one desire, their satisfaction; and he promptly sets about with all the wiles of which he is past-master to conquer and capture Brigitte. Thérèse is not long in grasping the situation. Her senses have become sharpened through much suffering. In every look and action, despite his dissimulative art, she reads his plan and constructs for herself the proofs of his treachery. She sees his rejuvenation under the smiling eyes and gay mouth of their visitor, who has by force of circumstance become their guest for three weeks. But to add to her pain and anxiety she sees a change in her son. He too becomes gay and boyish, ceases to be a dreamer, throws aside his books and is captured by the lively moods and capricious fancies of this superficial little woman, who takes on for him all the attributes of his dreams, the mystery of his ideals. He loves her with the burning ardor, intensity and tenderness of a first and pure adoration. And while he is enchained in humble worship of this fair-eyed woman his father proceeds in his



Copyright Charles Frohman  
ETHEL BARRYMORE AS THE TYPIST IN "THE TWELVE POUND LOOK"



White  
HERBERT A. YOST  
Playing Richard Kettle in "Over Night" at the  
Hackett

Bangs  
IRENE MOORE  
Member of the Catherine Countiss Stock Co.

White  
RALPH KELLARD  
Appearing as Adam Ladd in "Rebecca of  
Sunnybrook Farm"

rôle of chivalrous seducer. For Michel, Augustin and Brigitte the hours pass merrily enough, only Thérèse is fearful, comprehending the danger to her boy if he awakes to the fact that this woman has become his father's mistress. For is he not marked by her capacity to suffer, her depth and single mindedness in love? Her one thought is to save him, and to do this she puts aside all her own passionate pride and resentment and throws herself on the mercy of her rival, begging her to use all her present power with Michel to urge him to go away for a while before the boy shall realize his father's unfaithfulness. But Michel, intoxicated with his new infatuation, in a terrible scene with his wife, where he sneers at her fears, denies the truth of her assertions, refuses to listen to her warnings and continues in his deceptions and assignations. Suddenly a chance hint, after a scene of the greatest delicacy and beauty between Augustin and Brigitte, reveals all to the boy—his mother's life, his father's infidelities, the connection between him and the woman he loves. There is a marvellously moving scene between the mother and son, wherein each tries to assuage the grief of the other. "I knew that when I loved, my love would spring from disaster," he cries. The end of the drama is poignant and fearful. In an excess of grief and revulsion the boy goes up into the mountains and throws himself from a cliff.

The last act is one of haunting gloom and grandeur. There is a fearful scene of denunciation between husband and wife. At last he has awakened to the fact that this son of his is a nature whose depths he cannot comprehend. The wife, in a scene of extraordinary power, casts him at length from her soul and life, her whole being bent in agony on this child of hers who has disappeared. Her husband has become a hated stranger, the accidental father of her child, whom she will know no more. The mother's anguish is imparted to the father at last. An ominous storm is raging. Nevertheless he is eager to still his fears and to go to his rendezvous with Brigitte. Between the reverberations of the thunder and the gloom of the storm, Thérèse pours out all her hate and

fears and anguish. Their agony becomes mutual. This last fearful hour is perhaps their closest bond. She seems to hear her child crying to her through the storm. He is again hers in the flesh,—lying under her heart; the father an outcast,—the cruel destroyer. One hears ominous murmurings, they draw nearer, the father rushes out,—only to return with the dead boy in his arms. His one thought is first suicide and then flight, but from where she lies cast over the body of her son, the mother bids him remain.

The impression left in one's memory after leaving the Renaissance is of that high upliftment, so rarely experienced now in the theatre, which enfolds one after hearing Mottl conduct a Beethoven Symphony, or on leaving the opera house in Bayreuth or Munich. For "does not all true art constantly aspire towards the condition of music," touching us, despite its shadowed grief, with something mystic and divine? Porto-Riche's dramas do indeed come to us with the vast and solemn grandeur of some tragic, throbbing symphony, the last movement of which is not

yet completed. It is difficult to speak temperately of the individual performances and *mise-en-scène* in this production. Tarride is superb in the rôle of Fontanet, completely capturing the irresponsible sensuality of the man, his easy-going cynicism and careless charm. Mlle. Margel, as the son, gives a sincere and deeply studied rendering; but it is almost an impossibility for any woman to play this part, and an extremely difficult one for any man. Mlle. Lantelme has, by her exquisite interpretation of the rôle of Brigitte, added still another success to her many conquests of the season. In addition to her beauty she has a peculiar natural grace, a sensitive, keen style, audacious yet always tactful comedy. She has a delicate, nonchalant charm, too, which is very captivating. It is a remarkably perfect ensemble, recalling in its psychological completeness Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess." The domineering performance of the drama, though, is that of Mme. Simone, the most mental and luminous artist in this city of unsurpassable actors.

GERTRUDE NORMAN.



White  
ANN MURDOCK  
Playing Marjorie Newton in "Excuse Me" at the  
Gaiety Theatre

# A REVOLUTION IN STAGE SCENERY

A NEW method of producing scenic illusion has just been devised which promises to revolutionize the mechanical side of stage productions. John W. Alexander, President of the National Academy of Design, and perhaps America's foremost painter, is the inventor. Already it has been successfully employed in Charles Frohman's production of Rostand's "Chantecler," and Mr. Frohman has announced that henceforth all the scenery used for his new productions will be done in the same way—thus effecting a saving estimated at not less than \$100,000 a year.

By this method or stencilling process, as Mr. Alexander calls it, the most elaborate scenic production can be made for one-third of its present cost, and in addition the most "massive" production can be moved

about the country with a still greater saving in express and other transportation charges. Instead of expensive painted scenery, unpainted gauze, stencilled into the desired shape and on which colored lights are thrown, will be used. Mr. Alexander has demonstrated that wonderful effects can be obtained by this method and he believes it will eventually replace the present type of stage scenery. The tremendous saving it effects, let alone its artistic superiority, is bound to commend it to all the producing managers.

Few people who have seen "Chantecler" have realized that the scenery employed in the forest scene and the scene on the crest of the hill are unpainted, that the back drops are simply black velvet curtains and that the massive looking trees are made of gauze so flimsy that they can be packed in a trunk. Yet such is the case.

But let Mr. Alexander himself explain his stencilling process:

"In spite of all the progress that has been made along dramatic lines in recent years there has been nothing new in the way of scenery," he said to the writer, "I've been working for years on my ideas of stage lighting, which in most cases on the professional stage is abominable. The subject has interested me for a long time, and I have built models of

stage settings and experimented with lighting. The many tableaux which I have directed have enabled me to try out these ideas which have now been adapted to the professional stage for the first time.

"Instead of having painted scenery on the stage—a back drop showing a landscape, for instance, with painted trees in the foreground supported from the wings or suspended from the flies—I find I can get better results, give the audience a better picture, by merely throwing colored lights on a black velvet back drop and gauze scenery which is unpainted and merely toned. I suppose this could be spoken of as a stencilling process, and it can best be explained by saying it is exactly the reverse from what is done at present on the stage. At the present time everything is painted to closely resemble what the author wishes to represent. If a tree is to be shown, a tree is painted, pasted on gauze and suspended from the flies or supported from the wings. With my plan, if a tree is to be shown it is outlined on a piece of gauze. The outline is left transparent, with the rest of the gauze made opaque. It is not painted at

all. When the right light is thrown on it from the wings in front of it, it gives the appearance of a real tree. The opaque part of the gauze takes on the appearance of the sky.

"Instead of building solid trees, as is often done, gauze that is merely toned—not painted, mind you—can be used. In 'Chantecler,' which is the first production in which this idea has been employed, the setting for the last act in the forest is not painted at all. The back drop is simply a black velvet curtain. The huge

trees which look so massive are made of unpainted gauze. They have the form of trees, and by throwing the proper lights on them they take on the appearance of trees. All the effects are obtained by lights on gauze forms. Those big trees can be folded up and packed in a trunk.

"Of course, this stencilling process is in its infancy. There are several problems which still remain to be solved. However, by this process it will be possible to make exact reproductions on the stage of famous landscape paintings. For instance.

(Cont'd on page viii)



Davis & Sanford

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

President of the National Academy of Design who has invented a new method of producing scenic illusion

One of the trees before the light is thrown on

The same tree after the light is thrown on



Copyright Charles Frohman

THE FOREST SCENE IN "CHANTECLER"

Viewed from the auditorium this is a stage setting done in the regular way. It shows a superb and realistic forest full of color and atmosphere. In reality, however, there is no color there at all except what is thrown on from colored lights. The trees are only pieces of white gauze and the back drop, with its apparent elaborate distant perspective, only a plain black curtain



Photos White GUSTAV HUBERDEAU  
As Don Francisco

LILLIAN GRENVILLE  
As Barbara

JOHN McCORMACK  
As Paul Merrill

THREE SINGERS HEARD IN VICTOR HERBERT'S NEW OPERA "NATOMA" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

## An American Work at the Metropolitan Opera House

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. On Feb. 28, last, was given the first performance in New York of "NATOMA," opera in three acts. Libretto by Joseph D. Redding, music by Victor Herbert. The cast was as follows:

Natoma .....	Mary Garden	Pico .....	Armand Crabbe
Barbara .....	Lillian Grenville	Kagama .....	Constantin Nicolay
Lieut. Paul Merrill.....	John McCormack	Jose Castro.....	Frank Preisch
Don Francisco.....	Gustav Huberdeau	Chiquita .....	Gabrielle Klink
Father Peralta.....	Hector Dufranne	A Voice .....	Minnie Egner
Juan Bautista Alvarado.....	Mario Sammarco	Sergeant .....	Desire Defrere

General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini

This time the quiet and much maligned City of Brotherly Love—Philadelphia—has scored an operatic victory over New York. For it was in Philadelphia, at the Metropolitan Opera House there, that the first performance on any stage of "Natoma" was given on February 25 by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, Andreas Dippel, general manager. Three nights later New York heard it, in its own Metropolitan Opera House, sung by the same cast. "Natoma" came at a time when opera chauvinists were figuratively cracking each others' skulls with penholders, fighting valiantly and with foolish enthusiasm for the cause of opera sung in English.

Now "Natoma" was sung in English, hence its production was most timely. More than that, it was partly sung in American. Its composer, although by birth a genial Irishman and a native of Dublin, is really considered an American, for this well-known Victor Herbert has lived and worked here so long that it is difficult to think of him as anything else save American. The librettist, Joseph D. Redding, is a native of California, and at present a New York lawyer. The cast, too, contained names that reeked of stars and stripes, for is not Mary Garden really an American, despite her Scotch birth? And Lillian Grenville is American through and through.



White VICTOR HERBERT  
Composer of "Natoma"

American flags adorned the fronts of the parterre boxes like patriotic bibs, and the coats of arms of California and New York occupied conspicuous places of honor in the decorative scheme. The scenes of enthusiasm, the tumults of approving applause were distinctly American in their force and frankness. So the cause of American opera, sung in English, won a success sufficiently great on the surface to please everyone who had this cause at heart. Composer, librettist and principals were all called out into the footlight glare time and time again; wreaths were heaped on the men, baskets of flowers were handed to the women. After the performance Mr. Clarence H. Mackay gave a reception in the foyer, held in honor of the California Society. Everything possible had been done to launch "Natoma" on the high road to a substantial success.

"Natoma" is not the first American work to be sung at the Metropolitan in English, for last year Frederick Converse's "The Pipe of Desire" was heard there. In fact, "Natoma" was one of the heritages from Oscar Hammerstein who, to encourage native composers and opera in the vernacular, had commissioned Victor Herbert to write the work. But there was no real opportunity to produce the opera at the Manhattan Opera House before its equipment was purchased by the forces that control the destinies of the Metropolitan. And, together with most of Oscar Hammerstein's singers, this opera was acquired by the Philadelphia-Chicago branch of the Metropolitan. This accounts for its world première having occurred in Philadelphia.

The book of "Natoma" deals with life in old California in 1820, when the Spanish flag flew over that land. Natoma is a California Indian



Photo White

MARY GARDEN AS NATOMA AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

maiden, devoted to her mistress Barbara, who is the daughter of Don Francisco, a Spanish grandee. The first scene is on the Island of Santa Cruz, and there appears Lieutenant Paul Merrill, of the United States Brig "Liberty," anchored in the bay. Natoma sees him and falls violently in love with him at once. But Merrill and Barbara love at first sight, so Natoma's love is changed to devotion to the happy couple. But Barbara is also wooed by Alvarado, her Spanish cousin, whom she rebuffs. His blood boils when he finds that Merrill is his rival, and he plans to murder the officer; but Castro, one of his half-breed henchmen, dissuades him from this plan, and advises kidnapping Barbara on the morrow, when a feast day will be observed in Santa Barbara. This is agreed upon, but the plot is overheard by Natoma.

At the feast on the following day, everything is bustle and excitement. A minuet sounds, and Alvarado invites Barbara to dance. She accepts, but at the close of the dance she publicly rejects Alvarado's suit for her hand. Humiliated, he proceeds to carry out the plot of abduction. A wild dagger dance is being waged by Natoma and Castro, when Alvarado throws a shawl over Barbara's head and is so about to carry her off, when Natoma rushes upon him with a dagger and slays him. She is about to fall a victim to the fury of the mob, when the priest of the Mission Church, Father Peralta, appears and claims Natoma, offering her the protection of the church. She enters, and the final act shows the church interior. To be brief, she enters the adjacent convent, while Merrill and Barbara are left in peace to spend the remainder of their days a happy and unmolested couple.

That is the barest outline of the plot. It is in itself not half bad, although its action creaks occasionally, and logic is strained. But the librettist had hampered his general scheme by rhyme of questionable quality, and he has obstructed the swift flow of action by development that appears quite amateurish. The upshot of the matter is that the book, as acted and sung, is a bad and ineffective opera libretto.

It is difficult to perceive how Victor Herbert could have got any inspiration out of some of the rhymes. Perhaps he did not—and that is why, perhaps again, "Natoma" is a weak opera.

Now we wish to encourage native opera just as much as possible—not necessarily because it is native, but certainly because of the justice of the case of any composer. Art does not recognize the arbitrary boundary lines of geography. Great art is great, whether it comes from France, Greece, or Indiana. That matters not at all. The fact that an American has written a weak opera should not entitle the work to hearing any more than if a German had written it. If "Natoma" had been imported, everyone would have listened aghast and wondered why, in the name of everything that is! Now there is no need to ask "why," since everyone knows that it was produced to encourage American opera. Well, we fear "Natoma" will scarcely help the cause much.

What ails the opera? A tedious and endlessly long and generally uninteresting first act; a brilliant, but light and rhapsodic second act, and an ineffective third act. That is a catalogue of its ills in general.

And yet there is much in this music to recommend it. It is certainly tuneful, it is ably and brilliantly orchestrated, it has a

variety of "color," and is not lacking in climaxes. But it lacks a distinctive charm and a redeeming forcefulness. Victor Herbert is one of the cleverest writers of operettas now living, and as he is a most excellent musician, it is reasonable to expect that with a good libretto he can write a better grand opera than "Natoma." There is some pretty love music in the first act, the prelude to

the third act is also very effective. But at first hearing the second act is the most impressive, with its big choruses, its dances, Pico's attractive song and the final dagger dance. But in this act the plot is foolishly weak, so that there appears to be little cohesion between one musical incident and the next, hence the effect of this entire act is fragmentary and its end is anticlimax.

The performance was generally good. Mary Garden, as the Indian maiden Natoma, looked picturesque. She rose to dramatic acting heights in the dagger dance, and she sang some of her songs effectively well. Lillian Grenville was Barbara, and she presented an attractive appearance, but her singing leaves quite a bit to the imagination, for she evades some high notes as though she feared them. John McCormack, in the rôle of Lieutenant Merrill, looked boyish and lithe, and he sang with customary sweetness. Sammarco had an ungrateful rôle as Alvarado. As a swaggering Spanish lover, ready to do murder and kidnapping, this sterling artist rather failed in the effect he produced. He sang admirably, with that fine quality of tone which marks all of his singing. As Pico, Armand Crabbe made the most of his opportunities, rousing his audi-

ence with his second act solo. Dufranne, glorious actor, was rather wasted on the part of the priest, Father Peralta; while Huberdeau sang and acted the thankless rôle of Don Francisco. Campanini conducted a good performance, and the singing of the chorus was spirited even if rough.

The three scenes were very effective and successful. Costumes were well chosen, and the details all worked out in strict compliance with architecture of that day—so says the librettist, who is a native of California.

Will "Natoma" live? Perhaps not; but even if it does not, it will have served its purpose of assuring American composers that their works are not without chance of production in their own country.

Some other performances have been given during the month by this Philadelphia-Chicago branch of the Metropolitan, all of these being repetitions of the Manhattan Opera House productions. There was, for instance, "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Mary Garden exquisitely impressive as Mélisande, while a newcomer, Edmond Warnery, sang Pelléas rather conventionally. But Dufranne, as Golaud, was simply admirable, and Bressler-Gianoli was most satisfying as Genevieve. So, too, did Marguerite Sylva come and repeat her Carmen, but it seems to have lost some of its former charm. Dalmores, in that "Carmen," was not up to his usual standard either, beginning disappointingly, and having his bad moments until the opera was well on its way, when he redeemed himself.

Then, too, Offenbach's "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was heard, in which the incomparable Renaud sang his triple rôles, and did them excellently. Dalmores was the poet Hoffmann, admirable as ever in this part, but Tina de Angelo

(Continued on page viii)



Copyright Mishkin JOSEF HOFMANN  
The brilliant Polish pianist, who is meeting with tremendous success in America this season







White (Sarah Cowell Le Moyné) Truth (H. Cooper Cliffe) Nobody (Juliett Day) Modesty (Laura Nelson Hall) Everywoman (Aurora Piatt) Beauty (Patricia Collinge) Youth

Act I. Everywoman mocks at Truth  
SCENE IN WALTER BROWNE'S MORALITY "EVERYWOMAN" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

## Everyone, Everywhere, Will Like "Everywoman"



The late Walter Browne, author of "Everywoman"

"**M**ODESTY? methinks she is a stranger here," says Stuff, the Broadway theatrical manager, when Everywoman's three virginal companions—Youth, Beauty and Modesty personified—show their faces at a rehearsal on the stage of his playhouse. Likewise a stranger in a strange land is the late Walter Browne's remarkable modern morality play, "Everywoman," presented by Henry W. Savage, at the Herald Square Theatre, in the heart of the "Gay White Way."

It is fully a decade since that quaintly impressive old English morality, "Everyman," came to town by the unostentatious way of Mendelssohn Hall. That piece achieved a little more than a success of

novelty, thanks largely to Edith Wynne Matthison and the Ben Greet players, and further attempts to preach moral lessons by way of the stage were made by Charles Rann Kennedy in his play, "The Servant in the House," by Jerome K. Jerome in his play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," both of which were received with great favor, and by Edwin Milton Royle in his "Struggle Everlasting," which proved less successful.

But now, without premonition, comes "Everywoman," a full-fledged and localized morality, not in one but in five acts (called "canticles," for the sake of the prevailing churchly analogy), produced with all the spectacular and artistic splendor of a "Merry Widow,"—and it wins a spontaneous, a triumphant welcome.

Despite the grudging acknowledgments of jaded critics, who have long since committed themselves to the pessimistic theory

of a cynical, heartless public and a degenerate drama, "Everywoman" has scored a big popular hit, and is likely to last for more than a season. Parenthetically, the thought that its première coincided with the author's death is even more profoundly moving than the play itself.

The success of this unique and genuine, if not strikingly original modern morality, can be easily accounted for, now that it has arrived. It has a simple yet elemental motive—woman's quest of love—wrought out tenderly, though in a spirit of brightness, even gayety, which heightens its serious import by the effect of nicely balanced contrasts, and gives the whole proceedings an alluring outward aspect of actuality. The Elizabethan garb of diction, in which it is appropriately clothed, is of the slightest texture, and the blank-versified lines contain no jaw-breakers. In fact, the form of the spoken part of this allegory, while ostensibly literary, is in reality colloquial, so that it presents no difficulties to a competent company of players, even though they be not all trained in old-school classic traditions. The choruses and lyrics, set to music by George Whitefield Chadwick, are admirably interpreted by an augmented string orchestra, accompanying such competent solo singers as Sydney Jarvis in the rôle of Passion, a Play Actor, and Wilda Bennett as Conscience, handmaiden to Everywoman.

The principal characters are Nobody, a sort of detached protagonist and Greek chorus combined in one solitary figure of commanding stature; Everywoman, a comely young person, who leaves her home in quest of love; Youth, Beauty and Modesty, her companions, who remain with her until she loses all of them; Flattery, who urges her to seek love in New York; Truth, disguised as a Witch, who tells her she will find Love only at home; Love, Passion, Time, Wealth, etc. Everywoman is about to start when Nobody comes down tragically and warns her not to undertake the journey:

Scenes in Walter Browne's Morality "Everywoman" at the Herald Square



Greed (Kathleen Kerrigan)    Stuff (John L. Shine)    Wealth (Frederic de Belleville)    Everywoman (Laura Nelson Hall)    Witless (Hubert Osborne)    Self (Jean Barrett)    Conscience (Wilda Bennett)    Beauty (Aurora Piatt)

Act III. EVERYWOMAN (LAURA NELSON HALL): "COME, FRIENDS, A PARTING DRINK!"



Photos by White, N. Y.

Charity (Delmar Poppen)

Youth (Patricia Collinge)

Everywoman (Laura Nelson Hall)

ACT IV. THE BURIAL OF YOUTH

Everywoman, there shall come a time when thou, deserted by Youth, forsaken by Beauty, and with Modesty forgotten, shalt know that Nobody is thy friend. There shall surely come a time when, worn and weary with worldly cares, thou shalt love Nobody. To thee a time shall come when, at thy cry for help, for comfort, Nobody shall come. When on this breast thine aching head shall rest; when Nobody shall brush thy tears away. (*Girls utter little screams of fright and scatter.*)

NOBODY (*Turning to YOUTH*): Thou, Youth, thy kisses shall lose their fragrance. Beware of time!

(*To BEAUTY*) Beauty! Thy cheeks shall fade, when rose leaves fall.

(*To MODESTY*) Modesty! Assassins lie in wait for thee. Remember—Nobody hath warned ye. Nobody hath spoken. Be sure 'tis true. (*Exits.*)

EVERYWOMAN: Bah! An arrant knave, that man! His threat's absurd. Methinks I should have used a woman's weapons on his sneering face, but that thou, my Modesty, didst hold me back.

YOUTH: My kisses grow less fragrant! Stuff and nonsense!

BEAUTY: My cheeks to fade! Why, I positively blush to think of it!

MODESTY: And treacherous death for me! How to escape it?

EVERYWOMAN: Methinks thou shouldst wear armor, Modesty, beneath thy gown, which, with its frills and furbelows, little betokens thy nature. Why, thou art dressed as gaily as thy gladsome companions. Fie, Miss Modesty! (*Laughs; goes to spinning-wheel.*)

MODESTY (*Hiding her face on BEAUTY'S breast*): With shame I burn.

BEAUTY: Nay, Everywoman, methinks thou chidest our sister Modesty unjustly. Why should she mope? In sackcloth go, or wear a coat of mail?

YOUTH: Beauty is right. True Modesty, armed in purity, need not be prim and prudish. (*Goes to EVERYWOMAN.*) And thou, sweet Everywoman, if thou wouldst happy be, let gay Youth lead thee. There is thy mirror; prithee, gaze in that.

MODESTY (*Intercepting her*): Nay, Everywoman, Modesty bids thee shun thy mirror as thou wouldst a plague.

EVERYWOMAN: A plague sayest thou, Miss Modesty? I'd have thee know I have no fear to gaze upon myself. Come, Youth and Beauty, we at least will look upon our fair reflections in the glass. While Everywoman hath such sweet companions, her mirror is her best and bravest friend. (*EVERYWOMAN, YOUTH and BEAUTY pose before mirror.*) How say ye, dears? What think ye of my form?

EVERYWOMAN: Fie, Youth! But look! Look in the mirror, once more. What marvel's this? A stranger!

(*The surface of the mirror changes, and standing within the frame, FLATTERY is seen. He is gaily dressed as a courtier. The maidens stand spell-bound, YOUTH and BEAUTY clinging to EVERYWOMAN. MODESTY, behind her, places a shawl over her bosom.*)

FLATTERY (*Bowing lowly, in smooth, persuasive tones, speaks*): No stranger I. When not on active duty, attending my lord and master, King Love the First, within the magic of a maiden's mirror I make my home.

EVERYWOMAN: Who art thou?

FLATTERY: My name is Flattery.

MODESTY: Oh! Everywoman, I pray thee, hearken not to this man, for though his tongue be sweet, his heart is false.

EVERYWOMAN: Silence, fool! (*Bowing*). Sir Flattery. What wouldst with me? And why my mirror, rather than any other, hast thou been bold to haunt?

FLATTERY: Ask Youth and Beauty.

YOUTH: Nay, I vow I know not Flattery. (*Looks in surprise at BEAUTY.*)

BEAUTY: Nor I, forsooth.

FLATTERY: I come as Herald of King Love the First, a mighty monarch, whose power more potent is than that of earthly rulers. A despot he, a tyrant, some avow. But tender, godlike to his loyal subjects. This the missive which he bade me bring: "To Everywoman go, oh, Flattery," quoth he, "and bid her seek me where her fancy or her whim shall best suggest my hiding place. To her then shalt thou tell how Love the First would have her journey to his bright domain, that she may reign as Queen for evermore." Love awaits thee, Everywoman. He would have thee sit

beside him on his gilded throne, dwell with him, a crown of bliss upon thy head. Love longs for thee! Oh, Everywoman, therefore go out into the world and seek him. Seek thy King. Seek everywhere, for everywhere his throne is raised. Great is his Kingdom;—but beware! Love's ways are strange. He travels incognito.

(*Vision begins to fade.*)

And now farewell! Thy mirror tells thee truly, Love awaits, awaits Everywoman. Seek him. Fare thee well.

(*He vanishes.*)

TRUTH, disguised as a decrepit old hag, now enters and tries to dissuade EVERYWOMAN from undertaking the journey. EVERYWOMAN mocks her:

TRUTH: Flout Truth now, but beware the time when thou shalt seek Flattery in thy mirror, and find only Truth. Flattery hath cajoled thee, fooled thee. 'Tis his whim to play upon Everywoman's lack of wisdom. Turn to thy mirror once more. (*Vision of FLATTERY again appears in the mirror.*)

TRUTH: See! Flattery again smileth on thee.

(*EVERYWOMAN turns to mirror.*)

FLATTERY (*In mirror*): Love awaits thee. Seek thy king.

TRUTH: Now, look at me. Thou canst not see me now.

EVERYWOMAN (*Looking at TRUTH*): 'Tis true. I hear her voice, but she has vanished. How strange!

TRUTH: Not strange. Inevitable. When Flattery appeareth to Everywoman, to her is Truth invisible. But Truth is strong, patient, enduring and merciful, passing merciful, to those who, in their tribulations, turn to her. Truth is the only comfort of the world-weary. Truth hath spoken. Thou wilt hear her voice again. Pray, Everywoman, pray that it may not be too late. Everywoman—wilt come?

EVERYWOMAN (*Hesitating*): Yes, yes,—I—(*Again she hesitates.*)

FLATTERY: Love awaits thee.

TRUTH (*Beckoning*): Everywoman, wilt talk with Truth?

EVERYWOMAN: I hear thy voice—but I see thee not.

TRUTH: Youth, Beauty—who will follow truth? (*Exits by window.*)

MODESTY: I—I will—(*MODESTY is about to follow when BEAUTY detains her and dissuades her from going.*)

BEAUTY: Be not so foolish. Truth is a witch—YOUTH: And most unpleasant at times.

TRUTH (*Outside*): Who will follow Truth? Who loves Truth rather than Flattery?

NOBODY (*Sardonically*): Nobody.

It is in the tawdry playhouse, and amidst the heartless revelry of New Year's eve, in the questionable company of Wealth, Vanity and Greed, that Everywoman seeks "King Love the First." Some critics have objected that Broadway is the last place in which a sensible woman would look for love and happiness. But every woman is sentimental before she is sensible, and it is precisely in the theatre, and in the frivolity of fashionable life that the theatre symbolizes that her present-day ideals, consciously or unconsciously, have their birth and environment. Of course, the disillusionment is swift and inevitable. Time, the Callboy, takes away Youth and Beauty. Modesty is rudely suppressed; and only Conscience, with still, small voice, remains. Passion and Wealth are straightway unmasked as false pretenders. Everywoman, in loneliness, destitution and despair, turns for support and consolation to—Nobody. At last, guided by Truth, she returns to the home whence she had vainly wandered,—and finds Love there asleep on the hearth!

Such is the naïve personification which Laura Nelson Hall invests with appealing feminine charm. Nobody's philosophical ironies are well delivered by H. Cooper Cliffe. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne gives dignity to Truth. Frederic de Belleville, Henry Wenman and John L. Shine present effective characterizations.



White JULIETT DAY  
A young actress of sympathetic personality who assumes the rôle of Modesty in "Everywoman" with tact and skill



White PATRICIA COLLINGE  
A charming young actress whose impersonation of Youth in "Everywoman" is remarkable for poetic grace and purity of diction





Photo Moffett

A NEW STUDY HEAD OF WILLIAM GILLETTE

**T**HAT tall, slender, studious looking gentleman whom one may see almost any

## The Real William Gillette

"Sherlock Holmes" and see how completely that part has affected him with a gravity as emphatically

midnight with a long, rapid stride walking through Central Park, would be at once recognized and addressed were his features less concealed by the peaked cap drawn over his forehead. His extraordinary stride carries him at a speed the average walker cannot equal, much less overtake. His hands are buried in the side pockets of his coat and his eyes are kept steadily on the ground in front of him. He looks neither to the right nor to the left, and he quickens his pace at the approach of any other walker and only slows down when the stranger has passed. Or else a cat will suddenly run across his feet and dash helter-skelter into an area way. Instantly the actor will give chase and not abandon pursuit until he has caught the strange feline and fondly caressed it, for, in common with many other celebrities, Mr. Gillette has an abnormal affection for cats. As a rule he hurries along the narrow and less frequented paths. From time to time he comes to a sudden halt under an arc light, takes out a little book and pencil and jots down memoranda. The flapping of his long coat as his legs move along and the click of his heels on the hard ground are the only sounds that break the stillness of night. This uncanny-like wanderer is the very image of Sherlock Holmes, or the Rev. Robert Spaulding; in fact, he is both and at the same time William Gillette.

When William Gillette is playing "The Private Secretary" he is as frolicsome, as gay and as buoyant as a schoolboy. "Private Secretary" nights are wonderfully merry occasions for everybody visiting Mr. Gillette's dressing room. He comes off the stage as thoroughly the Rev. Robert Spaulding as ever he seemed it on the stage. There is gaiety in abundance and there even occurs that healthiest of all exercises—when the actor throws himself into a chair in a gale of laughter that may even end by laughing at himself. But step into Mr. Gillette's dressing room between the acts of

serious as the good humor of playing "The Private Secretary" turns him into hilarity unrestrained. The first act of "Sherlock Holmes" is finished. Behind the dark stage the people of the scene are groping their way towards their dressing rooms; and at the end of the line of actors hurrying off stage, calmly, thoughtfully and slowly moves Sherlock Holmes scrupulously dressed in evening clothes, with coat thrown over one arm and in the hand of the other, keeping pace with him as he walks, the evening hat and walking stick of the great detective. In tones very much the same and in a manner quite as reserved and distant as those he had just used in dealing with the scoundrel Larrabee, the distinguished looking figure politely invites you into the dressing room. Before the talk is very far along the Japanese valet has fitted out his master with dressing gown and slippers, and that done, the figure seats himself, crosses his legs, rests his elbows on the arms of the chair, lets the tips of his long tapering fingers lightly touch against one another—and from that on it is as utterly inconceivable to the interviewer that he is talking with anybody but Sherlock Holmes as if such a person as William Gillette never existed: The personality of the character he has been playing has completely absorbed the personality of the man. People who know say that the same transformation was a nightly occurrence with Booth every time he played "Hamlet." Perhaps this is the most extraordinary fact about actors, if not the whole secret of the mimetic art,—this complete substitution of another totally different personality in place of their distinctive selves through the agency of a quick imagination. Everybody knows the story of the elder Booth, who so completely lost himself in acting "Richard III" one night that he not only drove his enemies from the field of Bosworth, but one of them actually entirely out of the theatre, pursuing him into the street. And some know that



Copyright Charles Frohman  
IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY"

Maude Adams during her first performances of "L'Aiglon," when she was less robust in health than she is now, took the sufferings of the French Eaglet so much to heart and in her study of the character allowed its sickness to become so much her own, that it was once a serious question whether she could continue in the part. In his later years, Richard Mansfield would only act "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" one night a week for much the same reason,—the part so overwhelming his spirits and draining his vitality that he was not equal to anything more. The self-torture inflicted by a psychological immersion into the character of Maurice Brachard in "Samson," during which he had to fight the course of a strong man broken like a reed, so thoroughly wore down William Gillette in

this country, as it even did Guitry in France, that both actors, by a strange coincidence, finally gave up the same part at almost the same time and for the same reason.

Less is publicly known of the personality of William Gillette than of any prominent actor on the American stage to-day. This is due to two reasons: first, Mr. Gillette is not of robust health, and then he is very saving of every particle of his energy for his work. Hence the public only sees him on the stage. That peculiar reserve of speech and action, short, sharp sentences, spoken with something of a drawl, characteristic of him in all his stage parts, is William Gillette off stage.

That unbroken reserve is New England—the actor's father, Francis Gillette, was one of the stern Abolitionists, associated with Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison in anti-slavery days. He was a lawyer of repute; represented his state, Connecticut, in the United States Senate, and saw one of his sons, Robert, leave for the Civil War, and in silence, not long after received word of his death in the storming of Fort Fisher. If you ask William Gillette the time of day he draws out a watch made up of

fragments that, carefully put together, form an interesting old time-piece. It was found shattered in the vest pocket on his brother's body after he had attempted to lead his division across the shot and shell swept sands of Fort Fisher. Probably that chapter in William Gillette's life is represented by "Secret Service" and "Held by the Enemy," for the actor never ceases to be an actor; tragedies however close to the quick, however near home, are always drama to him.

By his spirit you would think that William Gillette enjoys the best of health; lately the only sign to the contrary is a careful particularity in his diet. That is a remnant of a severe illness a few years ago brought on by the death of his wife. That tragedy drove him to seek a retreat in the North Carolina woods. There he withdrew in illness and grief entirely to himself. He lived in a little hut up on the mountainside among the woods, near Tyron, and occasionally the local residents saw a tall, silent man slowly making his way to the village and back again. He lived all alone in his hut, and simply went to the village for supplies, and was as chary as possible with words when buying them. But one day, on his way back to his hut, he stumbled and fell from sheer exhaustion. He was picked up and carried to the nearest cabin, where, in spite of his customary attitude towards the natives, he was kindly cared for. As a result, his heart warmed towards these people, and to-day there are no friends more devoted to each other than William Gillette and the natives of Tyron. In fact, his houseboat, the "Aunt Polly," is named after one of the quaint characters he met and grew to like down there.

Nobody ever expected William Gillette to come back to civilization alive from his hut in North Carolina. But he did, and he put those tragic days into a play called "Clarice," which is the story of a man who goes to the mountains of North Carolina to die but is



Sarony IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES"



Pach IN "SECRET SERVICE"



Sarony IN "TOO MUCH JOHNSON"

saved through the unexpected opening of a new window on life. "Clarice" is a page torn out of the days William Gillette himself spent in the real Carolina mountains.

One of the theatre's very own children will pass from the stimulating glow of the spotlight the night that William Gillette, always dramatic in countenance, impassive in manner, continuously "in the scene," impressive as much for what he abstains from doing as for what he does, steps to the edge of the stage and in his peculiar drawl murmurs a farewell—"goodbye; thank you so much"—to his last audience. For in stageland the genuine child of the theatre is not one who has taken it up late in life when all other means of sustenance have failed, but rather one who has been practically born within the gleam of the footlights—and loves the smell of the make-up table, the sound of the clinking property swords and the sight of a dressing room lined with adventurous looking costumes—as ardently as the circus clown gloats over his first smell of sawdust after a long, closed season in winter quarters.

William Gillette is the kind of actor who loves the theatre for its own sake, as a scientist loves his laboratory, or the plainsman the barren sweep of the prairie because of its very barrenness. A man of considerable private fortune, it was thought that Mr. Gillette would bid farewell to his well known plays a good many years ago. Only his personal affection for Charles Frohman has dissuaded him until now. The shaping of William Gillette's career is a good working example of Charles Frohman's definition of a successful theatrical manager—whose best skill is largely a matter of manipulating a number of artistic-minded people to his own and their advantage. Finally Mr. Frohman has persuaded Mr. Gillette that his happiness lies not in complete retirement from the stage, but in finding a new life for himself in the theatre. This time a year hence Mr. Frohman will have William Gillette established as managing director of a new American repertoire theatre.

A great lover of stage tinkering which often ends in a genuine invention, fond of isolation, even perfect privacy, known little to his fellow actors, in fact, in all ways the best known and the least known of American actors, it is behind the stage as the creator and director of effects and downright vigorous acting, that William Gillette most exactly belongs. The theatre is his home, his library, his study, almost his sleeping quarters. He is the first in the playhouse at night and the last out of it after the performance. Except for the dialogue he speaks on the stage, he utters scarcely a word to anybody behind stage during the evening's performance. This is partly due to the man's natural taciturnity, but more especially to the rather remarkable fact that from the moment he is fully panoplied in make-up and costume until both are discarded, whatever he is playing, William Gillette "remains in character" behind scenes as well as before, throughout the entire performance. Whoever approaches him during "The Private Secretary" finds him as emphatically the Rev. Robert Spaulding in his dressing room as he is before the footlights. When correcting an oversight in

the management of the lights of "Sherlock Holmes," during an entr'acte when the curtain has fallen, he speaks and acts the great detective as completely to the life as during any scene in the actual performance of the play.

In fact, however long one knows him, it is difficult to say when William Gillette is not "in character." He is a picturesque example of the dramatic or comic outlook on life—seeing everything as drama or comedy—that all actors possess who are given to continuous characterization. Finally they seem almost to obliterate their own personality and to substitute for it, even off stage, the personalities of characters they have allowed to obsess them.

When in the Fall of 1887, Richard Mansfield went to Boston to appear in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and with no other advance announcement than the furore that extraordinary *tour de théâtre* had just previously created in New York—Mr. Mansfield found his dressing room at the old Boston Museum "quite unfit even to sit in, much less to dress in." William Seymour, now general stage director for Charles Frohman, was then manager and stage manager of the old Museum. Quickly Mr. Seymour rearranged things so that Mr. Mansfield could use half of his business office for a dressing room; the other half, where the office desk stood, Mr. Seymour kept to himself. The actor liked the arrangement and the first night of the play duly approached. After the second act of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Mr. Seymour came to his office and found Mr. Mansfield all doubled up in the corner of the room as Mr. Hyde—horrible of visage, distorted in form, fuming like some sort of an inarticulate creature, and with the upper parts of both hands strapped tightly with tape so that the fingers seemed to protrude twice their normal length and constantly twitched like claws rather than parts of a human hand.

"Well, how goes it?" genially asked Mr. Seymour.

No answer to the friendly greeting.

Humming some tune to himself, Mr. Seymour hurried over to his desk, waited a little while, and then con-

tinued: "Splendid audience in the house to-night."

Still no answer. A sepulchral stillness filled the room.

"Perfectly comfortable?" asked the manager after a pause.

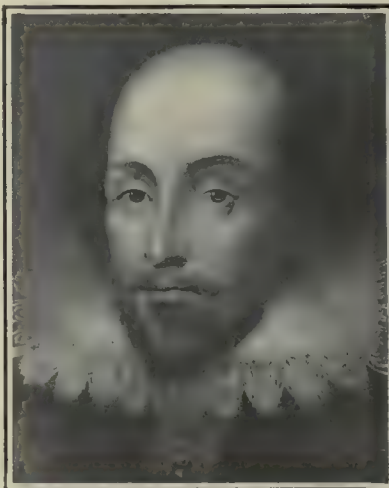
And at that Mr. Mansfield, or as Mr. Seymour thought in his terror, Mr. Hyde come to life,—reared from his chair, half un-bent himself from his ape-like posture and raged like an infuriated animal at the man standing before him. When the storm subsided, the point of it all turned out to be that no man with impunity could speak to Mr. Mansfield between the acts. To do so meant taking the actor out of his character hopelessly and entirely.

This is also true of Mr. Gillette. He has surrendered his own personality just as completely to that of the character; and though he may try to shake it off between acts, when waiting for cues, there are always abundant signs that he is still arrayed in the personality he has just been exhibiting before the footlights.

GERTRUDE LYNCH.

## SHAKESPEARE

April 23, 1564—April 23, 1616



O, mighty master, thou to us, the weak,  
Seem'st like a god, when in thy glorious plays  
We see a passion with its burning rays  
Consume Othello's heart; or hear the bleak  
December gales drown Lear's wild rage; or meek  
Ophelia plaintive sing her lover lays;  
Or at Harfleur hear warlike Harry raise  
His soldiers' hearts. Thou like a god dost speak.

Yet thou didst know the joys of earth; the woe  
Of disappointed love, and thou didst scan  
The depths of misery; feel the stings of time.  
For in the flowing sonnets we the man  
Behold with mistress and a friend. We know  
Then thou wert human, as thou wert sublime.

A single violet blooming 'neath the sky;  
A clear, lone star bright beaming in the west;  
A swelling surge, the deep sea's old unrest;  
A plaintive wail from out the poplars high.  
The forest hush wherein the sunbeams die  
Among the shades; an eagle from the quest  
Slow wheeling down upon his crag-hid nest;  
White glistening peaks that undisturbed lie.

By what weak words can we thy power show?  
All similes the thinking poets make  
Have vainly tried thy soul to probe and scan.  
Tho' thou didst bend all nature, and didst take  
For thine own use the realms above, below,  
Demons and gods, thyself wert perfect man.

CLARENCE STRATTON.



# The SNAKE DANCE of the Moqui Indians



THERE are those who say that the Indian, whatever his tribe, can never be a great actor, and cite in confirmation of their theory his stolid cast of countenance, his impassive figure, his apparent lack of imagination, and his utter inability to see the humorous side of life—all of which, if true, would be unanswerable arguments. But those who have had the good fortune to see the Indian passion play, "Hiawatha," as dramatized by Mr. Armstrong, have been startled by the ability of the red man to depict the scenes of that wonderful folk-play, and his power of entering into the spirit of his part. Then, too, the Indian vies with any actor in his love of admiration and applause.

The various dances of the different tribes of Indians, which call for great endurance and physical strength and agility, are often dramatizations of legends handed down from one generation to another for untold ages. Any one versed in the varied legends and lore of the red man can readily refute the idea of their having little imagination. Their stolid endurance as shown in the Sun Dance, War Dance, and other dances, is proof enough of their dramatic ability, for at times the suffering is so intense that it seems impossible that any human being could be sufficient of an actor to hide it.

The famous Snake Dance of the Moqui, or Moki, Indians, of Tascayan, Arizona, is a dramatization of their Snake legend, and is really a prayer for rain. That part of it which is made public is a wonderful sight. It is only on the ninth day that the ceremonies become public, although a few favored men, and



TAQUI—A MOQUI SNAKE PRIEST

necessarily they were men of strong nerves, have been permitted to see the ceremonial known as the "snake washing."

This is a most weird and uncanny affair. The Snake priests enter the room in which the gathered snakes have been placed in jars made for that purpose. They reach into the jars, taking the snakes in their hands, while the head priest prays. Each of the six priests hold two rattlers by their necks, with their heads elevated above the bowl, at intervals beating time up and down above the liquid with the reptiles, which wind themselves about the arms of the priests. The songs grow louder and more weird until they break at last into a blood-curdling war whoop, at which time the heads of the reptiles are plunged into the liquid, and they are thrown violently across the room into a pile of sand specially prepared for the purpose. As they fall upon the

sand, priests stand ready with whips to brush them back and forward in the sand. The excitement attending this ceremony is intense. The low song, breaking into piercing shrieks; the red-stained singers, the snakes thrown by the priests, and their blood-curdling, hissing undertone to the chorus, make it an ordeal for the observer; indeed, it is well-nigh impossible to sit calmly and observe the ceremony. Whether in the ceremony of washing the venom is in some way taken out of the snake, or whether the priests have a remedy which renders the men invulnerable, is not known definitely, but certain it is that none of those who take part seem to be injured by the bites. The priests claim that they have a magic remedy, transmitted from

generation to generation, and known only to two persons in each generation, a priest and a woman of the tribe.

As has been hinted, not many people care to witness this part of the performance, but many go from curiosity to that far-off, inaccessible part of Arizona to see the famous Snake Dance, traveling part of the way by stage to whichever of the villages it takes place, for it is held in the even years at Oraibi, Shipaulovi and Sichonvi, and the odd years at Mishonginovi and Wolpi, the latter the most accessible, and therefore the most popular place.

It is the ninth day of the great Snake Dance in the Moqui village of Wolpi, which is filled to overflowing with the natives from all the surrounding country, and the few visitors who brave the journey across the great American desert to see one of the most barbarous, most thrilling, and most ancient of Indian ceremonies, the dramatization of the snake legend, the great religious ceremonial of the Moqui.

Just at dawn the ceremonies begin with the Snake race, in which the only prize is the honor of winning, for the Moqui honor the swift runner. Happy, indeed, the squaw who belongs to him who wins, for her place in society is assured for at least one year.

The mysterious rites, which have been going on for eight days, are drawing to a close, and there is that subtle air of mystery, a holding of the breath, a waiting for the next scene with every one at a high tension. A fleet runner had, on each of the eight days since the priests went into "the secret places," carried prayer-sticks to the distant springs and shrines. Snake hunters had gone to the East, the South, the West and the North, to bring back the snakes required in the ceremony. The great Antelope Dance is over, as are also the sixteen songs and dances of the great drama, and the curtain is raised for the final scene, the Snake Dance, the climax of which is to come before the curtain is rung down.



White MARGARET LAWRENCE  
Appearing as Elsie Darling in the new comedy, "Over Night," at the Hackett Theatre

priest has announced the name of the winner, and before the Snake Dance, is to give the people an opportunity to look about to see who has come, see what bonnets and gowns are displayed, for it is the time of all times for the Moqui women. No lady at the height of the Grand Opera season views with more interest the surrounding boxes or seats, than does the dusky woman of the Moqui pueblo look about at the people who have assembled to see the ceremony. At Wolpi, the top of the mushroom rock, is the favorite spot from which to view the spectacle. The crowd is scarcely less interesting than the play. Moqui and Navajo squaw vie with each other in the gaudy colors of their dress. The Moqui maidens with their unique style of hairdressing, a huge whorl of shining black hair just over each ear, are fascinating. Before you is the great plaza where the final act takes place. At one side of it is the booth or bower of green cotton-wood branches, where the snakes are kept in readiness during the dance. If you will watch closely, you will see the priest enter the booth with a bag which contains the snakes. He is the one who hands the snakes out to the dancers through a small opening in the side of the booth. With his appearance the expectancy of the waiting crowd begins. All watch the plaza, ready to see the curtain rise on what to

the fascinated spectators is a never failing novelty.

The sun has crossed the sky, and is almost disappearing when, with the beating of the tom-toms and a great din, the Antelope priests make their grand entry. With bare feet, and semi-nude bodies streaked with white paint,—a band of white running from ear to ear,—rattles of tortoise shell tied to the knees, embroidered kilts of white cotton fastened around the loins, necklaces of beads and shells, and fox skins hanging from the belt behind, these Antelope priests present a striking spectacle.

Led by the Antelope chief, with his badge across his arm, followed by the bearer of the medicine bowl, and all the other priests carrying a small rattle in each hand, these Antelope priests pass with stately mien, looking neither



Sarony IRENE HOPPING  
Who was recently seen in "The Arcadians" at the Knickerbocker Theatre



White GERTRUDE QUINLAN  
Appearing in "The Henpecks" at the Broadway Theatre

(Continued on page vi)



White

MISS ZELDA SEARS WHO RECENTLY SCORED A TREMENDOUS HIT AS THE OLD MAID IN "THE NEST EGG"

THE casual theatre-goer who from his orchestra seat

## The Greatest of Stage Old Maids

can make a character actress of her," said Mrs. Sears in the modern

watches Zelda Sears' desperate man-hunting on the stage, readily believes that the star is playing a "straight part." This belief is a compliment to the art of the actress and, being a young woman of extraordinary wisdom, Mrs. Sears so accepts it. I am betraying in this confidence to the THEATRE MAGAZINE'S readers a little known truth—that the greatest interpreter of spinster parts on the American stage is a widow, moreover, one who is extremely popular, even for a widow, with the men. No wearer of becoming weeds has a greater number of loyal friends, nor of sighing admirers. On the farther side of the footlights she is a grim featured, gray-skinned, ashen haired, dowdily frocked, pensive symbol of the over mature and unclaimed blessing. On the other side she is a handsome, dark eyed woman, olive skinned, regular featured, smartly attired, bubbling with mirth. Which is perhaps a hint to those who, having no admirers, crave them.

Between Hetty Gandy of "The Nest Egg" and Zelda Sears, her impersonator, there is no common state, no parallel in life nor vision, except that Hetty Gandy adopted a child and Zelda Sears proposes so to do. But even in this their purposes are far different. Miss Gandy took a little girl from the poorhouse to relieve her loneliness, to fill with a child's voice that "stillness" which she complains "could be heard." Mrs. Sears will adopt a child to make an experiment, a most interesting experiment, for she is of the opinion that "actresses are made, nor born," and that "any girl with youth, health and imagination can become an actress."

"Let me have a girl between seven and seventeen, the formative years of a woman's life, and let her be a healthy child with imagination, and I believe I

luxury of her hotel room, so far removed from the old fashioned bareness of Hetty Gandy's dressmaking supported cottage at Eden Centre.

"A character actress?" I asked.

"Yes, because all acting worth while is character acting," was the answer.

"I intend to make a home for her and myself in the country. A house in a city isn't a home. I shall teach her there, but will not let her become too domestic. She must not be too fond of home if she is to become an actress. In the player there's a tinge of the gipsy. If there were not he couldn't endure the roving life."

Mrs. Sears looks into the future with level eyes of clear vision.

"I shall go on doing character work until I leave the stage," she said. "Several plays have been sent me, in fact, have been written for me, whose central figure is an intensely modern woman, a woman of fashion and cleverness, poles away from my dear, yearning old maids. But I won't be one of these modern women. Plenty of actresses can beat me at them, but in all modesty, I don't think there are many who can beat me at my single women of advanced age. I want to make clear that if you find what you can do—well, you should go on doing it to the end. I intend to leave the stage rather early. There are few women like Bernhardt who can defy age, and I don't want one phase of myself to be a standard of comparison for the other. I don't want people to say 'Five years ago Zelda Sears played so and so splendidly' or 'She's good enough, but you should have seen her back in 1915.'"

"Why do you know the old maid



White

ZELDA SEARS

As Hetty Gandy, the old maid, in "The Nest Egg"

so well?" asked the writer.

"I've been seeing her ever since I can remember." From the mantel she took a photograph of a child of such weird aspect that I asked if she was an inmate of a home for the feeble-minded. "That's myself at an age when they called me precocious," she retorted. "If you've any criticisms turn them on the photographers of Port Huron, Michigan, in the early days when that was taken. This dress—"

"It looks like a straight jacket," I remarked.

"Was made by the original Hetty Gandy." Mrs. Sears determinedly continued:

"She was shrewd and under-educated, and like the others, she always had her eye out—"

"For men," I ventured.

"No—for a husband," she replied laconically.

It was only by an appeal to her courage that I induced the star of "The Nest Egg" to admit another reason for leaving the stage "rather early."

"I — want — to — write — plays." The confession was slow and reluctant. "I hate to say so because there are so many actors writing plays."

"And so many plays have been written by actors," I suggested. "Shakespeare, Molière, Pinero, Charles Klein, Thomas Wise—"

"Ye—es. Well, I want to try."

In view of her career, Mrs. Sears' rule for success is illuminating.

"Work," she said, with a smile, "and work," another smile, "and again—work."

That was all, but behind this personal motto is this tapestry of deeds. Born not many more than thirty years ago at Port Huron in Michigan, she almost immediately manifested a liking for books and boys, a liking that she has maintained with a nice balance between the human and the scholastic. She earned the prize for the best composition on the opening of a new department store in Port Huron, and the proprietor further rewarded her by employing her as cash girl. Deft fingered and nimble witted, she soon ceased to cry "Cash" and was promoted to that haughty state which permits a patronizing leaning over the counter and the engaging phrase "Is anyone waiting on you?" She soon outgrew the counter, a burning desire to "write pieces for the paper" assisting in that growth. There was no need of changing masters of her endeavors, for the man who owned the department store was the same leading citizen who owned the newspaper. She left the counter for the reporters' table, a five dollars a week wage for seven dollars a week salary.

She kept on growing, but her ambitions outgrew her fast growing body. She concluded that Port Huron was a field too narrow for her and she went to Detroit. To her amazement she learned



Campbell

IRENE FENWICK

Made a hit as Kiki in "The Zebra" at the Garrick Theatre

that the calloused, spectacled editors of the state's metropolis had never seen her article on the St. Clair County Fair nor any other classics from her pen. They showed an appalling indifference to her and her pen products. She decided after a week of continual surprise, occasioned by these non-receptive editors, to go to Chicago. She arrived in that abrupt, pressing city with "seventeen dollars and a sinking feeling." But her faith in the perspicacity of Chicago editors was justified. She wrote for the *Herald* a description of her adventures while learning to ride a bicycle. It was published in the humor column, and thereafter the column was open to her. So was the cashier's window on pay day. But the bent stage-ward, begun when she managed the advance sale of opera house tickets at Port Huron, and encouraged by the library her father had left his daughters with his blessing and a small life insurance, was made permanent by a visit she made to a theatre one day in search of newspaper copy.

Hart Conway, the stage veteran, coached her for the venture, and the managing editor of her newspaper asked the

dramatic critic to write her a letter of introduction to Klaw & Erlanger.

"We've no acting parts," the mighty twain told her, "but can you dance?"

"My father was an Italian," she answered, "so I couldn't help dancing." Straightway she proved it by converting the business office into a stage, with herself as chief pirouetteer. They placed her in the chorus of "Jack and the Beanstalk." In the production were eight dancers—Italian girls, who carried small batteries on their backs and were known as the electric ballet. One of the batteries became over active and burned the beads on the neck of one of the girls. The accident so frightened the dancer that she resigned. Zelda Sears then asked to be entrusted the part and she got it, and with it its magnificent honorarium of twenty dollars a week.

Back to Chicago she went after a season or two with "Jack and the Beanstalk," and forsook the pink tights and white tarleton of the ballet for the white muslin of the ingenue, or the sombre black of the betrayed maiden, or the crimson of the adventuress in continuous stock for two years. She came to New York to play a French adventuress in "Wine, Woman and Song," and

acquired some renown by a mimic murder of Elita Proctor Otis in that melodrama. Then was the turning point successward reached, for enter Clyde Fitch and with "Lover's Lane."

Thereafter she appeared almost exclusively in the plays of the man who said of her: "Zelda Sears has the brain of a man, the heart of a woman and the sympathy of an angel." ADA PATTERSON.

#### COMPENSATION

I laid the shattered idols one by one  
Upon Life's crowded shelf—  
Nursing the wounds—the silent battle done—  
Seared on the Inner Self.  
I turned and lo!—the world seemed strangely bright,  
Illusions lost, past purged—came second sight!

LESLIE CURTIS.

Scenes in Mary Austin's New Play "The Arrow Maker" at the New Theatre



Byron Leah Bateman-Hunter as Bright Water



Edith Wynne Matthison as the Chisera



E. M. Holland as Rain Wind



Byron

Ben Johnson

Edith Wynne Matthison

ACT. I. GREAT HAWK TRIES TO WIN THE FAVOR OF THE GODS BY OFFERING GIFTS TO THE CHISERA

## A Chat with the Author of "The Boss"

"I've always thought it must be good to be old and kind. Perhaps that comes as near my ambition as any purpose that is drifting about in my mind."

The author of "The Boss," of "The Nigger" and "Salvation Nell" denied that he was young, at least conspicuously and poignantly young. "I had a birthday last week. I was twenty-five. I've lived a quarter of a century. That is a considerable time."

Mrs. Fiske had alluded to the author of her last season's new vehicle as "That pink faced boy." He has changed a bit since she uttered that characterization. There are manly strength and confidence in his long, athletic stride, a more than boyish gravity in his habitual expression, and his dark cheeks bear their banner of healthful red challengingly through a city of pale, weary-eyed persons. A strong bodied, firm willed youth with rushing red blood in heart and face he has become the youngest playwright profitably producing for the American stage.

"Won't you pour tea?" he asked, looking hopelessly at the tray a waiter had brought into his large, handsome, booklined studio at that home for bachelors and distinct discourager of matrimony, the Hotel Royalton. "I don't believe I know how."

"I was thinking of Bernhardt when I said I wanted to grow old and kind," he said, sipping negligently his tea. "She is so sweet. When I was at Harvard the boys of one of the fraternities played 'supers in a mob scene in 'Fedora.' It was good for her because we spoke French, and of ten-fold good for us because watching her art and personality at close range was an inspiration. A classmate and myself were the two soldiers who go on to make the arrest. When Madame Bernhardt came off the stage after her scene, she went, as she always does, to the wings and, taking some one's arm, is led to her dressing room. When she passed me she bowed and with a roguish twinkle in her eye said: 'You gave a superb performance, Monsieur.' I gravely answered, 'And you too, Madame.'"

"She recalled that incident when she was playing in New York and I took a photograph of hers to be inscribed. She didn't like the picture and drew a penstroke here and there, cutting off a curve, and slashing down a reminder that she was growing stouter. Then she took a photograph that looked as though she were a girl of eighteen from her dressing table and autographed it. I captured the first photograph. I considered it a valuable human document. Neither of them is here. But here are two photographs I should like to show you."

He brought them from his desk. One was the lean, hungered, anguished, death touched face of Mrs. Fiske as Hannele. The other was the photograph of his mother, a tender faced woman, enjoying the sunny portion of her forties.

Over the last of our toast I asked him to explain the presence of the boy dramatist in America. "William Hurlburt looks boy-



Koehne, Chicago

EDWARD SHELDON

ish," I reminded him. "Avery Hopwood has an infantile face and only a few years."

"The boy dramatist's excuse for being is that people go to see his plays," he smiled. "That is reason enough, don't you think?" He went on:

"But there is another. Drama is the natural expression of youth. It is the childish habit of playing at things, of pretending that one has grown into an occupation or profession.

"Still another reason is the attention that is given to forms of the drama in the colleges. In the course that I took Professor Baker required us to write two plays. One was a one act play, the other a three act, called 'The Family Affair.' Both were tragedies. I think 'The Family Affair' may be produced.

"But there is hardly any doubt that the enforced writing of those two plays caused me to choose my profession. When persons had said to me 'What profession will you adopt?' I had always answered 'I don't know.' But I sent the play to an agent and she asked me to come to see her and said: 'You must take

up playwriting. There isn't the slightest doubt about it.' 'Do you think so?' I asked. 'I know it,' she answered. After that when people asked me what I intended to become I answered: 'A playwright.'

"How did 'The Boss' evolve?"

"It evolved primarily from the fact that I admired Holbrook Blinn greatly and wanted to write a play for him. Secondly, I read a magazine article about a man of his type—I don't mind telling you that it was Fingey Connors—Yes, I know Mr. Blinn has said it was not Mr. Connors, but he's tactful. I'm not. There were a paragraph or two in the magazine article that gave me a light upon his character. I built the play from that moment."

"Had you thought of writing a Napoleonic play for Mr. Blinn? Nature has played the trick of resemblance."

"Yes, but I do not see any drama in Napoleon. There is no conflict in a great egotist. I believe that people who go to the theatre like a love story. I think that is the one safe thing upon which to build. There was no great genuine romance in Napoleon's life. He never cared much for anyone.

"My next play is written and placed. I would like to tell you all about it, but promised the manager I wouldn't whisper the secret. This, though, I may tell you. My first plays have had, kind folk said, considerable strength. My next will have more of what all art and all life reach toward—beauty. It will have a more lyrical quality. At least I hope that will appear. I tried to make it. To be lyric is, perhaps, my dramatic ambition."

As we gave each other a parting hand, he said:

"Youth in the drama is justified by history. Men write plays in the thirties. Shakespeare died at fifty-two. Sardou wrote plays at seventy, but wasn't he the exception that proves the rule?"

A. P.



MARGARET ANGLIN, NOW APPEARING IN "THE GREEN STOCKINGS," AND SHORTLY TO BE SEEN IN "THE RIVAL"



White Hazel Dawn

William Elliott

Craufurd Kent

Alice Dovey

Act II. Another chapter added to the story of the sword in France—and to the story of love  
SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "THE PINK LADY" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

## EDMOND Rostand, author of "Chantecler," who retired to his coun- Hereditary Dramatic Genius

in the form of unconnected scenes, pretentious scenarios and dramatic sketches. None

try residence at Cambo in the south of France, following the first representation of his famous bird drama on the Paris stage, has frequently during the past summer, revealed to visitors a secret hitherto concealed by his wife and himself concerning his son, Maurice Rostand, now a youth of about twenty years. The poet and his wife have spoken freely to old friends of their cherished ambition that within a few years he may be able to lay aside the pen, with the assurance that Maurice has inherited the paternal genius for playwriting. Many times in conversation he referred to Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*, and in the next breath repeated the wish that within a few years he might be resting quietly upon his laurels, while the traditions of his name were carried to the world's golden scroll by his son.

Maurice, who has unquestionably inherited much of his father's hauteur, is aware of this program for his future, and although at present the youth is much attracted by the gay life of the boulevards, there is reason to believe that he has at least a talent for writing, and were it not for the tremendous responsibility clinging to the family name, as he views it, the stage would some time ago have seen his work and the critics would have been invited to pass judgment upon it. Strange enough as it may seem, Maurice Rostand is an indefatigable student of English and prefers that speech to his mother tongue, declaring that if his plays are ever produced, it will be in an English-speaking country, because he prefers to write the language of which his illustrious father understands only a few words and phrases. While it is a source of satisfaction to Rostand *père* that his son shows an inclination to write at all, he realizes his inability to pass critical judgment upon his work, and reposes much confidence in the opinions of Miss Olga Nethersole, the English actress, who has a villa near Cambo and has been a friend of the Rostands for many years. Nethersole, who has read many of Maurice's compositions, places a high estimate upon them. He has read to her his translations of many of his father's dramas and poems, and some of his own work, this latter, however, is for the main part

of his original work has yet been given to the public and perhaps it will not be for some time on account of reasons above stated. His father exercises a rigid censorship over all his writings, which creates a rather unusual situation in view of the fact that he would not willingly do anything that might be construed as a discouragement to his son's development.

"Dumas *père et fils*," says Rostand to his friends, and then smilingly adds. "Rostand *père et fils*." They all understand what he means. They also know that it is as difficult for a famous writer's son to succeed to his genius, as the Scriptures say it is for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. If Rostand were a celebrated actor, instead of an author, then about nine chances in ten, his son would also be an actor; but with artists, writers and musical composers, it is a very different matter, and the weight of evidence in history is against it.

Among the great names in the world's history there are few who were the sons of famous musicians, and such names as Palestrina, Handel, Rossini, Bellini, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Brahms, Chopin, Liszt, Dvôrák, Tschaiikowsky, Gounod, Bizet, Verdi, Berlioz, Meyerbeer and Boito bequeathed no artistic heritage to sons or daughters. Creative genius seemed to die with them, as it seems destined to die in the more modern cases of Richard Strauss, Puccini, Mascagni, Goldmark, Debussy, D'Indy, Saint Saens and Leoncavallo. The illustrious Bach family is a notable exception. Siegfried Wagner, son of the great Richard, and grandson of Franz Liszt, has met with repeated failures in endeavoring to defy the traditions.

With the artists of history it is much the same. The world knows but one Michael Angelo, Raphael, Tintoretto, Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Manet, Monet, de Chevannes, Turner and Whistler. Monumental genius sprang up and came to full flower in one generation. The next, when there was offspring, was at best only a faint reflection of the paternal brilliancy.

Among the authors a similar condition is found. There was





but one Shakespeare, Cervantes, Dante and Molière. Goethe's child was a weakling. Victor Hugo's daughter was insane. Walter Scott's son laughed at his father's novels and declared that he had never read one of them. No children inherited the genius of Schiller, Racine, Balzac, Poe, Emerson, Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Flaubert, Gauthier, George Eliot, George Sand and Voltaire. Today the literary sons of Alphonse Daudet, Nathaniel Hawthorne and George Du Maurier, are but faint echoes on the printed page of the names that once electrified the reading world.

How different with the actors! If Edmond Rostand were a Thespian, it would be likely that his son would strut the stage of the theatre with his father's mantle wrapped about him, and perhaps in the same rôles, the same costumes and makeup, and reading exactly the same lines, as so frequently has been the case.

Since 1728, for example, there have been representatives of the Jefferson family in the theatres of England and America. At least thirty-nine direct descendants of Thomas Jefferson have held positions of distinction, most famous of all being the late Joseph Jefferson, whose name has become indelibly linked with "Rip Van Winkle," the play in which he appeared for many years. Now his sons keep alive the traditions of the family name and its associations with the playhouse. E. A. Sothorn, who is best identified in theatrical history with the rôle of Lord Dundreary in Tom Taylor's "Our American Cousin," was an actor and dramatic author, and the mantle seems to have fallen upon his son, Edward H. Sothorn, who has not only played Dundreary and other notable parts with conspicuous success, but has also written several dramas during his busy life, one for Virginia Harned being "The Light That Lies in Woman's Eyes." The elder Sothorn was the father of three sons and one daughter, all of whom made careers for themselves on the stage. Edward Lytton Sothorn, the eldest, toured America in 1874, but died early. Eva and Sam Sothorn appeared with Edward in New York and London. Early in life, the father hoped that Edward H. might develop histrionic, but when this seemed improbable, he decided to make an artist of him, and he entered the London Royal Academy. Later he joined his father's company, but the father wrote: "Poor Eddie is a nice, lovable boy, but he will never make an actor."

Dionysius Boucicault, the actor-manager, had four children,

Eva, Dion, Nina and Aubrey, all of whom became actors, and two have had some success as playwrights. James K. Hackett is the son of James H. Hackett, Eleanor Robson the daughter of Madge Carr Cooke, Eleanor Montell the daughter of Eugenie Blair and granddaughter of Ella Wren, all actresses. Ethel Intropodi and her mother, Josie Intropodi, usually appear in the

same musical companies. Blanche Bates' father and mother were actors. Mrs. Fiske's mother was an actress. Wallace Eddinger, who became a star this season in "Bobby Burnitt," is the son of Lawrence Eddinger, appearing in his son's company. John Webster, who has lately come to prominent rôles, is the son of Nellie McHenry and John Webster, who for years were the particularly bright stars of Salisbury's Troubadours, and who appeared for many years in "The Brook," Ernest Glendenning, who has made a hit this year in the farce, "Baby Mine," is the son of John Glendenning, who came to this country with the Kendals and has remained a prominent figure on the American stage for twenty years.

The name of Frank Daniels, Jr., on this season's programs calls attention to the fact that another son of a comedian is following in father's footsteps. Arthur Shaw, appearing in "The Country Boy," is the son of Mary Shaw, the actress. Mark Smith, Jr., is the son of Mark Smith, who has been identified with the stage for upwards of half a century. Both Heron Miller and Henry Miller, Jr., are sons of the producing manager and actor, Henry Miller and they are both rapidly carving out their own careers in the theatre.

There is a veritable bevy of Drews, who date from "Grandma" Louisa Drew, mother of John, whose father and aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Drew with Louisa, made a quartet that were members of the same company years ago. John's daughter is now playing with cousin Ethel Barrymore, whose father and mother and two brothers have had careers on the American stage.

There were fourteen direct descendants of William Wallack (1760—1850) in the American theatre. They really date from Garrick, the celebrated tragedian, for Lester Wallack's grandmother was David Garrick's leading woman. Out of nine children of Edward Loomis Davenport, the actor, seven became actors, of whom Fanny was most famous. The others were: Blanche, Lily Vining, May, Florence C., Edgar L. and Harry G. Davenport, all of whom it seemed inherited much of their father's histrionic ability. George Holland,

(Continued on page vii)



White William Elliott Alice Dovey  
Act III. The reconciliation between Lucien and Angele  
SCENE IN "THE PINK LADY" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE



Moffett. CATHERINE CALVERT  
Playing Doris Moore in "The Deep Purple"

Bangs HENRY KOLKER  
Starring in "The Great Name"

Moffett CHRISTINE NORMAN  
Seen recently as Grace in "The Aviator"

## WE are told that the stage is falling into decay, that the art of the actor is degenerating, that the public taste was never as low and the general theatrical outlook never so gloomy. These dismal prophecies are astonishing to those who, familiar with the theatrical business as it used to be, and still on the inside of the box office, happen to know what immense sums the American public pays each year for its amusement, and what fabulous salaries are received nowadays by favorite performers.

# The Golden Era of the Stage

as that which recorded her debut on the English stage.

A generation ago a chorus girl was paid \$10 a week in a permanent engagement in one city, while on tour she was accorded but four dollars more, out of which (a total of \$14) she was compelled to pay for her maintenance, provide for her own shoes, tights and other stage necessities. This decidedly was not the golden era of the "show girl."

"Pinafore," that first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, was the means of creating the first great demand for young girls with good voices and attractive figures. Before its production the only need for this species came from two or three standard organizations, such as were headed by Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Abbott and Alice Oates. The advent of the comic opera, and the vogue created by the works of Gilbert and Sullivan, Offenbach, Audran, Milloecker and Strauss, soon brought about a plethora of comely young women whose stage careers were launched without training or incentive.

The more successful of these operettas were the means of attracting the attention of church choir singers, the church choir opera company and the juvenile opera company; both came into being as a result of the "Pinafore" craze. Many stars famous to-day began in one of these organizations: Julia Marlowe was the Josephine in a children's "Pinafore" company under "Bob" Miles' management long before she assumed the tragic muse, and Arthur and Jenny Dunn and Sallie Cohen first attracted public interest in the same way.

Lillian Russell was a chorus girl in Rice's "Pinafore" company; Della Fox, Marie Dressler, Sadie Martinot and Pauline Hall were all in the chorus. Edna May began as a chorus girl in the very production of which she afterward became the star-attraction, and it was through the accident of illness to the prima donna in "The Belle of New York" Company that she got her opportunity which resulted in her becoming the pet of the London public almost in the same year

The opportunity of the "show girl" came when productions such as "Liberty Belles" found vogue, and in this one offering alone a half dozen young women emerged into stardom; among these being Elsie Ferguson, Augusta Glosé and the late Lotta Faust.

Mabel Gilman began in the chorus, as also did Alice Johnson, Lulu Glaser and Adele Ritchie. Carrie De Mar (Mrs. Joseph Hart) began as an extra girl in Philadelphia not so long ago; May Yohe, who later became Lady Hope and achieved a world wide fame through a career replete with vicissitudes, emerged from the chorus of a Chicago theatre, she having attracted managerial attention through the possession of a peculiar note in her vocal range.

On the male side we find a similar state of affairs: Raymond Hitchcock began in the chorus of a cheap opera company; Henry E. Dixey was the forelegs of the heifer in "Evangeline," while Richard Golden constituted the hindlegs.

As an illustration of the rapidity of progress a few comparisons will be in order: Elsie Janis, in the spring of one year was paid \$100 a week; in the winter of the following year \$2,000 was found in her pay envelope for a similar period; Madame Tetrassini was singing in San Francisco in what was not far removed from a beer garden less than five years ago. Her weekly salary at that period was one-fourth what it is now for a night!

Victor Moore a few years ago was paid \$125 a week, out of which he had to pay his supporting company; to-day \$1,500 is gladly paid to him for the very same act or vehicle used at the outset. Rose Stahl was recently offered \$3,500 a week from the same managers who only two years before paid her less than one-tenth that sum for exactly the same performance. Lillian Russell received \$3,000 weekly for singing three songs in vaudeville, yet it does not seem to be very long ago that Tony Pastor paid her \$35 a week. Bessie Abott, now a fashionable prima donna, was one of the waifs in Rice's "1492," and it was her effort in this production that attracted the attention of Jean De Reszké, with whom she studied for an operatic career.

In the early years of this century Frances Starr was playing at the Murray Hill Theatre in a cheap but good stock company, where she appeared twice daily, doing the hardest kind of work; her salary may have been \$50 a week. Three years after she left this theatre



White IRMA LA PIERRE  
A clever and sympathetic actress now appearing in the popular farce "Seven Days"



White Alice Joha Carlotta Doty Eva McDonald Laurette Taylor Gladys Smith Virginia Hamilton Orilla Mars Charles Cherry

Act. I. Count Feri Horkay greets the seven sisters

SCENE IN EDITH ELLIS'S NEW PLAY "SEVEN SISTERS" RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

she was a star under David Belasco's masterly guidance!

In that very same stock company, playing the leading rôles, was Dorothy Donnelly; and Laura Hope Crews, who achieved a great potency at the Garrick Theatre in "Her Husband's Wife," was playing utility rôles for \$30 a week.

Less than fifteen years ago, David Warfield was glad to appear three times daily at Keith's Union Square Theatre for \$75 a week; he recently refused sixty times that sum from the same management! At the same time, and in the very same house, Louis Mann was paid \$100 a week. A few years later he was paid \$2,000 a week in the same field!

For thirty years McIntyre and Heath have been playing the same specialty in variety theatres. B. F. Keith paid them \$150 a week in his theatre in Boston to do six "turns" a day; they recently returned to the same city under the same management in the very same specialty, and found in their pay envelope on Saturday night \$2,500!

Caruso sang for a mere pittance in Europe, when his voice was better than it is to-day, when he is given nearly \$2,000 every night he sings!

Anton Rubinstein, the greatest pianist America ever heard, came here in 1871 for one hundred concerts, and he received exactly \$100 for each of these. The same impresario (Maurice Grau), who conducted this tournée, offered the distinguished Russian \$3,000 a night to return, but he ever after refused to come hither. Paderewski earns more money to-day in a single week than was paid to Rubinstein for his entire tour!

Ernestine Schumann-Heink came to the Metropolitan Opera House in the early nineties at a weekly honorarium of \$250; to-day, if she earns less than \$5,000 in a similar period, it is considered unusual!

But there is just one artiste whose honorarium at all periods in her long and unexampled career has been larger than that of any individual before the public! The divine Adelina Patti—whose nightly income has not been less than \$4,000 at any time during the three decades when she was consecutively heard, while on her last tour, when she was least of all worthy, she received (and it was the writer who paid her these extraordinary terms)

\$5,000 for each of her concerts in which she sang one aria and an encore in each of the two parts of the programme.

On November 9th, 1904, Patti received more than \$8,000 for one concert, for besides her \$5,000 she was guaranteed fifty per cent. of all receipts in excess of \$7,500 taken at the box office!

It is on the vaudeville stage, however, that one will have to look for achievements on the constructive or financial side of the stage problem, though present records should suffice to demonstrate the efficacy of this statement.

Eva Tanguay five years ago had to present herself in the offices of the booking agents daily in an effort to procure engagements; at this time she was content to receive \$150 a week. Now managers fall over each other in an effort to secure the priority of her services at a salary of \$2,500 a week!

Two different firms of vaudeville magnates have been resorting to litigation for the services of Gertrude Hoffmann, who less than three years ago was forced to go on veritable barnstorming expeditions in order to find a field for her talents, yet the salary which either of the litigants must pay for her weekly appearances is the almost unbelievable sum of \$3,500!

In 1906, when competition became fierce in vaudeville circles here, there came from London a younger member of the famous Lloyd family, Alice by name; her contract called for \$250 a week; yet so great was the hit she made, that in the very same season her salary was increased six hundred per cent. by the very same management that brought her here!

The highest paid of the vaudevillians, however, is Harry Lauder. A few years ago he was without prestige and had to struggle for a living. He came here under Klaw and Erlanger in 1907 at a salary of \$2,500 a week; then William Morris brought him over at an increase of \$1,000 over the previous honorarium; to-day, by reason of the sums paid to purchase his freedom from English managers to whom he is under contract, Mr. Morris has to pay \$5,000 every seven days for his services, and even at this seemingly prodigious figure, the manager has expressed himself that he considers Lauder even then the cheapest attraction he has ever played. Decidedly this is the golden age in theatredom!

ROBERT GRAU.



A REHEARSAL AT THE COMEDIE FRANCAISE. AT THE RIGHT, MM. JULES CLARETIE AND PIERRE WOLFF  
 Pictures taken especially for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Bert

## MOST quietly began three years ago a movement which is rapidly becoming one of the strongest uplifting forces for the drama in this country. Its inception was a tea table talk of a coterie of clever women in a city where the ratio of clever women is large, in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago.

# The Drama League of America

tion revealed the fact that the League favored the drama at its best, and did

rapidly becoming one of the strongest uplifting forces for the drama in this country. Its inception was a tea table talk of a coterie of clever women in a city where the ratio of clever women is large, in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago.

Said Mrs. A. Star Best, lifting a cup of tea well lemoned and unsugared: "I have noticed that the first ten days, and at most three weeks, are the trial time of a play. If it survives that time it has a very good chance to live. 'The Christian' was a weak infant for three weeks. Every performance during that time it was predicted would be its last breath. Most of the critics in New York, at least, promised that its life would be a short one."

"That is true," said a woman physician, who has since become a member of the Board of Health. "The first weeks of a play's life are like those of an infant. Both need encouragement."

"The encouragement of women," said another, "for just as distinctly as we are the bearer of babes are we the mainstays of the theatre. Most men don't really care for the theatre. They are only made to believe they do, by the women. Nine men out of ten would much rather go to a prize-fight or play a game of poker."

"Granted," said one after another of the fourteen women, "but what can be done? Let us devise some way of letting people know that there is a good play in town."

They agreed to meet in a week and suggest plans for tiding worthy dramatic infants over the dangerous first three weeks' period. At that meeting it was resolved that the women present should attend new plays as early as possible in the week, and report to their friends that it was a good play and urge them to attend. This was simple, and it would seem essentially local, yet out of that tea table idea has grown the Drama League of America, composed of twelve thousand persons, and having a representation in all the large cities of the West and in twenty-five States.

In January the Drama League held a convention in Chicago, and stated its purpose for the first time in public. That conven-

its utmost to keep alive worthy plays that were not wholly popular. It reported that of these was Stephen Phillips' poetic drama, "Herod," last season produced by William Faversham. The Drama League, of Chicago, attended a matinee of that production. The entrance of the four hundred women, who composed its membership, was greeted with cheers.

When a play has been pronounced by a member or members of the organization worthy the presence and interest of representative citizens, the organization throws the weight of the personal influence of each member, as well as its collective prestige, into the balance of the play's life. They telephone their circle of acquaintance telling them of the play, or they write personal letters, reciting the play's merits and urging attendance.

The League does not waste its energies in condemning bad plays. It simply stays away from them, and spends its time and money at the plays it deems good. The social influence of this attitude is powerful. In three words the wide-reaching work of this club for the aid of the better drama may be summarized. Its work is social constructive criticism. Four State Federations have endorsed it, and it has been presented to the National Federation of Women's Clubs for the approval which it confidently expects. Henry Arthur Jones and Granville Barker wrote its founder and president, Mrs. Best, saying that their step was a long stride along the upward path of the drama.

The Drama League, of Chicago, the strongest and parent organization, held fortnightly meetings at the Fine Arts Building for the discussion of the best drama. Distinguished lecturers, dramatists and players, have addressed them. Managers have been included in the speakers, and each manager has said that the existence of the League would give him courage to produce worthy plays, for the managers are merely purveyors to the public of what the public wants. Latterly, too, it has begun the publishing of reading lists and the circulation of proposed courses of study in dramatic literature and critical guides, that will have the effect of widening interest in the more significant plays.



# EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, March 1, 1911.

**M**ONSIEUR RICHARD STRAUSS, the well-known composer of "Salome" and "Elektra," has gained a great and justifiable triumph with "Rosenkavalier," produced at Dresden. What strikes one the most in this new work is the distinction of ideas. The great novelty in this latest production of Strauss is its truly earnest and profound sensibility. It is a work of great beauty. It might have been feared that with such a light subject, that at times verges upon the comic, the Strauss tendency to brutality would injure the delicacy of his work. The orchestra is prodigiously colored, as it always is with Strauss. But there is in it an element which he ignored until now, that is, simplicity and serenity.

There is one passage in "Rosenkavalier," a quartet solo, whose Mozartian sonority by its expression and its delicacy is worth all the crash and tumult of "Salome" and "Elektra." There are also in "Rosenkavalier" waltzes, indications of the waltz, rhythms of waltz, puffs of waltz, in fact, waltzes that are probably among the prettiest, the most enjoyable that have ever been written. In one word, the score is perfumed with the waltz.

"L'Ancêtre" has been presented at the Opéra Comique. It is lyric drama by M. Augé de Lassus, with music by M. Camille Saint-Saens, which I first saw five years

ago. For it was produced at Monte Carlo, February 27, 1906. The interpretation of the chief rôles at Monte Carlo were con-



Madame Marguerite Carré, of the Opéra Comique. Photo Reutlinger

fided to Madame Litvinne, Mlle. Farrar and Messieurs Rousselière and Renaud. The cast at the Opéra Comique, while it was good, was certainly less brilliant than

the original. Neither Mlle. Brehly, M. Albers, nor Mr. Beyle could make us forget the artists who created the rôles.

With "L'Ancêtre," the Opéra Comique gave a ballet, "Les Lucieles," in which Mesdemoiselles Chasles and Napierkowska, the latter in the unexpected rôle of a black Pierrot, made a great success. The music of this charming ballet is by M. Claude Terrasse; it is not pretentious, but studied, lightly and delicately orchestrated; in one word, most enjoyable.

The audience at the Opéra Comique, as always, was made up of the smartest people. The most admired among the many beautiful toilettes were those made by Doeuillet, Paquin and Cheruit, three of the best known and highly regarded names in the world of fashion.

Since I have spoken of dancing, I must mention the appearance of Mlle. Isidora Duncan at the Théâtre du Chatelet, where she had a triumphant reception.

I do not wish to speak ill of the work of certain dressmakers, but even so, in the "Zebra" at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, there are some costumes by Beer at which it is impossible not to laugh. It is the same story at the Bouffés-Parisiens, where they are presenting "Madame l'Amirale," in which there are two costumes of an incredible eccentricity. One little red gown, and a dark one banded with metallic embroidery, provoked a general titter through-



A SALON AT PAQUIN'S. EGGIMANN, PUBLISHER. PHOTO AGIÉ

out the house, which was almost irrepressible. Decidedly, Paul Poiret, the dressmaker who created these gowns, aims at eccentricity, which perhaps he mistakes for good taste. It is really time that the dressmakers regulated this matter, for it is really getting on people's nerves.

In "Madame l'Amirale," Madame Cora Laparcerie was beautifully gowned by Paquin, as was Mlle. Lantelme in "Le Vieil Homme."

Speaking of toilettes, I must tell you of the new play at the Théâtre des

Variétés, "Les Midinettes," by M. Louis Artus. The young girls, to whom is given the title of midinettes, are the seamstresses, who at the noon lunch hour rush into the streets like flocks of sparrows. The cheerful little Mimi, in the "Vie de Bohème," is a well-known type. The midinettes are the



The mezzanine salon at Cheruit's. Photo Agié. Publisher Eggimann

valued yet modest assistants of the *Créateurs de la Mode*, so well portrayed in the celebrated book of that name, edited by M. Charles Eggiman, and from which I have several times sent you illustrations.

The play of "Les Midinettes" is nothing very wonderful; it has the merit of initiating the public into the secrets of the strenuous daily life in the workrooms of the great Paris dressmakers and milliners. The author has depicted this life with great simplicity and naturalness.

Mlle. Mistinguett wore some lovely costumes on the stage, and there were equally lovely ones worn by the beautiful women in the audience. Several of these were made by that great dressmaker, Doeuillet, who always takes great pains to set off to advantage Nature's beautiful lines. Many a dressmaker could with benefit take lessons in æsthetics from Doeuillet in his hotel in the Place Vendôme.

I was more than right when I said in one of my letters that among the hundreds of fashionable dressmakers, there are a few, a dozen at the most, who are veritable artists.

There is some talk in the theatrical world of Feydeau's making a tour of the United States in répertoire. M. G. Feydeau is the clever author of a number of bright plays, all of which have reached at least their hundredth performance, and of which the best known are "La Dame de Chez Maxim's," "Champignol malgré lui," "Monsieur Chasse," to mention only the gayest. After the lapse of eighteen years the latter has just been revived at the Théâtre des Nouveautés. I doubt if these broad plays will be well received by the American public, unless the author makes many cuts, so many that they must amount to amputations.

At the Comédie Française Pierre Wolff's

"Marionettes" continues its triumphal career. It would be easy to severely criticize the two principal characters in this play; the husband is the type of a perfect "mulle" while the wife is misunderstood, derided and cynically deceived. Truly, M. Pierre Wolff must have a sorry opinion of human nature to depict such a paltry pair of lovers.

The success of the "Marionettes" must be attributed to the wonderful rendering of their parts by M. Grand and Madame Pièrat, both of whom show in the

second act that they are masters of their art. In it Madame Pièrat wears a Redfern costume that contributes to the reconciliation of the two strange principals. Mlle. Robinne, as pretty as she is elegant, contents herself in a secondary part with charming the eye of all beholders.



Costume of rough red serge. Collar and buttons of black satin. Jabot of lace and tulle. Made by Doeuillet. Photo Felix



Gown of blue and gold satin brocade, veiled with a tunic of blue net embroidered with beads. Made by Cheruit. Photo Felix



Mme. Piérat, of the Comédie Française. Evening gown of flesh-pink liberty veiled with gold embroidered net. Wide girdle of taupe satin, forming butterfly bow at back. Made by Redfern, Paris. Photo Nadar

Madame Margueritte Carré, of the Opéra Comique, has been persuaded by the director of the Théâtre Colon, at Buenos Ayres, to give a series of performances there from June 22d to August 25th. She sails from Genoa the first of June.

In my last letter I sent the photograph of that unesthetic thing which has been baptized the "Jupe-Culotte"—a name that has really no sense, since *jupe* (skirt) implies a feminine garment, while *culotte* (knickerbocker) is a part of masculine attire. The first meet at the Auteuil Race Course served as an excuse for an exhibition of mannequins who promenaded in groups to the great amusement of the crowds. Decidedly, Poiret has no luck. He reaps what he has sown. That is to say, the unanimous disapproval of the

smart women, as well as of sportsmen, was called forth by this carnival-like procession; and to think that such models were copyrighted for fear that they would be copied! It is a fact that this dressmaker adds to his lack of taste an absolute lack of modesty. The hobble skirt was a heresy to which we had to submit for many months. The "Jupe-Culotte," thanks to its grotesque form, will die before it is born. It is the last drop of water which makes the vase overflow. There may be women who will adopt this costume for various sports—for bicycling, for skating, for which nothing can be better. But that smart women (ladies) will adopt anything similar for visiting, or for evening, is almost inconceivable. It would be an absolute contradiction of the good taste for which the French lady is so justly renowned. Furthermore, the majority of dressmakers have refused to encourage such folly. What is true of the Race Course will be true of the Horse Show, where our most elegant women will appear in their most beautiful spring toilettes. At the races I admired many beautiful toilettes by Paquin, Doeuillet, Redfern, three of the greatest names in the Gotha of fashion creation, as easily recognized by connoisseurs as an autograph is by the graphologist. PETRONIUS.

A perfume that breathes of springtime is certainly most opportune. A well-known purveyor of odd and individual scents has just brought out a new perfume that is certain to be adopted by discriminating and elegant women. For the scent is not only unusual and timely, but also of a rare refinement. It is made from a sweet-smelling flower whose odor, to my knowledge, has never before been used for toilet purposes, so that the women who buy it now will be those who appreciate a good scent, and



One of Doeuillet's fitting rooms. Photo Agié. Photo Eggimann



Mlle. Monna Delza, of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Hat of copper-colored straw faced with bronze straw, and trimmed with big bronze velvet cords and with bunches of sorbier. Creation of Mme. Lenthéric. Photo Boissonnas & Taponier



Mlle. Monna Delza, of the Théâtre du Gymnase. Black tagal straw hat lined with copper and ornamented with shaded red carnations and red and yellow wheat. Made by Mme. Lenthéric. Photo Boissonnas & Taponier

those who like above all things to have an entirely new, and therefore almost individual, perfume. It comes in three forms, and at moderate price, for the extract and toilet water are only \$1 each, while a good-sized bottle of the sachet is only 75 cents. Furthermore, the bottles are attractive enough to form a pretty addition to the toilet table.

There has lately come to my notice a new invention for the reduction of the double chin. It is one well worth investigation by all who suffer from such deformity. It was called to my attention by a gentleman, who has a wonderful complexion for a man of fifty years, and who told me that the great improvement I noticed was due to his having used this machine for the last two months.





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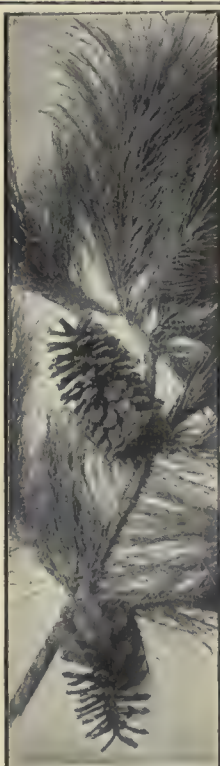
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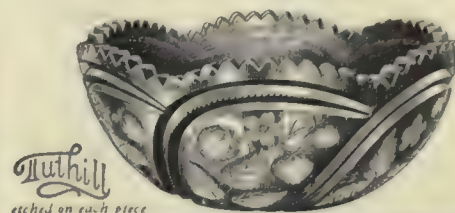


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## THE SNAKE DANCE

(Continued from page 126)

to right nor left, four times around the plaza to the left, each sprinkling prayer meal, and stamping violently on a plank in front of the kisi, or bower, where the snakes are kept. There is a hole in the middle of the plank, and under it is the opening to the Underworld, and the stamping on the plank is to inform the spirits of their ancestors that the ancient ceremonial is going on. When the fourth circuit is completed, the Antelope priests line up in front of the kisi, facing outward, and every sound is hushed as the Snake priests enter.

The entry of the Snake priests is dramatic beyond description. With gigantic strides they advance into the plaza, every attitude showing energy, determination and majestic fearlessness. The priests are splendidly barbaric in appearance; their make-up is a triumph of art. Their bodies are painted red, their chins darkened, and outlined with a stripe of white. They wear dark red kilts, moccasins, necklaces, feathers and other ornaments, all tending to give them a diabolical look. They circle the plaza four times, but in a much more energetic manner than the Antelope priests and in a wider circuit. They, too, stamp upon the plank in front of the kisi, and in addition leap upon it with wild gestures. When they have circled the plaza the fourth time they form in line, facing the Antelope priests who have ceased shaking the rattles which they carry to simulate the warning rattle of the snakes.

Only for a moment do they stop, and then the rattles begin again, this time a low, deep, humming chant accompanies the noise of the rattles. The priests sway from side to side, sweeping their eagle feather whips toward the ground. The song grows louder as the two lines sway back and forward like two long lines of serpents, while the medicine bearer with his bowl walks between the two lines sprinkling his liquid snake charms to the East, the West, the North and the South, like holy water at a religious feast.

Another pause, and the actors form into groups of three, a carrier and two attendants. These small groups dance, and sing or shout. Suddenly a carrier is seen to drop on one knee in front of the kisi, and when he rises he has a huge snake, which he places midway in his mouth. The trio of which he is the leader dance around, one of the men trying to attract the attention of the snake by waving a feather wand before it. Soon the plaza is alive with these groups of three dancing or hopping about the leader, all bearing in their mouths the hideous, squirming reptiles.

Four times around the plaza each leader carries his snake in his mouth, and when he drops it, the gatherer with a quick motion catches it, adding from time to time to his bundle until he has quite an armful of rattlesnakes, all writhing and squirming in a nerve-racking manner.

On goes the demoniacal dance, the music now deep and low, now rising to a frenzied shriek, always accompanied by the sibilant rattles carried by the Antelope priests, until all the snakes have been danced around the plaza four times each. When at last the nerve tension is strained almost to the limit, an old priest advances to an open place and sprinkles the prayer or sacred meal to the compass points, outlining a sacred ring. At a given signal the snakes are thrown upon the meal, and a wild scramble ensues. Only an instant, then the Snake priests start up, each one grasps one or more snakes and rushes off for the trail to carry the rain-bringing messengers to their native hiding places. They dash down the mesa, and disappear far out on the trails, bearing with them their gruesome burdens. The Antelope priests march gravely around the plaza four times, thumping the sunken plank to advise the spirits of their ancestors that the ceremony is completed, the curtain is rung down.

EMILY RAYMOND McBRIDE.

### "Uncle Tom's Cabin"

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been translated into the languages of most of the civilized nations. It is called, in French, "La Case de l'Oncle Tom;" in German, "Uncle Tom's Hutte;" in Danish, "Onkel Tom's;" in Dutch, "Der Negerhut;" in Flemish, "De Hut Von Onkle Tom;" in Hungarian, "Tama's Batya;" in Italian, "La Campana della zie Tommazo;" in Polish, "Chata Wujka Tomaza;" in Portuguese, "A Cabana do Pai Thomaz;" in Spanish, "La Cabaña del Tio Tomás;" in Russian, "Khizhina Dyadi Toma;" and in Swedish, "Onkel Tom's Stuga."

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## Hereditary Dramatic Genius

(Continued from page 184)

the actor, was the son of Henry Holland, the actor and the father of three sons and one daughter, George, E. M., J. J. and Kate Holland, all of whom have graced the stage and assisted in the maintenance of its best traditions. Four excellent actors, Maurice, Harold, George Arthur, and Tyrone Power are the lineal descendants of William Gratton Tyrone Power, the actor, who was born in 1797.

Viola Allen is the daughter of Leslie Allen, who has frequently appeared in her companies. William, Dustin and Marshall Farnum are the sons of actors. Dorothy Russell, daughter of the fair Lillian, appeared upon the stage for several seasons.

Two sons of the late Sir Henry Irving are now stars, Laurence and H. B. Irving, both of whom have won considerable reputation.

Edwin Booth was the son and brother of famous actors, with many other relatives of lesser distinction in the same profession. George M. Cohan is the son of actors, and their daughter, Josephine, has had a career in the theatre, the family quartet being similar to that of the Four Mortons. Herbert Standing, the actor, has three sons on the stage, of whom perhaps Guy Standing is best known. The daughter of Sir Herbert Tree is an actress, and the past season has seen the debut of the daughter of Fred Terry and his talented wife, both actresses. Any effort to enumerate the acting Terrys, however, would be tedious and futile. Miss Ellen Terry is perhaps the most famous of the family; but there are dozens of her relatives connected with the British stage. At the time of her jubilee they were grouped about her on the stage in a tableau and almost filled it.

Illustrations in proof of the theory that actors inherit their artistic gifts might be carried further, but doubtless to no purpose; and further proof from the records of history would go to show that this is not true of writers, musicians and painters. Particularly is it noticeable that the sons of writers not only fail to maintain the traditions of parental names, but that in many cases they are in no way interested in the arts, and in many cases are mental defectives.

There is, however, as Edmond Rostand observes, the striking instance of "Dumas père et fils," and upon this precedent the celebrated dramatic author bases his hopes. It will be of interest to the world to observe their fulfilment, or to see if history insists upon repeating itself.

ARCHIE BELL.

### New Victor Records

THREE NEW FARRAR RECORDS.—*Ben Bolt* (Kneass). No song of the past century achieved a wider popularity than this favorite, *Ben Bolt*. The poem was written in 1842 by Dr. Thomas English, and set to music by Nelson Kneass in 1848, at Pittsburg, where it was first sung in a play called "Buena Vista." Alice promptly became the pet of the public, and the air was sung and whistled everywhere, even becoming the rage in London—a rare thing in those days. The use of the song by Du Maurier in "Trilby" led to a revival of its success, and it is to-day more popular than ever, and justly so, as it is a really beautiful ballad. "*Tosca*"—*Ora stammi a sentir* (Now Listen to Me), (In Italian), (Puccini).

This beautiful air is sung by *Tosca* in the church of San Andrea, whither she has come to visit her lover, *Mario Cavaradossi*, the painter who is engaged on the mural decorations. *O, for the Wings of a Dove* (Mendelssohn). This lovely air forms the second part of Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer," for soprano solo and chorus. It was written in 1844 at Berlin for Mr. Bartholomew, the well-known English translator of the composer's vocal texts, to be performed at the Crosby Hall Concerts.

A MEYERBEER NUMBER AND TWO GLUCK AIRS BY HOMER.—"Prophète"—*Ah, mon fils!* (*Ah, My Son!*), (In French). "Le Prophète" (The Prophet) was written by that most famous of librettists, Scribe, and set to music by Meyerbeer in 1848, the first production being in Paris in 1849. "*Orfeo*"—(*I Have Lost My Eurydice*), (In Italian). Gluck's *Orfeo*, first produced in 1762, has recently been revived at the Metropolitan, and so much interest has been aroused by the performances, with a superb cast headed by Mme. Homer, that it is likely to be heard quite frequently in the future. "*Alceste*"—*Fatal divinita* (*Divinites du Styx*), (*Gods of Fate*), (In Italian). Although catalogued as an air from Gluck's "*Alceste*," this number seems now to belong to "*Orpheus*," as its interpolation in that work is so happy that it is likely to remain.

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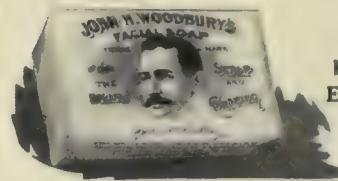
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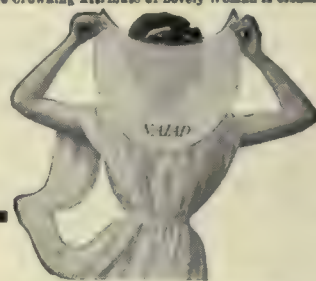
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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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## A Revolution in Stage Scenery

(Continued from page 113)

a Watteau can be reproduced with one-third the trouble and time required for making an ordinary drawing-room set. And for the first time, too, the effects of atmosphere can be seen on the stage, and with it the illusion of an unending vista, with the objects growing dimmer and dimmer in the distance.

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"Most important of all, this stencilling process gets away from the crudeness and glare of the stage as we find it to-day. It gives the audience a suggestion of color rather than color, which is always to be desired. Instead of making the actor an unobtrusive note in the big picture, paradoxically the simplicity makes the actor the leading note, because scenery and costume and color and lights are subsidiary to the human color, and the actor, of course, should be the dominant note of the stage picture.

"Too often the actor is secondary, because the scenery is heavy or glaring. I think a performance should be restful, but frequently, it is merely disturbing. One comes out into the air mentally tired from watching the inartistic riot of many things on the stage. In short, it all comes back to simplicity."

Whether Mr. Alexander's idea of obtaining all stage effects by the use of lights on toned gauze will revolutionize that very important phase of dramatic art is yet to be seen. The results he has obtained in "Chantecler" are highly successful, and it is doubtful if any uninitiated person who sees the production would even suspect that the scenes on the crest of the hill and in the forest were not painted, but merely the effect of lights thrown on toned gauze forms. Charles Frohman, however, believes that Mr. Alexander's idea can be adapted to almost every production, and in the future he will apply the stencilling process for his new plays. Like every other great innovation, it will doubtless be assailed and severely criticized by other managers, but Mr. Alexander believes that eventually it will be adopted.

KARL K. KITCHEN.

## An American Work at the Metropolitan Opera House

(Continued from page 116)

was not an ideal Nielaus. Zeppilli, as the Doll, was delightful, and Sylva looked handsome as Gioletta.

Verdi's "Otello" was revived, Slezak again impersonating the Moor, and with wonderful dramatic effect. Marie Rappold sang Desdemona for the first time, and was singularly lacking in charm, although she sang with much clearness of voice. Scotti's Iago was magnificent in its force and subtlety, and Toscanini conducted an admirable performance.

Johanna Gadski has rejoined these Metropolitan forces, after a long concert tour, and has again sung her familiar rôles, Brünnhilde, Eva and Aida with brilliancy of voice and customary effect. Wagner's "Ring" cycle was brought to its conclusion with two excellent performances—"Siegfried" and "Gotterdammerung." The audience turned out *en masse* to hear these works.

There has been music making night and day in the concert rooms. Gadski gave a song recital that did not entirely redound to her credit, but was at times enjoyable. One of the most delightful of "intimate" affairs was given by the Barrère Ensemble, who played a concert of odd and interesting compositions for wind instruments at the Belasco Theatre.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its usual brace of concerts, Ferruccio Busoni, pianist, the star. The orchestra, with consummate virtuosity, played Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" in a manner that left the audience gasping in admiration. So, too, was Schubert's C major Symphony—that of "heavenly length"—played in a way that challenged even the most expert of faultfinders. Max Fiedler conducted skilfully.

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**Plays of the Month**

(Continued from page 108)

be done. He added that he considered the time ripe for a play upon the Jewish question in America. Hence "As a Man Thinks," which was originally entitled "The Jew."

Mr. Thomas rarely fails completely in anything he undertakes. He is an interesting and forceful dramatist, but that in this work he throws any new light upon the Jewish problem is seriously to be questioned. The first impression received in witnessing the play is that the dramatist in starting on his subject found the difficulties too great and proceeded to beat a graceful but judicious retreat from an awkward position by giving the public an ordinary drama on hackneyed lines eked out by a series of familiar, well worn situations.

It is a commonplace in the technique of play-writing that to hold an audience the attention must be focused on one central idea. Trying to deal with two problems of equal importance at the same time would be fatal to any dramatic proposition. In this play Mr. Thomas not only attempts in a feeble and half-hearted fashion to deal with the colossal Jewish question, but at the same time grapples with the question of the equal moral responsibility of the sexes, although what one question has to do with the other, or why it was considered necessary to incorporate both in the same play, is something yet to be explained.

The drama hinges on a wife's attempt to exercise the right to go where life interests her just as her husband has exercised that right. The first act shows the household of Dr. Seelig, an elderly Jewish physician. His daughter Veda is courted, with her father's approval, by Benjamin De Lota, a type of caddish young Jew who has an unsavory past, but the young girl loves Julian Burrill, a young sculptor. To this house come as guests Mrs. Clayton and her husband. Mr. Clayton has stern notions of morality as far as women are concerned, but not when applied to himself. His infidelities are without number, but on his promise of repentance his wife has forgiven him. By accident she learns that he has been unfaithful again with the sculptor's model, and the indignant wife, ready to seek reprisals, turns to the cad Lota, who is quite ready to add another adventure to his list. The wife, of course, had no idea of dishonoring herself, but Clayton discovers that she has been to Lota's rooms, and in a fit of frenzy is about to turn her out of doors. The dramatist, however, with all the tricks of the trade up his sleeve, is on hand to prevent any such *contretemps*. Their golden-haired six-year-old child is suddenly taken ill with some mysterious disease and his life is pronounced in danger, so instead of turning his wife out of doors, Clayton goes away himself. The Jewish physician acts as peacemaker and Clayton's suspicions regarding the paternity of his boy are happily dissipated when it is proved that the cad Lota was a year in a French prison. In the last act the physician has to bear his own cross when he learns that his daughter has eloped with the sculptor.

There is nothing particularly original in this theme, nor are the situations new. The first act is talky, the dialogue sometimes dull, the action slow and the drift vague. The drama really begins only in the second act. With the exception of a few scattered platitudinous speeches, there is no attempt to settle the Jewish question one way or another. The physician talks verbosely every now and again about the Jewish race, but as far as the action of the drama is concerned the question of race or religion has nothing at all to do with the play, which contains such extraordinary phrases as this: "New York deserves the best kind of Jews," spoken by Dr. Seelig to De Lota when reproaching him for his conduct. Why should New York deserve better Jews than London, Paris or Hoboken? The real Jewish play has not yet been written. "The House Next Door" came nearer to it than anything we have yet seen. Mr. Thomas has touched the subject only on the surface.

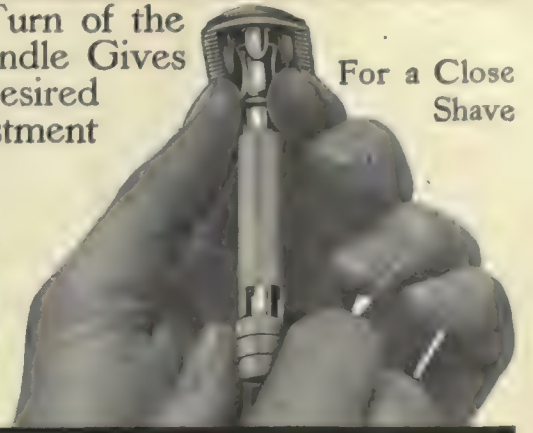
Mr. John Mason's fine enunciation and dignity of poise stood him in good stead as the physician, although the actor gave the impression that he himself had no strong convictions regarding the character he was impersonating. John Flood was too vociferous for a well bred man of the world. Walter Hale looked handsome and kept well in character as the dissolute young Jew.

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Vincent Serrano was too nervous and fidgety as the sculptor—a bad mannerism of which he has never cured himself. Charlotte Ives was charming as the ingenue Vedah and Amelia Gardner gave dignity to the part of Mrs. Seelig. Chrystal Herne, a charming and graceful young actress, was sympathetic and forceful as the wife, but she ought to try and control the facial muscles which, in moments of great tension, make her face appear as if she were smiling. For some extraordinary reason the Jews in the play wear stock cravats, as if it were some distinguishing mark of attire. The American Jew, as far as we are aware, dresses no differently from Gentiles in the same station of life.

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BIJOU. "THE CONFESSION." Play in three acts by James Halleck Reid. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Rose Creighton, Helen Holmes; Mrs. Mary Bartlett, Olive West; Michael Grogan, Mart Cody; Patsy Moran, Paul Kelly; Thomas Bartlett, Harold Vosburgh; Rev. J. J. Bartlett, Orrin Johnson; Josef Dumont, Theodore Roberts; Andrew Strong, Jack Drumier; Frank Gordon, W. D. Inghram; John Peabody, Ralph Delmore; E. P. Dustin, Bigelow Cooper; C. H. Blackburn, W. J. Brady; Jem Coburn, John North; Edward Stevens, Willard McDermont.

That a priest (who happens to be living at Gloucester, Mass.) should receive a confession of murder from a French-Canadian, and when his own brother is on trial accused of this murder and convicted on circumstantial evidence keeps his oath to the Church inviolate and refuses to reveal the secrets of the confessional, we are asked to believe that a powerful and pathetic drama is possible from the circumstances. The inviolability of the confessional is the central idea in Mr. Reid's play. The priest, as a witness at the trial, refuses to answer questions, saying that he would rather see his dear old mother dead than reveal what had been confided to him. As an abstract proposition or a matter of general polity this attitude might be assented to by a few, but it is not a subject of commercial treatment for profit, and instead of being highly dramatic, it is absolutely undramatic. The priest is entirely passive, does nothing and can do nothing. From the moment that he has received the confession of the real murderer, the action of the piece stops just as surely as the revolutions of a wheel would be checked if locked by a log chain. In order to have action the audience must see possibilities and have doubts of the future and see something of the means whereby the action may be solved. In this case it is obvious that the old French-Canadian fisherman will weaken at the last and publicly confess his crime. This is exactly what happens. No one has ever doubted that it would happen. There is nothing unexpected about it. That the exact way in which it will be done is not known beforehand is of no consequence. Real action not existing in the play, everything is reduced to mere acting, and some of it very fine acting and momentarily highly effective. A play must be logical from beginning to end, not only in its structure, but in its adherence to its central idea. To carry out that idea logically, the dear old mother should have dropped dead at the trial scene. This is a hard thing to say, but it is logic in playwriting. We are not raising any question as to Church polity. We are simply discussing that which concerns playwriting.

The play was plainly written from the point of view of the actor and stage manager, in either capacity Mr. Reid being a man of long experience and with a knowledge and skill second to none. He has an abundance of what is known on the stage as "effects." The thunder and rain storm plays an important part in the action. Singing without is heard. We noted the absence of a tolling bell at a point where it might have been introduced very effectively. Mr. Reid is good to his actors, for each of them has a bit. The mother has a beautiful fit when her child is condemned. Mr. Theodore Roberts never was in better shape than when, in a great scene, he decides that the hangman's noose was too uncomfortable to consider and that he preferred to let the innocent man hang, all of which he expressed to the priest by sign manuals, guttural utterances, wicked leers of triumph and other manifestations of devilry known only to people of supreme devilry who know how to act. As a bit of acting it is worth seeing. Mr. Orrin Johnson as the Priest felt his part, but was much too slow and minute in it. When he comes in out of the cold and rather wet rain, it takes him too long to get his hands warm. This overacting is a fault of many earnest and

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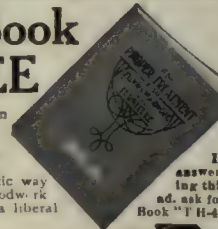
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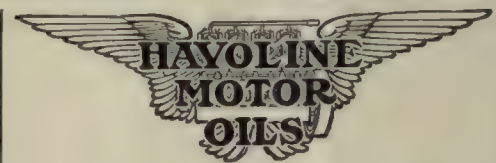


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conscientious actors. They dwell too much on detail. Mr. Orrin Johnson should pay no attention to the cold. It is his business in this play to be warm, to get warm and to stay warm, and lose no time about it.

Mr. Reid's scenes and incidents are in themselves very good. Some of them are unnecessary and used merely for comedy effect or "comedy relief" as our dramatic forebears used to call it. Comic relief as such is a dead thing and bad technique, and always was whenever used merely as an expedient and not as an interval part of the act. The little hump-backed boy, a waif from the streets of New York who talks slang and in his love for the Priest gets to be a very good boy indeed and a purist in his speech, is not an intriguer. We frankly admit that we were not at all surprised at the use of a comic Irishman, a servant about the house. No, we are mistaken. Michael Grogan was a Sexton and played well he was by Mart Cody. He surely had the wit and the brogue. Adherence to type in the selection of the players was notable. Mr. Ralph Delmore was the judge at the trial and later Governor of Massachusetts. His fitness in either position was marked. The prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Bigelow Cooper, and the Attorney for the defense, Mr. W. J. Brady, looked like lawyers and acted like lawyers. All the other members of the cast, to be seen in the list, were highly efficient. It is a play chock full of the symptoms of pathos which would be real and touching if the one ingredient of true action were not lacking.

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LYCEUM. "SEVEN SISTERS." Farce in four acts. Adapted from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh by Edith Ellis. Translated by Ferike Boros. Produced February 20 with this cast:

Mrs. Gyurkovics, Clara T. Bracy; Katinka, Alice John; Sari, Carlotta Doty; Ella, Eva McDonald; Mici, Laurette Taylor; Terka, Gladys Smith; Liza, Virginia Hamilton; Klara, Orilla Mars; Baron Radvanyi, Wilfred Draycott; Baron Gida Radvanyi, Gaston Bell; Count Feri Horkay, Charles Cherry; Miska Sandorfy, Shelley Hull; Toni Teleky, John B. Hollis; Janko, Bernard Thornton; Csori, Albac Sandor.

It is not often that domestic life reaches the stage in such an amiable form as we find in "The Seven Sisters," produced by Mr. Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre. The lovely purity of the marriageable daughters, their various harmless intrigues, and the alarms of the mother make wholesome comedy. There are scenes in the play, not counting it as a whole consistently entertaining, that are worth whole plays that are much better carried out as to the action. The play deserves to succeed. It is adapted, we assume, with the fewest possible slight changes, by Edith Ellis from the Hungarian of Ferencz Herczegh. The title would seem to suggest the impossibility of dramatic treatment. However, when resolved into an action it develops into a unity that is simple enough, although some of the farcical complications lead away at times from the central figure, the fourth daughter, who is the object of our greatest interest.

Hungarian customs as to marriageable daughters furnish the theme and the story of the play. Each daughter is to be married in succession according to age, the mother keeping the younger ones in short dresses as long as possible and resorting to the subterfuge of scaling down their ages according to the exigencies of the occasion. Thus, the fourth daughter, Micie, played by Laurette Taylor, the most attractive one, is forced by circumstances to take matters in hand. She had been sent to a convent to keep her dangerous presence inactive in the marriageable circle. The irrepressible creature had slipped from the charge of her keepers and gone to a garrison ball in a borrowed costume. When she returned all the nuns were at the windows as she tried to enter, and she was expelled. At the ball she had met a young lieutenant (Charles Cherry), who gave her money for her fare home. There was consternation when she got back, and she was put in short dresses again. The young lieutenant turns up, professing to be a cousin of the family who is expected. The three older sisters had to be married off before it came to Micie's turn, and the two lovers contrive to bring it about. How they do it is the play. The three younger sisters are children and are concerned in the action only in an incidental but delightful way, as when they are drawn up into line with the others for inspection or when they have pillow fights in their night gowns at bed time.

The play is necessarily somewhat farcical, for if it were a matter of sentimental courtship



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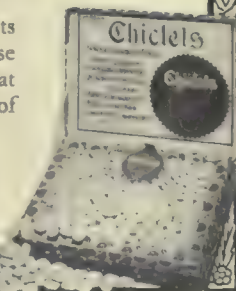
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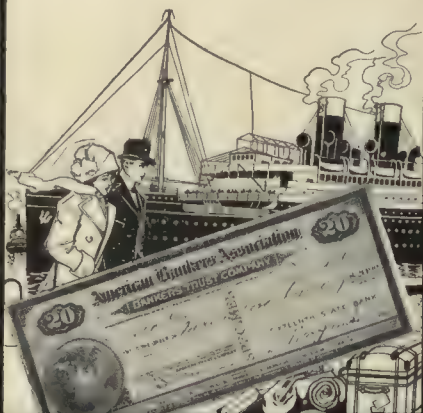
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throughout four acts, with the four marriageable sisters thinking and talking and acting love all the time it would be tedious indeed. The Hungarians are right! It should be the business of the mother to find husbands for her daughters, and if the daughters had a clause in their nightly prayers for the true lover it would be in the divine order of things. Of course the Hungarian idea is foreign to our custom, but none the less can our audiences appreciate and welcome the innocent and wholesome activities here set forth.

Mr. Charles Cherry is agreeable and natural in his acting without other great distinction than that quality of likeableness without which one cannot possibly, however artistic or intellectual he may be, become what is known as a star. Miss Laurette Taylor is arch and possesses a personality that makes us accept slight affectations as natural and ingratiating. She had a rather difficult task before her, for she had at times to appear in the short dresses of a girl in her teens. Her part is not a dominating one, as is inevitable with the nature of the theme and the action which concern a family rather than the one person.

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**NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE PINK LADY."**  
Musical comedy in three acts. Adapted from the French of Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud. Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced March 13 with this cast:

Serpolette Pochet, Alma Francis; Desiree, Ida M. Adams; A Photographer, Dudley Oatman; Pochet, F. Newton Lindo; The Hungry Man, Joseph Carey; Annette, Ida Gabrielle; Gilberte, Olive Depp; Gabrielle, Eunice Mackey; Raymonde, Trixie Whitford; Minette, Florence Walton; Sophie, Erminie Clark; Benevol, Fred Wright, Jr.; Lucien Garidel, William Elliott; Julie, Ruby Lewis; Nini, Teddy Hudson; Suzanne, May Hennessy; Angele, Alice Dovey; Maurice D'Uzac, Craufurd Kent; Bebe Guingolph, John E. Young; Claudine, Hazel Dawn; Crapote, Harry Depp; Madame Dondidier, Alice Hegeman; Philippe Dondidier, Frank Lalor; Theodore Lebec, A. S. Humerson; La Comtesse De Montanvert, Louise Kelley; Ronget, Dudley Oatman; Dr. Mazou, Maurice Hegeman; Pan, Joseph Carey; Ywaxy, Benjamin Lissit.

After being inflicted for so long with the formless hodge-podge of vacuous theatrical nonsense, which usually passes muster on Broadway for "musical comedy," it is a genuine treat to come across a piece that not only has a musically score, clever lyrics and pleasing songs, but also a plot that keeps one interested and guessing from beginning to end. "The Pink Lady" has all these qualities and more. It is a delight to eye and ear and at the same time does no violence to the intelligence. Unless all signs fail, this piece will have a long career of prosperity, and some of its catchy refrains will be whistled by the street gamins for many a moon to come.

The work is an adaptation by C. M. S. McLellan with music by Ivan Caryll, of "Le Satyr," a farce by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemaud, which was one of the substantial Boulevard successes last season. It is not necessary to recount the plot in detail here. Suffice to say that the story has to do with the adventures of Lucien (William Elliott), who takes his former *inamorita*, Claudine ("The Pink Lady"), to a restaurant and unexpectedly meets his fiancée (Alice Dovey). Claudine is introduced as Mme. Dondidier, wife of the old furniture dealer, all of which doings give rise to a series of extremely diverting complications. Unlike most pieces of this character, the fun develops logically out of the situations, and there is a consistent, well defined action, not merely a number of variety acts strung disconnectedly together for the purpose of a "show."

The curtain rises on a brilliant scene in the forest of Compiègne. Thence the scene changes to a furniture shop in the rue St. Honoré and later to the ball of the Nymphs and Satyrs. Mr. McLellan has written a number of songs which are likely to find popularity. "The Girl by the Saskatchewan" is a gem of its kind, while "The Beautiful Lady," "The Kiss Waltz" in the second act, in which the Pink Lady teaches Dondidier some osculatory exercises, and the *ensemble*, "Donny Did, Donny Didn't," fairly took the house by storm.

Hazel Dawn makes an attractive and charming Pink Lady, while Alice Hegeman was screamingly funny as Madame Dondidier, the old furniture dealer's wife. William Elliott contributes some good comedy, Frank Lalor was excellent as Dondidier, and Maurice Hegeman presented a clever character sketch of a French physician.

The piece is beautifully staged and the dash



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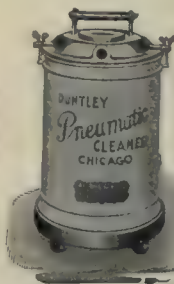
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and spirit of the whole entertainment shows the expert hands of Herbert Gresham and Julian Mitchell.

**CRITERION.** "THAIS." Drama in three acts by Paul Wilstach. Founded on the romance by Anatole France. Produced March 14 with this cast:

Thais, Constance Collier; Daniel, Tyrone Power; Nicias, Arthur Forrest; Hermedorus, V. L. Granville; Dorion, A. B. Imeson; Chereas, Franklin Jones; Aristobulus, Edmund Mortimer; Eucrites, Harry Christie; Callicrates, Charles Sievert; Lucius, W. C. Bradley; Basilides, Frank Lenord; Dekon, Frank Durand; Theros, Milton King; Zenothemis, Fred B. Hanson; Drose, Cynthia Fane; Philina, Mary E. Forbes; Helen, Mary Mc Crea; Phroe, Gladys Carroll; Callista, Nina Heather; Euronia, Lucile Fallon; Damon, Mr. Imeson; Palemon, Elmer Grandin; Flavian, Mr. Granville; Paul, Mr. Jones; Adhemas, Mr. Grandin; Cephenes, Sydney Greenstreet; Crobyle, Winifred Kingston; Myrtale, Maude Burns; First Egyptian Slave, Marion Alexander; Second Egyptian Slave, Rita Ricardo.

"Thais," founded on the romance by Anatole France, on which Jules Massenet based his celebrated opera, staged by Lawrence Marston, and produced in a spectacular way by Mr. Joseph M. Gaites, is good property. In this sense it is successful, but it is not a notable artistic achievement except as to externals and superficial things. We are entirely safe in affirming that the redemption of the courtesan is one of the very oldest themes in religion, literature, and the drama. Not to speak of Mary Magdalen, we have it in the oldest Sanscrit plays. "Thais" is only a variation, and like all elemental stories, is simple. A young hermit of the desert, fanatical in his religious zeal, yearns to save the soul of Thais, a beautiful courtesan; he seeks her out in her palace in Alexandria; she sends him away when her blandishments fail on him, he saying that he will wait for her; her soul awakens in her, and she sends for him; she dies redeemed in the Retreat of the White Sisters, the hermit at her feet, confessing to adoration of her person and then blessing her as a saint, the spiritual triumphant. This last act grips. Why? Because at last dramatic truth and the simplicities of the human heart have been reached, and at this moment unhampered by the theatrical and spectacular. A more refined, intelligent and sympathetic stage management might make a real and moving production of what is now merely a commercial success. We would be greatly interested in seeing what the outcome would be should the play be produced with a simplicity and naturalness that would relegate the spectacular to an incidental impression and not an end. We wonder if we could not induce Mr. Tyrone Power to understand that common sense and the soul abhor the top notes of the human voice. Miss Constance Collier is a very attractive, a very beautiful woman. It is not at all to her discredit, however, that she is not a very good Thais.

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**NEW YORK.** "JUMPING JUPITER." A farce in three acts. Book by Richard Carle and Sydney Rosenfeld. Music by Karl Hoschna. Produced March 6 with this cast:

Robert Winthrop, Burrell Barbaretto; Major Felix Buchanan, Joseph C. Miron; Stephen Buchanan, Lester J. Crawford; Toby Pebleford, Will H. Philbrick; Marmaduke Bright, John Goldsworthy; Stilwell, Murray D'Arcy; Connie Curtiss, Edna Wallace Hopper; Genevieve Buchanan, Isabelle Winloche; Elsie Buchanan, Natilie Alt; Caroline Goodwillie, Jessie Cardownie; Molly Pebleford, Eileen Claire; Mrs. Anastasia Kidd, Anna Chandler; Professor Jupiter Goodwillie, Richard Carle; Miss Ramier, Bly Brown; Miss Chalmers, Blanche Curtis; Miss Renault, Jean Eagles; Miss Packard, Marie Vernon; Miss Caddillac, Ida Harris; Miss Pierce, Beatrice Norton; Miss Locomobile, Margaret Strassel; Miss Lozier, Estelle St. Clair; Miss Wirston, Helen Broderick; Miss Buick, Annie Harris; Miss Hupp, Naomi Dale; Miss Daimler, Bessie Skeen.

Richard Carle is a clever and popular actor, but he cannot be congratulated on his latest vehicle, written by himself and Sydney Rosenfeld. It is poor entertainment at best and at no time rises above mediocrity. The story is exceedingly nebulous, not to say wholly unintelligible. Briefly, it has to do with a young man who wants to marry one girl, but is handicapped by the fact that he has "carried on" with another. The marriage is opposed by the girl's mother, and to deceive the worthy dame the young man introduces his former *inamorita* as the wife of a friend, which lady soon complicates matters by turning up. The humor is of the most hackneyed sort and the situations creak painfully at the joints. The play will hardly do.

**Plays Current in New York**

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (March 20th): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "As a Man Thinks," at Nazi-

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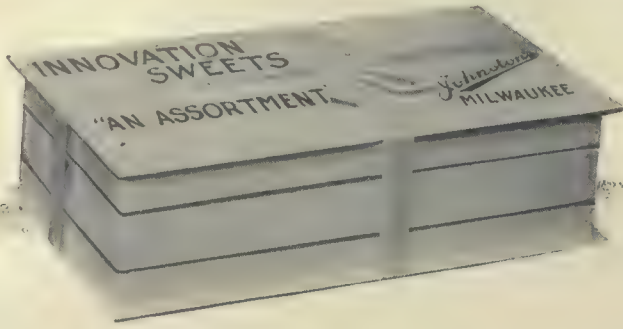
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movas 30th St.; "Baby Mine," at Daly's; "Becky Sharp," at the Lyceum; "Chantecler," at the Knickerbocker; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do," at the Comedy; "Jumping Jupiter," at the New York; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Hackett; "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," at the Republic; "Secret Service," at the Empire; "Thais," at the Criterion; "The Balkan Princess," at the Casino; "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper," at the New Theatre; "The Bohemian Girl," at the Majestic; "The Boss," at the Astor; "The Concert," at the Belasco; "The Confession," at the Bijou; "The Deep Purple," at the Lyric; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Henpecks," at the Broadway; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; The Winter Garden.

### New Theatre to Move

A site for the new playhouse to be erected by the New Theatre Company, of this city, has now been determined upon. It will be built on a large plot of ground in the rear of the Hotel Astor, running through the block from Forty-fourth Street to Forty-fifth Street.

The New Theatre management recently issued the following announcement:

"The founders of the New Theatre have no thought of abandoning the New Theatre movement. The experience of the past two years has demonstrated that the present building, although designed under the advice of a leading theatrical expert, is not suited for the class of dramatic performances contemplated by the founders.

"Productions on such scale as 'The Blue Bird' and 'The Piper' would undoubtedly have filled the theatre for the entire season; but the founders have been unwilling to limit the performances to plays of that class, meritorious as they are, because the aims of the enterprise and the claims of box owners and subscribers have called for a wider range of productions.

"Although during the two seasons now closing, the New Theatre has been more liberally supported than any other theatre in New York devoted exclusively to dramatic productions, the founders have been compelled to reach a conclusion adverse to the continued use of the present building as the home of the enterprise.

"The founders firmly maintain their belief in the mission and purpose of the New Theatre, and in order to thoroughly test the soundness of their belief and the willingness of the people of New York to lend their co-operation they will immediately proceed to erect upon a site conveniently accessible to all classes of theatre-goers a theatre of moderate size especially adapted to the production by a stock company of a repertory of modern and classical plays chosen primarily for their artistic merit.

"To enable the enterprise to be independent of immediate commercial success the founders will provide for a term of years a guaranty fund which will correspond to the subsidy by which theatres with similar aspirations are supported in most of the capitals of Europe.

"An opportunity will be afforded to subscribers for boxes and seats in the present New Theatre to continue as subscribers to the performances in the new building under an arrangement which will permit greater latitude in the distribution of productions than is possible under the present arrangement.

"Plans are under discussion for maintaining the present company of players as an organization, to the end that, with such changes in the personnel as may be deemed advantageous, it may appear in the new home a year from the coming Fall. During the season of 1911-1912 it may be sent on tour, under the direction of Mr. Winthrop Ames, in a selection of plays from the present repertory, possibly playing for a few weeks in New York.

"It is the hope of the founders that, in co-operation with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the present New Theatre building will eventually become the home for the production of such operas as require for their most effective presentation a smaller auditorium than the Metropolitan Opera House, a purpose for which the building is admirably adapted.

"As no definite arrangements to that end are in immediate contemplation, the house will be leased for the coming year for dramatic productions of a character suited to the building."

Madame Maurice Maeterlinck, formerly known as Georgette Leblanc, is planning to build a theatre in Paris, for which her husband is to furnish most of the plays. She will direct the productions.

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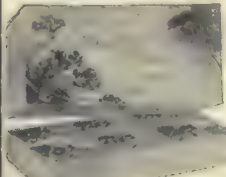
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Queries Answered

A Subscriber.—A full page scene in "Romeo and Juliet," showing E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, appeared in the December, 1904, issue of this magazine.

C. C., Chicago.—Q.—In what is Chrystal Herne appearing? A.—Miss Herne is appearing in "As a Man Thinks," at Nazimova's 39th Street Theatre, New York.

A. C. McK., Ozon Park.—To secure a position on the stage you will have to apply to dramatic agencies or to the manager of the production.

R. Ray G., Boston.—An article on Ibsen's "Ghosts" appeared in our April issue of 1903. Pictures of the play also appeared in the same issue.

A. C. H., Pocatello.—Dustin Farnum is at present appearing in "The Squaw Man"; he was seen recently in New York at the Broadway Theatre.

H. T. M., Providence.—Q.—Have you published scenes from the following plays in which Miss Marie Doro has appeared: "Clarice," "The Morals of Marcus," "The Richest Girl" and "Electricity"? A.—Scenes from "The Morals of Marcus" appeared in January and March, 1908, and from "Clarice" in December, 1906. We did not publish the others you name.

R. W., New York.—Q.—Will Julia Marlowe be seen in New York again this season? A.—It is hardly likely, as she appeared the early part of this season at the New Theatre, then again at the Academy of Music. Q.—Where was Geraldine Farrar born? A.—In Melrose, Mass.

An Anxious Subscriber.—Q.—In what numbers of the THEATRE have you published scenes from Mme. Nazimova's production of "A Doll's House"? A.—The colored cover of our June, 1907, issue shows Mme. Nazimova in "A Doll's House," also a full page in March, 1907, and in the August, 1907, issue.

Blackwood, Redlands.—Q.—In what numbers have you published scenes from "The Melting Pot"? A.—In February and October, 1909. These may be purchased from the offices of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

R. A. G., Philadelphia.—Q.—When will Elsie Janis be seen in this city again in "The Fair Co-Ed"? A.—Miss Janis is no longer appearing in the play you name. She is now playing the title rôle in "The Slim Princess" at the Globe Theatre, New York.

A Great Admirer.—Q.—Give a brief sketch of Lina Abarbanell's life. A.—Born in Portugal, she is the daughter of Paul Abarbanell, a well known grand opera conductor of Berlin. She has been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House in "Hansel and Gretel," and later established herself as a favorite at the Irving Place Theatre in this city. She began her stage career at the age of six and has appeared with success in all the larger European cities. Lately she has entered the field of musical comedy and has been heard in the title rôle of "The Merry Widow," and is at present appearing in "Mme. Sherry."

F. M. H., Springfield.—Q.—Can you tell me whether it was Ida Conquest, Frances Ring, or Elsie Ferguson who appeared in "The Wolf"? A.—Ida Conquest created the rôle of Hilda in Eugene Walter's play "The Wolf" and later Frances Ring was seen in this rôle. Elsie Ferguson has never to our knowledge appeared in this play.

M. H. E., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—In what are Maude Adams, Henry Woodruff and Elsie Janis appearing? A.—Maude Adams is appearing in "Chantecler" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York; Henry Woodruff is appearing in "A Prince of To-Night," and Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess."

G. A. O., Washington.—Q.—Who was Maude Adams' leading man in "Peter Pan"? A.—Ernest Lawford.

W. G. B., Atlanta, Ga.—Q.—Who is supposed to be the greatest living tenor? A.—Signor Enrico Caruso.

M. K. T., Cincinnati.—Q.—Can you tell me something of Zella Sears' life? A.—Born in Michigan, Miss Sears began her career as a journalist at the age of sixteen, and a few years later decided to go on the stage. The early part of her career consisted of hard work and good training. In 1900 she was seen at the Manhattan Theatre in "Woman and Wine," and later in "Lovers' Lane." Some of the plays she has been seen in are: "Glad of It," "The Coronet of the Duchess," "Cousin Billy," "The Truth" and "Girls." She is at present appearing in "The Nest Egg" with much success.

Evelyn B., Peoria.—Q.—When and where was Jenny Lind born? A.—She was born in 1821 on October 21, at Stockholm. Q.—Can you tell me anything concerning her career? A.—She made her first appearance on the London stage at the Queen's Theatre in 1817 in "Robert le Diable." She appeared in America for the first time at Castle Garden in 1850 under the management of P. T. Barnum. She married Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist, in Boston on February 5, 1852. Her last appearance in New York was at Metropolitan Hall in 1852.

C. B., Memphis.—Q.—Have you ever interviewed Kyrle Bellow? A.—Yes, in June, 1902. Q.—Have you interviewed Margaret Anglin? A.—Yes, in April 1902.

Jerseyite.—Q.—Have you published a portrait of Blanche Bates in colors as the Girl in "The Girl of the Golden West"? A.—On the cover of our December, 1906, issue.

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Advices from Yokohama state that Emma Calvé, who recently visited the Orient, was bought to sing by the foreign colony, but asked 10,000 yen (\$5,000) for one concert, which was more than the 2,300 could raise on the spur of the moment. So she did not sing.—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*

The Dramatic Art Society of the Cincinnati School of Expression, Edna Mannheimer, director, produced Sophocles' "Antigone" on March 10 last, for the benefit of the Greek department of the University of Cincinnati. The English translation used had been specially made for the performance by Dr. Joseph Edward Harry, head of the Greek department.



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# Smart Style Touches of the Spring

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Finally the cause of the new fashions has been submitted to the jury, who must ultimately decide upon the case, and this jury is none other than lovely woman. And she will make her decision known through her purchases. Thus each individual woman is enabled to cast her vote. For no one yet has devised a method by which to compel any woman to buy what she does not like.

To be sure the American purveyors of fashions are as wily as the serpent which invaded the Garden of Eden, for in innumerable ways they tempt the modern Eves almost beyond the powers of resistance. Certainly, it is only the level-headed woman who can withstand the many eye-compelling appeals contained in the displays of spring and summer styles.

It is the wise woman who takes stock of the apparel already in her wardrobe, and having summed up its deficiencies makes her purchases in accordance therewith. The woman with unlimited bank account is the only one who should dare to buy upon the impulse of the moment, for she is the only one who can rectify mistakes in purchasing by ordering something more.

Spring is the time of all others when attire must be fresh, new and gay. Thus the wearer is in attune with nature, now arrayed in all the glory of lovely foliage and exquisite blossoms. The millinery shops rival Dame Nature in their beauty of coloring and the multiplicity of flowers that, in many instances, are exact copies of the natural ones.

It is the province of the artistic milliner to so combine and arrange the new materials and trimmings that they will be a fitting crown to the new toilettes. Of all the new collections of hats I have seen, none are more beautiful, more artistic, nor more extensive than those of Joseph, on which I chanced the other morning as I was strolling up the avenue. With its mirrored walls



Photo Leeberger

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and light, dainty coloring, the shop itself has quite the air of a Parisian establishment set down in our most exclusive shopping district.

The hats shown here are bewildering in their variety, and are distinguished by an elegance quite out of the ordinary. Abnormally high crowns are a feature of other collections, crowns that are out of all proportion to the brim or the height of any wearer, while the Joseph hats are made with crowns of more moderate height, and some, indeed, quite low. Among the latter is an original little Poiret model, just the thing for a young, slender woman, and I could not but think what a lovely hat it would make for bridal attendants. It is a leghorn with a deep, bowl crown, surrounded by a two-inch brim that rolls up all around. This is faced with black velvet, and the crown encircled with a flat band of white curled ostrich. There is a big black velvet button set on at either side of the crown, and to one is attached a narrow black velvet band with a loop at the end. When the hat is in position this band goes under the chin and the loop over the other button. Becoming to many faces will be the small hat that sets quite closely about the face with a sharp little point in the center front. It is very smart in black faced with begonia red velvet with a fall of ostrich plumes in the same vivid shades for the sole trimming. More quiet, but quite as elegant, is it faced with king's blue, and ornamented with ostrich in the same tone.

It is very evident that the small and medium hats are those most to be desired for the early season. These are in two varieties, the



Photo Felix  
Smart walking costume made for Mlle. Mouna Delza of black and white Pekin striped satin with tunic of black satin, and soutache embroidered girdle



Photo Felix  
Empire gown worn by Mlle. de Behr. The underskirt is of panne velvet, tunic of green Salome silk, and black cord and tassels

medium picture shape, and the small bonnet-like affair. The latter, when well executed, is by far the smartest hat of the season, and when correctly posed is becoming and youthful in appearance. All hats must be tilted a trifle to the left side this season. There will be about one American woman out of a hundred who will wear her hat in the smart, stylish way. I cannot imagine why it is that women spend so much money on hats, and then take almost all the style out of them by posing them incorrectly. If I were a milliner, I should make each customer solemnly swear that she would put the hats on correctly, or I would not have her for a customer.

I saw a woman the other day actually wearing a hat wrong side foremost! It was a stunning Marie Louise model in white tagal with a high crown, and a graduated roll brim that had the little peak in front, faced with violet velvet, and with a big bunch of white plumes set on the back of the crown. Now those plumes should have stood straight up in the air, but because of the way the hat was adjusted they stood out at an angle of forty-five degrees! Can you imagine a woman so conceited as to perpetrate such an outrage? It is this lack of perception of line and its proportion that makes so many women look like caricatures of fashion.

But to return to the criticism of the new hats. There are lovely black and white combinations in both dress hats and those intended for morning wear. One of the latter has a soft crush crown of white tagal straw, and is an oblong turban shape. The brim is a narrow edge of black surmounted with a band of coral-colored straw beads, and there is a stunning velvet bow at the right side,



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The fan illustrated is one of unusual beauty. Here, from the dark green pines, fly beautiful white cranes with their crimson beaks, while in the distance Fujiyama lifts its noble snow-capped peak, made to glisten, as embroidery is added to the painting. The whole done on white silk and mounted upon an ivory bone frame, \$8.50. In ordering state number, 11192. Others at this price have sticks of ivory bone, all of them cleverly carved. Some are embroidered in white on a solid color background, the dragon being one of the very effective patterns.

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showing coral and black in a happy combination. Another typical hat for the tailored suit is of rather a rough brown straw with straw wings faced with blue velvet. This also is an oblong shape, and be it said that the oblong promised to be a favorite this season. Some milliners are calling them the airship hats. They are intended to be worn with the width across the face, or else to be set on the head obliquely, but such is the perversity of woman nature that probably those who are as "set in their ways" as old maids will pose them in direct opposition to the fashion dictum.

There is a lovely Gainsborough effect with a beautiful curve to the left brim roll that is shown by a number of milliners in all black or black and white. The hat itself is black, and trimmed either with ostrich or aigrettes.

Large hats are as large as ever, but few of them are being shown, perhaps because there is nothing strikingly new in them. One of the most original of these is in white tagal with the brim turned up in an odd tricorne shape, with two of its sides faced with a white bird or wings. Ostrich bands are the decided novelty in feather trimming, and I notice the tendency to a slight and unusual curling of the plumes and bands. Then there is bead trimming in both straw and porcelain. Black net ornamented with white porcelain beads is considerably used for the facing of some of the larger shapes. Heavy guipure and filet lace ornament some of the dressier of the small hats and turbans.

In combinations of color, foliage green with cinnamon or muffin is the most novel. Cerise, coral and begonia reds are well to the



Photo Felix  
Afternoon gown worn by Mlle. de Trezia in violet crêpe embroidered with silk of matching shade and with dyed lace



Photo Felix  
Evening gown worn by Mlle. Berka, made of gray charmeuse with net tunic strewn with grey and steel beads

fore. Then there is king's blue, matelot and etincelle. The artistic milliner excels not alone in the beauty and correct curves of his shapes, but to an equal degree in the selection and application of colors. Take, for example, the new bluish purples. It is only an artist who can choose just the right shade. Then there are deep wine shades of purple that are beautiful and becoming, but seem more appropriate for the fall season in this country than for the season of joyful young life.

Among the new hatpins are some lovely things in Russian enamel. That is, they are exact reproductions of this exquisite work that is so wonderfully executed by the Russian jewellers, and contain much that is characteristic of the Oriental origin of that nation. Not alone are hatpins made of this Russian enamel, but there is a wonderful array of combs, barettes, bands and other ornaments for the hair, all richly set with gems corresponding in color with the enamel. There are many admirable color combinations, so that these ornaments may be chosen to harmonize with the costume with which they will be worn.

The newest shape in barettes is the Geraldine Farrar Madame Butterfly, and very appropriate the name is, too, for almost every variety of butterfly has been copied for it. Whether made of tortoise shell, amber, or Russian enamel, it is lacelike and attractive, so that it promises to be as great a favorite with the majority of women as it already is with our popular young American soprano.

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enamel is a favorite hair ornament for dinner and evening wear. Mlle. Lantelme, the popular young French actress, is responsible for another and more extreme form of this velvet band, for as soon as she wore it in a new play all the women went wild about it, yet so far I have found it in only one place here. The band of velvet finishes just back of each ear with small bunches of tiny roses, and from the left side depends a single streamer of the velvet intended to rest on the front of the bodice, and finished with another small bunch of roses.

A picturesque and novel idea for the bridesmaids' headdresses is the small cap made of a lace scarf, with the ends gathered tightly in to the center back, and hanging from there is a narrow line almost to the waist. The frill about the face is headed by a wreath of tiny roses.

The short Empire gown is the shape most fashionable for bridesmaids. Indeed, the modified Empire gown is a particular favorite this season for costumes intended for all occasions. The influence of the first Republic is seen in the dainty fichus reminiscent of Charlotte Corday, and of the unhappy Marie Antoinette during her imprisonment. These fichus are mostly used on evening gowns, and later it is to be hoped that they will make their appearance on costumes of summer materials intended for afternoon and even morning wear. For there is no mode of neck dressing more charmingly feminine than an artistically draped fichu of lace, handkerchief linen or sheer mull.

This vogue of the Empire gown has brought into fashionable favor the tiny little fans of that period. Looking over the won-



Photo Leeberger

A New Idea in Pantaloen Skirts



Photo Felix

Brown velutina Empire gown with little square collar of Irish lace worn by Mlle. Bonnet

derful Vantine collection of fans, I found so many delightful ones that it is impossible to give you more than the vaguest idea of them. There are the spangled gauze fans in gold, silver, black, and the many evening shades of fashionable colors that are just suited to heighten the effect of a satin or chiffon costume of matching tonè. Far more original, and even more charming, however, are the silk or gauze fans of the Empire styles that are exquisitely decorated with hand embroidery and painting. This is a delightfully artistic combination of painting and embroidery, and so beautifully executed that you can scarcely tell where the embroidery begins and the painting ends, and even more marvellous is it that the embroidery is only a trifle less well done on the reverse as the right side. Then, too, they are so moderate in price, ranging from about \$3 to \$25 for one with hand-carved ivory sticks.

The decorations are generally of a floral nature, and include all the lovely springtime blossoms of the "Land of Cherry Blossoms." Indeed, these fans might well be named "The Essence of Spring." There are designs and colors suitable for all occasions, costumes and complexions.

One can find innumerable suggestions for Easter gifts at Vantine's. Among the daintiest of these are the silk bags and card cases, decorated with floral designs in Japanese hand embroidery. One in pink I particularly admired, and there came to me a vision of Easter bridesmaids clad in Empire gowns of Helen pink chiffon carrying over their arms these lovely reticules, for the quaint old

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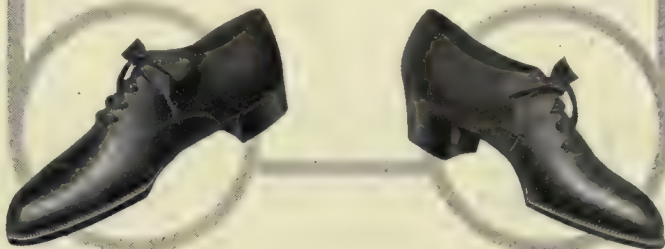
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name certainly fits the picture better than the harsh modern word of bag, with sheaves of pink and white carnations tied with green gauze ribbons, and the costumes completed by the smart little Poiret hat I have already described.

Speaking of weddings, all the fashionable Easter bridal gowns are being made with the one-sided train. It sounds odd, doesn't it? But it is really very charming and graceful, and is more than practical for the dancing frock. It is the tunic which forms this train, extending from the right side, and ending in a long, straight line on the left side, this being attached only to the gown at the waistline, so that when the wearer is walking or dancing the train can easily be thrown over the right arm, which is quite the smartest way of carrying it.

This form of train is susceptible of all sorts of novel combinations of materials in its construction; for example, a lovely soft broché crêpe for the tunic and train, and the underskirt covered with lace, for lace flounces are coming in again, and the woman who wears them this season will be in the forefront of the fashion procession. Or the side-trained gown may be made entirely of the lustrous soft Salome silk in one of the beautiful new shades that are such a characteristic of it.

The latest form of drapery for the short costume, for some of the trained all-around tunics, and even for the more elaborate wraps, is the spiral, and it is certainly stunning when well done, but it takes a mighty clever artist to execute it successfully. One must have a wonderful eye for proportion and line to be able to

produce this spiral curve. I saw it the other day in a lovely Panhard silk motor coat that opened at the left side of the front. The spiral was put on in a shaped band of this lovely new corded silk. It started at the right side of the opening, quite near the edge of the wrap, and then gradually wound around and up the back of the coat, until it finished at the left side of the front, a few inches below the waistline. The neck was finished with a broad, round, and flat collar of begonia red silk embroidered in whirligigs of biscuit-colored silk the same shade as the coat. Panhard is a new silk that has been specially made for motor coats, as the name implies. It has rather a dull finish, and is not easily crushable, and, as it has been rendered waterproof, it is a thoroughly practical as well as stylish silk for the purpose.

Alice Maynard has some lovely evening gowns in which the colors are most happily combined. Always there is something new to be found in this delightfully cosy shop, in which the gowns are distinguished by unusual elegance and refinement that appeals so strongly to the discriminating class of women. Here one finds the French model adapted to the lines of the American figure without obliterating any of that indefinable quality called "chic." I noticed a stunning oyster-white linen coat suit embellished with the fashionable openwork embroidery that struck my fancy as just the thing for summer wear. Also, she has some lovely white cotton and marquisette gowns and waists that are beautifully embroidered in different colors, so that fetching toilettes can be arranged by having the hat, parasol, stockings and gown of the same color.



Photo Felix  
Mlle. Darcourt in "L'Aventurier." Beautiful gown in brocade with voile tunic embroidered in pearls and diamonds



Photo Felix  
Gown of golden brown Salomé silk veiled with an embroidered mousseline de soie worn by Mlle. Mouna Delza



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# THE THEATRE

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Moffett

GEORGE ARLISS AS BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD

## THE SEASON'S PLAYS PASSED IN REVIEW



Byron

Veda McEvers

Mrs. Fiske

Kate Lester

Act. III. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh (Mrs. Fiske): "I'm sure Mrs. Leavitt will not stand upon the formality of an introduction"  
SCENE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S NEW COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE

**T**HE past season has distinction in the very high quality of some of the new and notable plays produced, and in its marked tendency in the progressive development of new ideas, and in the new treatment of old ideas.

Every season sees absolute failures, and naturally this season has not been free from them, but comparative failures in the artistic, as well as in the commercial, sense have been uncommonly numerous. The commercial test, if applied too freely by anticipation, is inimical to the development of the drama. Well-intentioned experiment is helpful. The commercial test applied in advance would arrest the development of new subjects, reduce everything to the conventional, and put a check-rein on all genius.

The New Theatre, not always successful in its adventures, has, nevertheless, proved the value of the unsordid spirit. We have already given a review of the productions at this institution; but, in a review of the entire season, in order to give due proportion to it, it is proper to make mention of some of the notable plays produced by it. "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck, was never in doubt, perhaps, as a commercial proposition. The piece did require, however, the kind of production that the New Theatre could give it, and did give it. In other hands it might have been cheapened by the incidental play on other appetites than the sense of the pure and beautiful. That it was, and is a commercial success does not in the least detract from the high aims of the New Theatre. This house, also, was the proper home for "The Piper," by Miss Josephine Preston Peabody. The craftsmanship of the writer of this prize play would have ap-



peared much more defective if the poetic qualities of the piece had been in the hands of less appreciating producers. "The Arrow Maker," by Miss Mary Austin, very crude in workmanship, was yet worth the while as presented here. "The Thunderbolt," by Pinero, while falling short in sympathetic interest, had its place in dignified art. "Mary Magdalene," by Maeterlinck, was an outside production, and with Miss Olga Nethersole dominating it, was overloaded with tinsel and heroics, with a bit of unnecessary lasciviousness here and there, and both in the author's handling and in the production fell short of its good intent. "Nobody's Daughter," by George Paston, was notable in being an artistically successful handling of a subject that had failed time and time again. With the plays just mentioned, financial success perhaps overbalanced failure, and the artistic success may be reckoned as brilliant.

Among plays of a high order seen at other houses, "Chantecler," Rostand's unique play, comes first. The novelty and the poetic value of this play in book form will be permanent. Mr. Charles Frohman's production of it, in view of the enormous difficulties in the way of retaining even so much of its subtleties, was an achievement, and this despite the fact that Miss Maude Adams proved to be entirely unsuited to the title rôle.

In the way of Shakespeare, "Macbeth" was worthily and ambitiously put forward by Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe with much that was new in interpretation. Sarah Bernhardt, always wonderful in her art, appeared before us once more in a repertory of familiar plays, and a number of new ones, some of them daring in nature. The distinguished French actress played to

crowded houses, and the hope is entertained that it was not her last appearance here. A satirical comedy en- titled "The Faun," by Edward Knoblauch, in which Mr. Faversham appeared, may be reckoned as worthy. "Anti-Matrimony," by Mr. Percy Mackaye, belongs to the lofty things that are found in the remote altitudes of the clouds. It was one of the failures of the season. "The Scarecrow," also by Mr. Mackaye, belongs also to the things of great endeavor, and while its appeal was in the nature of the fantastic, symbolic, and not altogether sympathetic, it served as a novelty. It at least gave proof that the fantastic is not exclusive from the theatre, and that the bonds of conventionality are being loosened. "Everywoman," by Walter Browne, while a revival of the old morality form of the drama, was a great novelty, because it was produced with every accessory of the modern stage, being both spectacular and operatic. Whatever difference of opinion may exist to the effectiveness of it, its sincerity, despite a few peculiarities, is not to be doubted, and by many it is regarded

as a beautiful play, teaching morality in a forceful way. Among the wholesome, unconventional plays, "Pomander Walk," by Louis M. Parker, may be given first place. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," for the most part a play of child life, was successful beyond what could have been anticipated. Plays of a similar kind have been outworn, and are almost invariably namby pamby, but the genius of the woman who wrote it gave us something new, and Edith Taliaferro, the young woman who acted the part of the girl of sunshine, was a revelation. This play proved one of the great successes of the season. It belongs to a class by itself. It cannot be listed with comedies proper, of which "Smith," by W. Somerset Maugham, was the best, and more distinctly a comedy than "Pomander Walk," for it concerned characters and conditions of the immediate present.

"Mother," a drama by Jules Eckert Goodman, was pathetic and true to that domestic life which is full of those tribulations, all the resources of the loving heart of a mother. "The



Bangs  
 CHRYSTAL HERNE  
 Daughter of the late playwright, James A. Herne, and now leading lady with John Mason in "As A Man Thinks"



Byron Mrs. Fiske Kathlene MacDonell Florine Arnold

Act III. Mrs. De Salle (Florine Arnold): "A viper—a venomous viper, that's what you are!"  
 SCENE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S NEW COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



White

Ralph Herz

Ethel Green

Ethel Millard

Act I. Dr. De Luxe flees in terror from his patient, the dog

SCENE IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "DR. DE LUXE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE

Havoc," produced by Mr. Henry Miller, was incidentally remarkable in having only three principal characters, with a fourth needed in only one scene. The story was an unusual one, and the play had merit as a satire on the marriage relation as disturbed by a woman's folly. "Electricity," by William Gillette, was a failure because of its artificiality. "The Family," by R. H. Davis, was remarkable as a play of episode, and as the first work of its author. It failed for the technical reason that it proved nothing in morals or philosophy, but it did prove that the author is to be reckoned with hereafter.

Comedies of a farcical nature embraced the greatest successes of the season, and were viewed by largest houses. "The Country Boy," by Edgar Selwyn, with an interesting dramatic action, had a boarding-house scene, with a number of amusing characters true to life, that was eminently diverting. "The Concert," an adaptation by Leo Deitrichstein, produced with the inimitable skill in details of Belasco, has been one of the substantial successes. "Nobody's Widow," under the same direction, was equally successful. "Baby Mine," by Margaret Mayo, in spite of the fact that the complications about a baby have been

done scores of times in old farces, and also in spite of the moral delinquency of the wife's deception, was found diverting in the highest degree, and was one of the big successes of the season. Moral delinquency has been a feature of a number of plays this past year, but other circumstances of the story and the action have been so contrived that the plays have found acceptance.

"Get Rich Quick Wallingford," by George M. Cohan, was a success of this kind. "The Commuters," by James Forbes, was a successful dramatization of the familiar troubles and humor in the life of the suburbanite. "Over Night," by Philip H. Bartholomae, was a very amusing farcical complication in which two married couples are separated, the timid bride and the timid groom having to travel together over night. The real humor of it all, with the avoidance of all improprieties, made it a most novel and amusing performance. As in other cases to which we have called attention, it is the author's first work. "Excuse Me," by Rupert Hughes, was also a great farcical success, and was particularly novel in having its entire action on a Pullman train going at express speed.



White

HAZEL DAWN

Now appearing as Claudine in "The Pink Lady" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

Against these successes a

number of failures may be recorded. Much was expected of "The Brass Bottle," but the play did not please. "The Zebra," by Paul Potter, from the French, fell short. "I'll Be Hanged if I Do," although sustained by the peculiar antics of William Collier, was foolishly trivial. "The Aviator," while it extracted some comedy from the newest of subjects, lacked something, and was soon laid aside for repairs. "The Nest Egg," carrying the fortunes of Miss Zelda Sears, was too improbable in its story in spite of the spinster so true to life, as played by Miss Sears. "The Impostor," in spirit and substance an excellent comedy, could not gain a foothold, although Miss Annie Russell, in the sympathetic part of a girl who had to represent herself as some one else, and be the guest of a family for a little while in order to save her highest honor, was at her best.

It is difficult to find the precise causes of the financial failure of some plays. We can only record the successes and failures of the season. "Love Among the Lions," seen at the Garrick, might have succeeded in some other season. It is possible that it was not played with the right spirit or by the right people. "Miss Patsy" failed promptly, because of some crudities and improbabilities, and yet it was very amusing. It might have succeeded yesterday, but not to-day. "The Deserters" was a failure even with Blanche Bates in it, she doing a song and dance. The trouble, perhaps, was that the play was reminiscential and machine-made by people too close to the stage, and not hand-made. "The Little Damozel," much praised in



White Act II. Delia (Nora Bayes) sending the kiddies to bed  
SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT" AT THE GLOBE



White Act III. Delia hears her husband's voice over the wire  
SCENE IN "LITTLE MISS FIX-IT" AT THE GLOBE

some quarters, was a failure, because almost its entire "business" was reminiscential of plays where their "business" properly belongs. "The Other Fellow," in which Thomas Jefferson vainly essayed the fine skill derived from his father, was anything but a success, because it was played in the dark of the moon, all common sense being lost in the obscurities.

"New York," by W. H. Hurlbut, which, before it reached New York, was proclaimed the greatest play of its kind ever written, proved to be an abhorrent stirring up of evil lives from which no earthly good could come, or for which no condonation could be granted by audiences. "Two Women," adapted from an Italian author, by Rupert Hughes, in which Mrs. Carter appeared with great confidence, and anticipation, and success, was spectacular and empty, with hardly a true note in it. "The Deep Purple," by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, true to the life of the under world, and with the unerring handicraft of Paul Armstrong, made a successful appeal. "The Speckled Band" was a failure. "We Can't Be as Bad as All That," by Henry Arthur Jones, was not an entire success, and we think for reasons that we definitely pointed out in our review of the play. "The Boss," by Sheldon, was stimulating and well acted, and will serve its purposes, which are not high. "The Gamblers," by Charles Klein, produced by the Authors' Society, which produced the Jones play also, was successful as a drama of strong situations and well-developed characters, but the principal figure was on the defensive in having misappropriated funds.



Byron, N. Y.

1. Miss Shirley Burns. 2. Mr. Augustus Thomas. 3. Mr. Sydney Rosenfield. 4. Mr. Herbert D. Walter. 5. Mrs. Martha Morton. 6. Mrs. C. A. Doremus. 7. Mr. Harry P. Mawson. 8. Mr. John A. Stevens. 9. Mr. Paul Harris. 10. Mr. C. T. Dazie. 11. Mr. Frank Mandel. 12. Miss Lottie Blair Parker. 13. Mrs. Mary Rider. 14. Miss Alice Ives. 15. Miss Florence Holden. 16. Mrs. Harriman. 17. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 18. Winthrop Ames. 19. J. I. C. Clarke

#### A SHOP TALK AT THE AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AMERICAN DRAMATISTS AND COMPOSERS

This organization, which succeeded the American Dramatists Club, has an occasional evening at home for the purpose of discussing things cognate to their profession. A recent gathering discussed a National Drama. Those who spoke upon the subject were Mrs. Martha Morton, Mr. Sydney Rosenfield, Mr. C. T. Dazie, Mrs. C. A. Doremus, Miss Alice Ives, Mr. Harry P. Mawson, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke. These talks generally take upon themselves a sort of debating society aspect in which the subject matter is pretty well thrashed out. It developed on the evening in question, when there was a wide divergence of opinion as to what constitutes a National Drama, and, when the evening was over, it might truthfully be said not much light had been shed upon the subject. Augustus Thomas presided.

Of musical plays half a dozen have become eminently popular, the latest one, "The Pink Lady," succeeding in popularity to "The Merry Widow." Among the successful ones were "Madame Sherry," "Judy Forgot," "The Girl in the Taxi," "The Spring Maid" and "The Henpecks." We cannot undertake in proportion the degree of success had by the various comic operas. Pieces of the kind have elements that invariably please unless the book is inseparably stupid, which was the case with a number of them, hardly worth the while to mention.

Mrs. Fiske's new play, "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," not put together in skill in some of its parts, is yet exceedingly diverting in all the scenes in which she appears. Mrs. Fiske herself was never more delightful than she is in this character

of a social impostor. She appeared, also, as Becky Sharp.

Among the revivals of the season was Pinero's delightful comedy, "Trelawney of the Wells," which was seen with great pleasure. "Diplomacy," "Jim the Penman" and William Gillette in "Held by the Enemy," "Sherlock Holmes," and other plays of his repertoire, also proved worth the while. The Hippodrome sustained its reputation for novelty and magnitude in its productions. "The Twelve-Pound Look," a one-act play by James M. Barrie, represented the new school in idea and treatment, and was a welcome novelty. With a full list of all the productions of the season to be published in these columns later on, the passing comments that are made here may enable the reader to gain some idea of the tendencies of the moment.

LYCEUM. "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH."  
Comedy in three-acts by Harry James Smith.  
Produced April 3 with this cast:

Justin Rawson .....	Charles Harbury	Peter Swallow .....	Henry E. Dixey
Miss Rawson .....	Kate Lester	Kitson .....	Cyril Young
Geoffrey Rawson .....	Malcolm Duncan	Mrs. De Salle .....	Florine Arnold
Anthony Rawson .....	Douglas J. Wood	Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh .....	Mrs. Fiske
Stephen Leavitt .....	Paul Scardon	Violet De Salle .....	Kathlene MacDoneil
Mr. Stephen Leavitt .....	Veda McEvers	Nina .....	Helena Van Brugh

## The New Plays

It is a bit improbable, perhaps, that an American woman of vulgar antecedents as to family should marry into the British aristocracy, should return to her native land with a hyphenated name, including her original family name slightly changed, and expect to avoid the exposure of her lowly social beginnings. But the plausibility of an action, founded on these conditions, depends entirely upon the way in which it is handled. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh returns to America for the sole purpose of marrying her younger sister to the elder son of a rich and proud family living on their estate on Long Island. That accomplished, she can return to England and safely enjoy the fiction, which she has already won out on, of polite and not vulgar lineage. It is a question of a few weeks only. Accept this, and the story is possible, probable, and essentially of the day.

Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh's father made his millions out of a patent medicine while the family lived at Missionary Loop, Ind. She suddenly learns that Pete Swallow, a tombstone maker, an old lover of hers, is to visit the house, and that he suspects her identity. This, then, is the situation, with incidents imperilling all her schemes, which she confronts and turns into comedy.

Mrs. Fiske has never played anything with more delicious

drollery and naturalness. Politely suave in her company manners, she has the raucous voice of the old days when she

commands her mother or lays down the law to her younger sister. She eyes Pete through her lorgnette, and completely disconcerts him by her naïve amusement at his absurd claim that he used to know her. This scene is greatly impaired by Mr. Dixey's utterly inadequate conception and portrayal of Pete Swallow. Instead of having him in appearance, manner and speech the unchanged rustic of the old days from Missionary Loop, he has him youthful, attractive, suave, rather polished, and glib with the speech of Puck or the verbal comedy of literature. If not this, he is Henry Dixey. He is, in either case, the antithesis of Pete Swallow. All that he says and does, if uttered and done by the real Pete Swallow, would be vastly entertaining. As it is, Mr. Dixey gets no response from the audience whatever. This is a defect in the performance that can be easily remedied, and should be remedied. Mr. Dixey could over-night make ready for the real Pete Swallow.

The story is interesting and dramatic. Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh safely gets rid of Peter, but the younger sister, who is really in love with the younger son of the family, lets out the secret of Missionary Loop, and the Bumpstead-Leighs are given notice to leave by the next train. How she remains and brings the whole family to her feet makes the closing action diverting and dramatic. With the first act rearranged as to the sequence of happenings, the play should become very popular. Mrs. Fiske's comedy in it is delightful.

(Continued on page ix)

Scenes in Charles Klein's New Play "Maggie Pepper"



White Maggie (Rose Stahl) Holbrook (Frederick Truesdell) Jim (J. Harry Benrino)  
ACT II. JIM: "I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU"



White Maggie (Rose Stahl) Holbrook (Frederick Truesdell)  
ACT III. MAGGIE: "DON'T WAKE HIM UP!"



White Rosina Van Dyck Florence Wickham Leon Rothier Geraldine Farrar Lucia Fornaroli Henrietta Wakefield  
Lenora Sparkes

Act III. Ariane (Geraldine Farrar) cuts the cords that bind Barbe-Bleue  
SCENE IN PAUL DUKAS'S NEW OPERA "ARIANE ET BARBE-BLEUE" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

## Novelties at the Metropolitan Opera House

THREE novelties sped the parting opera season at the Metropolitan, marking the final month with even greater interest than the preceding ones. France and Italy-Germany contributed to this artistic list, the first-named country being represented by Paul Dukas's "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" and Jean Nougues' "Quo Vadis?" while the combination of Italy and Germany was represented in Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "Il Segreto di Susanna," known in the original German as "Susanna's Geheimniss."

With the production of two world-famous French works,—to say nothing of the repetition of familiar operas of that school,—there ceases the charge that French opera is now neglected in New York.

First of all, let us turn to "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," music by Paul Dukas, libretto by Maurice Maeterlinck, which had its first performance in America at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of Wednesday, March 29 last, with the following cast:

Ariane, Geraldine Farrar; Barbe-Bleue, Leon Rothier; The Nurse, Florence Wickham; Selysette, Jeanne Maubourg; Ygraine, Lenora Sparkes; Melisande, Rosina Van Dyck; Bellangere, Henrietta Wakefield; Alladine, Lucia Fornaroli; An Old Peasant, Georges Bourgeois; Second Peasant, Bernard Begue; Third Peasant, Basil Ruysdael. Conductor, Arturo Toscanini.

"Ariane et Barbe-Bleue" is a masterpiece. Its chances of proving a popular success are practically nil, for there is little in it to catch the average opera-goer's ear and hold it. Melody of the frank, flowing kind is practically eschewed by this composer—not nearly as much so as it is in Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," but still so much so that the listener finds nothing to store away in his memory in the way of long phrases.

But what militates against its popular success more than its music is the libretto. It is practically a monologue, sung by Ariane. Blue Beard's part in the story is reduced to almost nothing, and the other voices are all women's voices, being those of the four other wives of this famed ogre, who had a vile disposition and a blue beard—according to legend. Whereas in "Pelléas et Mélisande" there is enacted a great human tragedy,—the love of a man for a woman,—there is in "Ariane" nothing whatever of this kind.



It has been called a suffragette opera, for Ariane is an emancipated woman. She frees herself and frees her five matrimonial sisters of bondage. But when the end comes, and when Blue Beard is helpless and wounded, and when the door is open to all of them what happens? The five wives choose to remain with their tyrant, letting Ariane go out into the world alone, to that indefinite Maeterlinckian "somewhere." What did the author mean by this odd version of the Blue Beard tale? Was his mind charged with satire or with symbolism?

Dukas has waived this question. He has written a score that is one of the most beautiful bits of orchestration of modern times. To define him as a musician in a phrase would be to say that he is a French step-child of Wagner and first cousin to Debussy. But, more than that, he is himself, Paul Dukas, a serious and estimable musician. His harmonies are distinctly individual, his whole tonal color scheme is fascinatingly novel. The Wagner reminiscences that came to hearing are those of a musician





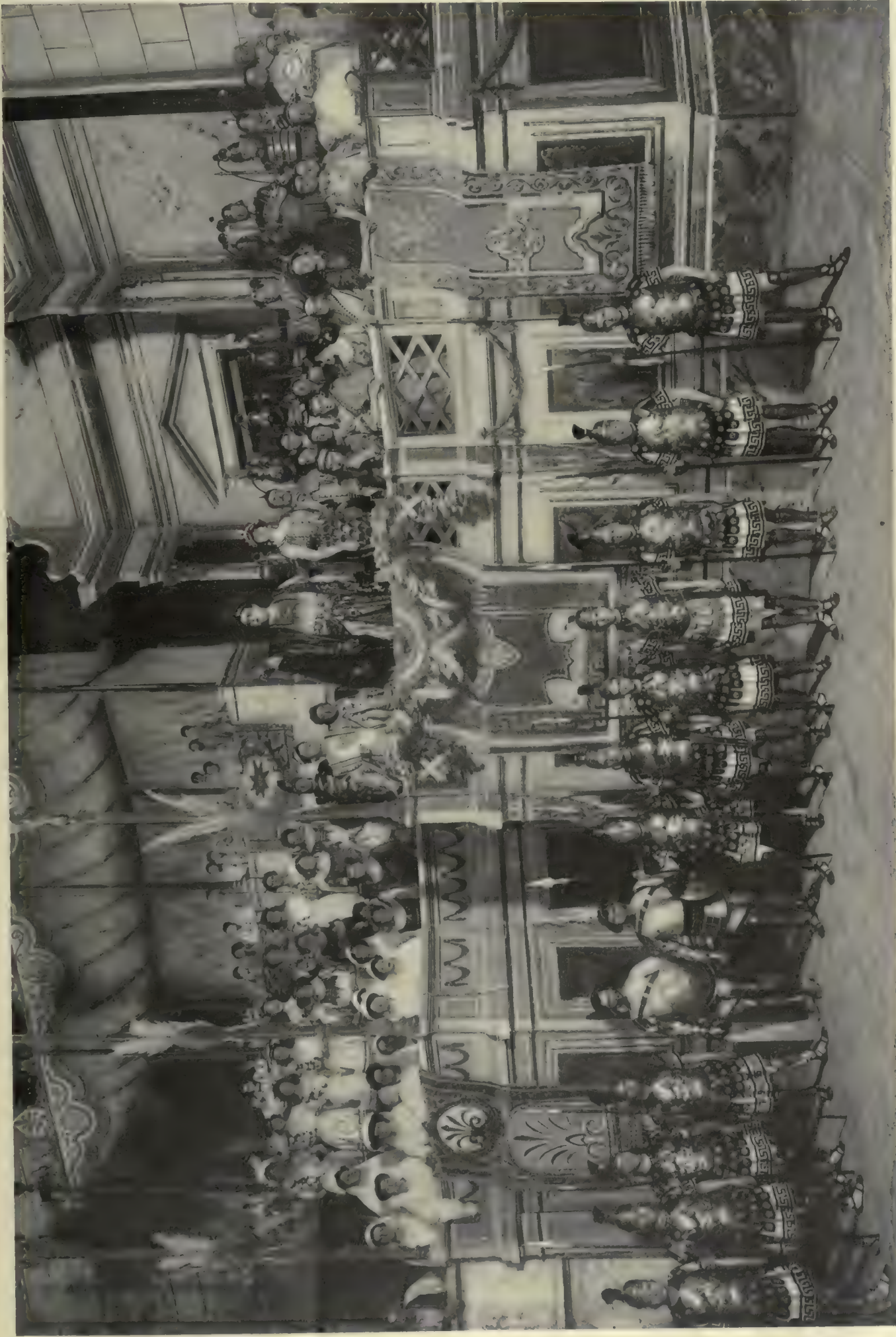


Photo White

Act IV. Nero demands that the Christians be brought before him  
SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



White

Act III. Saluting Cæsar

SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

who has thoroughly digested the scores of this Bayreuth monarch of tone, and has then unconsciously given them forth again. But these are niggling matters compared to the fine effects achieved. The orchestration is a model one, and should be waved under the ears of those young composers who believe that since Richard Strauss every possible variety of orchestral noise is permissible. Now Dukas is not an apostle of noise. He does not eschew it, for he has built some big, rousing climaxes, as in the second act, the finale of which is really wonderful in its effect. So, too, is the music accompanying the opening of the various treasure vaults remarkable in its brilliancy—it dazzles the ears something akin to the jewels that blind the eyes with their magical brightness. So, too, is the chant of the freed women a remarkably odd and effective bit of composing. In fact, the score abounds in delights, but it demands intimate acquaintance and the closest of attention. It is essentially an opera of moods.

Its performance was on the highest artistic level. The scenes were exceedingly effective, the costumes rich and the presentation letter perfect. Geraldine Farrar, as Ariane, heaped new honors on her head. She sang this fearfully difficult music well, and she acted it with restraint, which was to her credit. There were times when a bit more dramatic force might have counted for much—such as in the first act when she declares her insubordination to Blue Beard. But she will doubtless improve as she grows older in the part. Rother sang Blue Beard well, and acted it satisfyingly. Jeanne Maubourg, as Selysette, was particularly good and “in the operatic picture”—as the stock phrase runs. And Lenora Sparkes was excellent as Ygraine. All of these wives, it will be noted, are characters from others of Maeterlinck plays.

Toscanini here again had an opportunity to show his mastery over men and music. He conducted as if he had his spurs yet to win; and this was the crucial moment. There was never a

moment of let-up in his devotion to his task, and the orchestra reflected the spirit of its conductor.

In a word, then, “Ariane et Barbe-Bleue” is a feast for musical epicures and a famine for musical gluttons.

Now shift the discussion to Italy-Germany, to Wolf-Ferrari’s “Il Segreto di Susanna,” performed in America at the Metropolitan Opera House by the Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company, on March 14. Its composer boasts a hyphenated name quite honestly. He was born in Venice, but has studied and worked chiefly in Germany. His compositions are not unknown in New York, but this charming opera made hardened opera-goers sit up and rub their ears in delight. It is a brief writing, taking something less than an hour in performance, and there are only two singing characters in it—in addition to which there is a silent character, a servant.

It is called an intermezzo, and its plot is charmingly naive, based upon the secret love which the Countess Gil has developed for a cigarette. She and the Count Gil are a loving couple, but then he has his club, and she has her lonely quarters of an hour—so she takes to the cigarette as naturally as the duck to water. He cannot, and will not, suspect his wife of such a breach, yet he detects the odor of cigarettes about the salon; and when he kisses his wife he finds still stronger traces about her lips. The inference is that she has a lover, and this suspicion is fanned into certainty when she admits that she has discovered a way of whiling away the hours while he is at the club. Ergo, he flies into a passion, smashes furniture and bric-a-brac, and eventually leaves for his club. No sooner is he gone than the Countess lights her cigarette. She is surprised by the Count, who burns his hands in trying to wrest her secret from her—then all is serene; the happy couple go off arm in arm, and the smiling servant lights his cigarette as the curtain falls.

Wolf-Ferrari’s music is simply an exquisite scherzo in its



mood. It fairly bubbles over with merriment and emotion until the listener expects that every moment it will burst the bounds of the printed score and overflow. It is clever, musicianly, and at times brilliant, tinged by sentiment. The orchestration is effective, the composer calling upon his violins to voice the chief of his moods. In character it is distinctly Mozartian, and the whole work is a balm for ears wounded in the fray of listening to most modern music.

The performance was generally capital, Sammarco singing and acting the Count delightfully and artistically. Carolina White, an American who has studied abroad, made her New York debut on this occasion, and showed herself to be a good actress, but made her audience wish that her voice might be lighter and much more pliable for this pretty rôle. Francesco Daddi acted the part of the silent servant beautifully, and Campanini conducted his orchestra with happy spirit. "Il Segreto di Susanna" is a sheer joy to the ear, and it should be given as often as possible.

The final one of the three novelties, "Quo Vadis?" which had its first performance in America, at Philadelphia, on March 25, was heard for the first time in New York at the Metropolitan, on April 4, with the following cast:

Lygie, Alice Zeppilli; Eunice, Lillian Grenville; Poppee, Eleonora De Cisneros; Petrone, Maurice Renaud; Neron, Vittorio Arimondi; Vinicius, Mario Guardabassi; Chilon, Hector Dufranne; Pierre, Gustave Huberdeau; Sporus, Armand Crabbe; Demas, Constantin Nicolay; the Young Nerva, Emilio Venturini; Iras, Marie Cavan; Myriam, Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli; Ursus, Walter Wheeler; Croton, Arthur Wheeler; The Mother, Alice Eversman; Nazaire, Mabel Riegelman; Lilit, Serafina Scalfaro; Psylla, Minnie Egener; A Young Christian, Suzanne Dumesnil; Lydon, Robert Henry Perkins; Tigellin, Michele Sampieri; Vitellius, Charles Meyer; Vatinius, Desire Defrere; A Centurion, Nicola Fossetta; Pythagoric, Oliver Lucas; Theocles, Charles Meyer; A Sailor, Jean De Keyser; A Slave, George Ludwig; General Musical Director, Cleofonte Campanini.

So far as the eye is concerned, "Quo Vadis?" is a great opera. It is about as ambitious a spectacle as ever has been put on the Metropolitan boards. There are six big scenes, including one showing the Coliseum with its arena and imperial loge. But even a lovelier, if not a more imposing, view is the set painted by Paul Paquereau, showing the terraces of the Imperial Palace on the Palantine. This is also supposed to mirror a view of the burning of Rome, but the effect was lost entirely.

Still these deficiencies did not detract entirely from the grandeur of the spectacle, with its handsomely costumed principals, its animated chorus, and its many changes of scene. So, first and last, "Quo Vadis?" was a spectacle, and earned admiration for pictures and movement of masses.

But as an opera this work will never stir the world. The music is generally uninspired, and the orchestration is crude and noisy. Some of the lyric love passages are mawkish, and what is intended to be dramatic is mostly a roar of sound that does not convey much musical meaning. It all suggests the music of the theatre much more than that of the opera house. Stripped of its spectacle, it is doubtful if Nougues' score would live very long.

Nor is the libretto by Henri Cain a masterpiece. The story is founded on the well-known novel of Henrik Sienkiewicz, and thus it was known to most opera-goers and did not involve the study of the bulky libretto. But the chief fault with the libretto is that it is episodic, that the action begins and dies with nearly every act, and that there is no great central dramatic draught through the piece.

The performance itself was more satisfying, save in some spots. Maurice Renaud, admirable artist, again had a rôle to his liking in Petrone, the worldly Roman. He acted it superbly, but his voice was strongly tinged by hoarseness. Vinicius was sung by Mario Guardabassi, who was formerly a baritone, and has sung small parts at the Metropolitan years ago. Since then he has blossomed into a tenor, has sung abroad, and on this occasion sang a tenor part for the first time in New York. He still has a vast amount to learn before he can qualify as a dramatic tenor of the first rank. His voice has its moments, but apart from them is singularly lacking in virility, and his stage bearing is minus distinction. Lillian Grenville looked enticing as the enamored slave Eunice, and she sang moderately well, but Alice Zeppilli was a keen disappointment as the Christian Lygie, her singing betraying no idea of the love and fervor that stirred her tossed soul. As the Empress Poppee, Eleonora de Cisneros was a regal picture, and Arimondi as Nero was a sight to stir even Romans.

X. X.



White

Act III. Torturing Sporus in the Arena

SCENE IN JEAN NOUGUES' NEW OPERA "QUO VADIS?" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE



JULIET COSTUME OF TRADITION  
(Ball Scene)

## The Costuming of a Prima Donna

THE ragbag of bygone years still furnishes forth a covering for the backs of many rôles long-lived in the operatic repertory, no matter what good fortune may have fallen to those newer ones with which the public made acquaintance later: Because the lady whose choice gave her a costumer innocent of history and art to clothe her for a rôle that she created, that style of clothing became sacred, and traditional of the character. To darken misfortunes she may have been

likely to continue.

There is conviction that is convincing in the following statement, the first given by Miss Farrar on the subject, telling the why and wherefore of her energetic revolution against the traditional in costuming:

"Dress, in an operatic rôle, is not a frivolous, but a relative subject; I think that there is as much importance in its appropriateness and individuality as there is in the singing, acting, and walking in that same rôle. A new conductor arrives, takes new

tempi in a score, and is called a genius. But a singer who may have enough originality and personality to put her own ideas into a rôle unflinchingly when she interprets great composers, must be prepared to find that to think is to create a disturbance.

of type and figure unlike any other following in the part. But the deed was done, a law immutable had been established, outstaring all the years to come.

And so, from time to time, it has remained for the singer with originality and thought to shake antique sartorial reputations. "But to think is to create disturbance," is Miss Geraldine Farrar's pithy comment on the venture.

The world moves, though many things on it, to be moved at all, require a share of this same thought "creating disturbance," and none a more vitally vigorous one than the absurdity of certain traditions in costuming.

Miss Farrar's reasons for reaching conclusions in a new costuming of Juliet, Elizabeth, Zerlina, and a group of her characterizations are of interest to every opera-goer. Only the courage and enthusiasm of youth could undertake the campaign that she has made. After her, other singers will find the way an easier one; in much she is now the pioneer; her progress in this direction is



NEW JULIET COSTUME  
(Ball Scene)



JULIET COSTUME OF MISS FARRAR'S DEBUT

"In the matter of costumes the contemporary composer is usually most lenient; when he entrusts a rôle to a prima donna he wishes her to do her best. Supposing a première is to be given at two opera houses by two prima donnas, he does not bind either one; both have equal rights. Why should the one, a brunette of medium stature, clothe herself exactly like the other who is tall and blonde? A clever woman off the stage would not be guilty of such indiscretion.

"Dress is the province of the singer who, with designer and costumer, makes a serious study of it for the rôle, and not that of the critic, who may understand the violin, the piano, and know when singing is done properly, but be totally ignorant as to whether "Le



GERALDINE FARRAR AS ELIZABETH

Mariage de Figaro' is done in Rococo or the Louis XIII period. He has much to regard in his calling, but he cannot, of necessity, go into epochs in dress as exhaustively as a designer, for instance, whose life is devoted to that single subject.

"For every item changed from the traditional I have the foundation of authority. Take, as a case in point, a hat I wear as Marguerite; it is of black velvet, shaped like that worn by Valentine, her brother, and underneath it is a little lace cap. Both are copied from a picture by Dürer in Nürnberg, where I studied it. And yet, extraordinary as the fact may seem, they have been questioned.

"The Juliet of tradition wears as one item a silver cap embroidered with pearls; in the part I do not wear it. But read up on Venice, Verona, and the Italian renaissance, and go into art galleries there, and you will find that what I *do* wear as Juliet is based on authority. The usual operatic artist takes what is handed to her, and that is the end of it; the original one reads, sees, and studies.

"Of the three dresses that I wear in 'Romeo and Juliet,' the Venetian brown brocade velvet is throughout



MISS GERALDINE FARRAR WEARING THE TRAVIATA COSTUME OF TRADITION

an authentic copy, straight, no curves; those given in the photograph are a case of retouching, and do not exist in the costume. The skirt alone is not so full as in the original, for, by copying that absolutely, the figure would be deprived of the illusion of height, which, on the stage, must always be preserved. But draw in the figure in that costume with stays, and you have marred the straight line given by heavy, stiff stuffs affected in that period.

"In costumes to be worn on the stage slavish copy of any style is seldom allowable; for instance, if of the Louis XIII period, it would be so cumbersome that one could not move. Then, too, trimming short or clustering, interferes with the dramatic action, and must be eliminated; the exigencies of the stage must be considered. One must preserve the line and the effect of height, and one must have

the silhouette, the outline of the curve, not the straight. Styles on that account must be often modified, but not changed, the essence of them should be kept.

"In every epoch there were pretty costumes, and those less so. From Munich, through Venice, Verona, Milan, I have studied picture after picture, taking from this one item and from that another. Each and



MISS GERALDINE FARRAR IN HER NEW TRAVIATA COSTUME



MISS FARRAR IN THE ZERLINA COSTUME OF TRADITION

himself, in the preceding scene gives the impression that Juliet is disrobing. It is, too, a natural assumption that such would be done before she steps upon the terrace for a breath of air. One must be guided by the intelligence.



MISS FARRAR WEARING THE MANON COSTUME OF TRADITION

all are composites, authentic in detail, of that same Italian renaissance in which period Juliet lived.

"In the ballroom scene I discarded the conventional white, in favor of a silver embroidered, delicate pink, almost colorless, because it floated better, and appeared more aerial, being less affected in the folds by the stage lights, which would have given to pure white a greater heaviness.

"To appear on the balcony in ball costume is for that scene traditional. Instead, I wear a little slip and veil. Romeo,

"Traditions are made to be broken—by the few. Memory is the enemy of the present. Because things have gone on in one groove, a stilted, inaccurate, maybe farcical one for years, is no reason that they should be continued so and not altered now. There are those who lie awake at night to conjure up something unusual and eccentric. But that is not making new traditions, which mean instead a supplying of something more correctly authentic than the ones existing. A grafter in music, a grafter in anything, is despicable. And that

is exactly what blind, unquestioning acceptance of operatic tradition in dress means.

"Take Manon's costume in the last act of Massenet's 'Manon,' for twenty years it has consisted of a uniform and with cut hair, both to denote the convict condemned to a penal settlement. There has been no authority for prison garb. People of all conditions, fine ladies, gallants, peasants, were taken as they were. Knowing that the real Manon would have worn the dress common to her day, I have cut away from tradition, which had no foundation, and costumed the part according to truth.

"The selection of stuffs is, perhaps, the most difficult branch of costuming to decide. Take those used for the Goose Girl in 'Königskinder,' as example. For weeks I experimented with cashmere, woolens, denham, a mass of fabrics, to secure the right effect, to make the character individually correct, of just the right appeal to the eye as a true picture. She would have to appear fourteen or fifteen, free, slender, supple, not held in by stays. To find materials that will keep in shape, yet fall into proper lines in these conditions, is more difficult than in the case of more elaborate costumes.

"Other Goose Girls will rise up, not fifty of them, but a favored few, who will break the



MISS FARRAR IN HER NEW ZERLINA COSTUME



MISS FARRAR AS SHE THINKS THE PART SHOULD BE DRESSED. NEW COSTUME OF MANON



The above picture is of particular interest at the present time in view of the number of plays to be produced next season having the Sahara Desert as a background, among them being the dramatization of Robert Hichens' novel "The Garden of Allah." The Arabic looking gentlemen in the photograph shows (on the left) Avery Hopwood, the author of "Nobody's Widow," and Robert Dempster. The picture was taken on the Sahara during an expedition that the Americans made from Bisbera, Algeria

traditions that I have made in creating the part, but they will preserve the essence of those traditions. And they will hew their way over their decriers as I have done. The public will understand them as it has understood me, and it is for them that I create my best efforts.

"I cannot understand the great capacity of the critics, and their self-relegated rights in the matter of costuming. They have much besides to consider, and have not mastered the details of this art. The singer with a mind of her own is aided by two allies whose life-work is costuming, the designer and costumer. It is better to trust to the ideals of the artist, combined with those of two student specialists, than to the casual or prejudiced observer."

How Miss Farrar's evolution in developing ideals along original lines was made is interestingly shown by contrasting photographs of her earlier dressing of the rôles with those of their new costuming in present characterizations. That any degree of thought should have stirred her to fuller truth is the more curious because the earlier years of her young career were spent in an atmosphere where tradition is held in sacred reverence—the Royal Opera, of Berlin.

Those who know her well will not forget a certain night there when "Tannhäuser" was given before the Emperor, and with fresh costumes whose designs, after a visit to the Wartburg, he had personally suggested and approved. Elizabeth's dresses for this performance had been made upon a sliding scale, deep seams rendering them adjustable to all and any avoirdupois by a letting out for the stout and taking in for the lean. To

appear as *that* Elizabeth, out of all focus with the one that she would be, put Miss Farrar into tears, and point-blank refusal. Only Madame Lilli Lehmann's stubborn persuasion made her sing at all.

Later, in a Madonna picture by Schwindt, she found at Munich her ideal of the saintly character as it should be given, and by following which she felt she could place visually a stage figure in keeping with the text, the music, and the legend of the woman that Elizabeth was.

To go back through the photographs of thirty years of operatic Elizabeths is to find a strange, grotesque servility to the pseudo-medieval, hard, woodeny, stagey pictures without artistic value, and inspiring one with wonder that they should have gained credence in the part at all. Madame Eames made a departure years ago, one that proved very beautiful and picturesque, but in certain points, as in the strands of pearls twined in the long braids of her hair, and where silver ribbons should have been used, of a coquetry far and away from any conception of saint or saintliness. It was a picture, but not the right one.

In copying Schwindt's canvas Miss Farrar modified it in one detail, the ermine at neck and foot she discarded, because Elizabeth, as a Landgrave's daughter, was not entitled in that age to wear it. The long, straight line of the white veil heightened the pallor of the face, and gave to it an air of aloofness, the even, straight placing of the crown barred intimation of any coquetry; serene, calm, elevated, the whole aspect was one apart from worldly things.

The earlier picture shows the (Continued on page viii)



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Moffett, Chicago

GRACE GEORGE, NOW APPEARING AT HER HUSBAND'S THEATRE, THE PLAYHOUSE, IN A NEW COMEDY BY GERALDINE BONNER AND HUTCHESON BOYD ENTITLED "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE"



Mishkin

EDITH TALIAFERRO, THE YOUTHFUL STAR OF "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM"

## Edith Taliaferro—A Stage Sage of Seventeen

MABEL TALIAFERRO has been compared to sugar, her small sister Edith to spice. The comparison is not inept. In the personality of the successful young star of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" there are fitting traces of the wistful sweetness that is the strongest component part of the elder of the sister stars. But in the younger this element is evanescent. What is always surely present is the gingery element, which gives to the "cookie" of our youthful recollection its strongest and most grateful flavor. Also this youngest star is a sparkling little brunette, whom to describe as a black diamond were not over-praise.

"Yes, I've learned a great deal in an eight months' season on Broadway," said the Rebecca one afternoon

when the writer found the young actress at home.

Gone were the stage Rebecca's curls, her short skirts and her sunbonnet, and her absurd sunshade. This Rebecca wore a tight, nearly hobble skirt of dark blue serge, a blouse of white batiste that was all long, pinpoint fine tucks, and a prim manner that threatened every moment to break into playfulness.

"At least," she continued modestly, "there has been a great deal to learn, and it is my own fault if I haven't learned it. For instance, I've learned that when we talk of our fear of critics we really mean our own family. What critics are to be feared as they are? The night I opened in the Republic Theatre—and wasn't it strange that eleven years before I had played in the

same theatre as Milly Barnes in 'Shore Acres' with James A. Herne?—I was conscious of an audience out front, but I was terribly conscious of two figures sitting in judgment, my sister up aloft in a box, my mother in a middle aisle seat in the front row. There were my inescapable critics. On the road I had been self-reliant and confident. They were not there. But to-night I could not throw down Rebecca's doll things or sunshade and run away. I could see them both, inexorable as fate. Oh yes, I can see persons in the audience, far back. I have X-ray eyes.

"Bob Acres's courage did not ooze faster than mine. You see the memory of my opening in "Rebecca" at Brockton, Mass.

was still vivid. I followed another actress after five rehearsals. Her clothes didn't fit me. And in the middle of the performance all the lights went out. Brockton, Brockton, can I ever hope to forget you? There my mother came back and told me I had given such a bad performance that she was ashamed of me.

"But on the opening night at the Republic, in New York, Mabel came back after each act and told me I was all right. That gave me courage to crawl on again. All my fears began to converge upon one point. Was I standing straight? If I was not, Mabel would scold me. I've learned lessons in acting and stage deportment from a great many stars, but none was more relentlessly dinned



Mishkin

EDITH TALIAFERRO'S CHARACTERISTIC SMILE

into my ears than Mabel's 'Stand straight, Honey. Don't thrust out your tummy that horrid way.' And 'Little sister, please don't drawl.' All through the evening I suffered what we call the Taliaferro kind of stage sickness. Our voices don't betray us and our hands don't tremble, but our knees knock together and, here on the solar plexus, there is a deathlike clutch. I went on with a roaring in my ears and the thought, 'If I can only get out the first word the rest will come.' One of the things I have learned in this long season in New York is that no matter how long the run, how great the success of a New York season, one pays for it all with the agony of the first night.

"I've learned a great deal about the snobbishness

that follows success. People who used to know me as Mabel Taliaferro's little sister, and in that way didn't trouble about me, began sending urgent invitations to Rebecca. I answered them all in the same way: 'My sister is away, but when she returns we will both be glad to see you as formerly.'

"I've learned, as I never had an opportunity of learning before, the genuineness and beauty of the characters of really great persons. When sweet Miss Ellen Terry, following what is, I suppose, the English custom, came down to the footlights herself and handed me a bunch of violets, I was overcome by this lesson of the humility of greatness. When I carried the bouquet to my dressing-room,



EDITH TALIAFERRO AS A CHILD



White Patsy Moran Rev. J. J. Bartlett Mrs. Mary Bartlett Rose Creighton Andrew Strong Thomas Bartlett  
(Paul Kelly) (Orrin Johnson) (Olive West) (Helen Holmes) (Jack Drumier) (Harold Vosburgh)

Act I. Rev. J. J. Bartlett: "Wait!—What is your evidence?"

SCENE IN JAMES HALLECK REID'S PLAY "THE CONFESSION," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

I found that around the natural violets were placed some artificial moss roses. She had placed them there so that I might keep them as a souvenir of her. Whenever I feel an unhealthy elation at any foolish little triumph, I shall look at those artificial roses and unflute. Then there was lovely Miss Mary Moore. When she sent me word that the one person, whom she had seen on this visit to New York, who had made her laugh and made her cry was 'Little Miss Taliaferro,' I had another lesson in the beauty of humility.

"I have learned, as I never had a chance to learn before, how much can be gained by going to plays and studying the methods of actors. The girl who has been on tour nearly all her life—for I'm an old actress of fifteen years' experience you know—has no chance of seeing others at work. In the play 'Over Night,' a very funny play, I was almost made to cry by the leading woman. She cried herself so cleverly when the boat swung down stream leaving her bridegroom behind. And in 'The Seven Sisters' Miss Laurette Taylor taught me a great deal by her naturalness. In 'The Concert' Miss Janet Beecher taught me a great deal about refinement and quietude."

There was a ring at the telephone in the pretty little green flat, and the little star sprang up to answer it.

"Yes, mamma. I'm fine, honey; how are you? Yes, I have a hat. Yes, my dress will be home Thursday. I think you'll like it. All right, dear. Thank you. Good-bye."

Mrs. James Abeles, of Long Beach, L. I., formerly Mrs. Anna Taliaferro, of New York, had telephoned for news of her bairn, who is being carefully chaperoned this winter by one of her cousins.

"The new dress will be a long one?"

"Oh yes," she answered. "My dresses have all been long since I was thirteen. I had to let down my skirts and put up my hair to play in 'Mrs. Wiggs,' and I have been wearing them

so ever since." This said as if conscious of her new dignity.

Rebecca told me with the brilliant Rebecca smile, though tears trembled on her eyelashes, of the most human event that had happened during the long run of the play at the Republic Theatre.

"The author sat behind a poor looking man and his wife and child at the matinée. They were not the gay, prosperous sort of people we expect to see at the theatre. Their clothes were clean but very worn, and hadn't the remotest acquaintance with fashion. The little girl, who was about ten, was terribly excited. She sat first beside her father, then they shifted seats so that she could sit beside her mother. At last she settled down between the two. When the curtain had gone down on the last act, Mrs. Riggs heard the child say:

"Oh mamma, aren't you glad we decided to do without a new hat so that we could see the play?"

"And the poor little thing had been pitying me because I wore such an awful hat in the play. Mrs. Riggs—Kate Douglas Wiggin, you know—said she wished they were the kind of people to whom you could give the price of the tickets, but they were not. She could see they would resent it.

"One of the things I've learned this winter is that children are the hardest audiences to please. They are quick to detect what is not natural, and they laugh when the voice or the sentiment are off the key.

"I've learned, too, what I had only had glimpses of before, the actual need of saving every ounce of your strength for your work. I think Miss Adams is a wonderful example of making her work the first consideration. She is a woman with an absolutely single purpose. I have heard some say that you cannot learn life through books, and I suppose that is true. But life can be learned by insight instead of experience, and Miss Adams' work shows that she has the genius of insight. What she lacks

through losing contact with people she makes up by her intense concentration upon her work. But there's a commercial reason, too, for seclusion like hers. Take two men, Smith and Jones. They have the same talents and the same amount of outward success. But Smith is seen everywhere and Jones nowhere. People say 'Smith's a nice fellow, but what about Jones?' Others answer 'I don't know Jones.' After awhile Jones becomes a mystery, and everybody wants to know about him. That is success. In five years Jones will be far ahead in the race, and the ubiquitous Smith forgotten.

"Another truth it has taken me this year to learn is that whatever the play, whoever the star and the company, every production is one man, and that man is the manager.

"I had a youthful disregard for the stage-manager. That has been driven out of me by this season's experience. I consider Mr. Marsland a genius. If he seems a bit gruff sometimes, and if he says 'Edith, that scene was bad,' I listen and act upon his suggestions, because he knows.

"I've learned something about the cast, too; that is, the important person in the cast isn't the star, for his or her part is made a good one. The star has a chance. The important person in the cast is the actor with a bad part who plays it well."

The actual first appearance on the stage of this seventeen-year-old star occurred when she was two and a half. She had been engaged by James A. Herne, with whom her sister, five years and seven months older, had formerly played. But the acute Mr. Herne dreaded the baby who hadn't been stage broken. "Let her be farmed out," he ordered, and thus it came about that the child first set foot, or more correctly, knee, upon the stage with Katie Emmet in "The Bowery Boy." That memory does not travel farther back along the path of the years than the fifth mile post, Miss Taliaferro laughingly scouts. "I know I was only two and a half then. The family Bible proves it. And I remember distinctly sitting on top of a pile of apples while a lot of Italian boys danced around me.

"This I don't remember, but it is one of the family traditions. One evening I wouldn't go on. I held to a chair in the dressing-room and couldn't be budged. At last my mother pretended to set the dog on me, and I ran on in a hurry. That will be a fine story for the anti-stage child people, won't it? But I am more than contented to have been a stage child. As such I learned in fifteen years more of what it is best to know than I could have learned in twice that time at school. And I think it is the experience of every other stage child."

Miss Taliaferro, when in the Herne companies, with Olga Nethersole, with Mrs. Wiggs and with "The Girl with the Green Eyes," as Puck in "A Mid-summer Night's Dream," and when she succeeded her sister as the star in "Polly of the Circus," has always been chaperoned, either by her mother, or a friend, or in some engagements by an elderly maid. While playing at the Republic such a maid has always gone with her from the theatre to her cousin's home. If Rebecca's travels extend to London the elderly maid will play the good-natured dragon at the world's metropolis.

One of the dark-eyed little star's daily tasks, the long walk beside the Hudson, had just been compassed under the eye of the maid. The other inexorable one, practicing the twice-a-week music lesson, "for my speaking voice," remained to be done.

As I, leaving, told her I hoped London would like Rebecca as well as New York had done, she answered with a brightening of courageous brown eyes:

"I hope so. They liked Mrs. Wiggs. They like us eccentric, you know. They are so perfect in diction and the details of acting that I would be frightened if I allowed myself to be. I think the way to please them will not be to attempt any of the elegances which they know so well, but to be sincere and honest, and play straight from the shoulder."

Which is a wise dictum for acting on any stage, in any clime, though uttered as in this instance by a sage of only seventeen.

ADA PATTERSON.



White E. P. Dustin (Bigelow Cooper) Josef Dumont (James Halleck Reid) Andrew Strong (Jack Drumier) John Peabody (Prysl Mackaye) Rev. J. J. Bartlett (Orrin Johnson) C. H. Blackburn (W. J. Brady)  
 Act III. Josef Dumont: "No, I not get arrest! I go back Rivier San-Law-raw, Canada"  
 SCENE IN JAMES HALLECK REID'S PLAY "THE CONFESSION" AT THE BIJOU THEATRE

## THE interesting "Older Manhattan" reminiscences, now appearing from time to time in one of the big dailies, are awakening all sorts of slumbering memories in us elderly inhabitants; recollections of the old-fashioned German and Italian operas and operatic stars, of old-time actors, plays and playhouses, in which the scenery was less sumptuous, costumes less historically correct, stage machinery less reliable. And one is reminded of certain ludicrous happenings in connection with stage properties and their manipulation, which many of us may recall.

As when "Il Trovatore" was given at the old Academy of Music with that phenomenal cast.—Parepa Rosa, Phillips, Santley and Theodore Wachtel,—and Herr Wachtel having ended his fourth "di quella pira" encore, turned to find that the curtain had been let down *behind* instead of in front of him; which seemed to strike no one as particularly funny until the irascible German tenor brought his sword wildly, and with resounding thwacks, down upon the offending surface, when the packed house fairly rocked with laughter as well as applause.

It was in the same Academy that Parepa Rosa as Norma sat down upon the low couch (upon which slumbered her babies) less carefully than her generous proportions demanded; for, after a crackling sound, there was a partial collapse, from which Norma arose with some difficulty and the help of a stage-hand; but such was the grandeur of her voice and the charm of her delightful personality, that there was hardly a titter, and the melodious old opera flowed smoothly on to its tragic ending.

Not so fortunate was the German Norma—was it Rotter? or possibly Johansen? at the old Stadt-Theater on the Bowery, when confronted by Adalgisa leading the Druidess' tender babes. The latter were stage children, and so "to the manner born" that they allowed themselves to be embraced, repulsed, sung and wept over without turning a hair. When, however, Norma starts forward realistically flourishing cold and glittering steel,—which dagger had been only indicated, not really produced, at several successful rehearsals,—one babe backed up so strenuously that he sat down

## Playhouse Reminiscences

with a thump, while the other one slid nimbly from under Adalgisa's enfolding arm, fled across the stage, and—pausing at the wings to solemnly wag his curly head at his Druid-Mother, and to call out earnestly and with increasing emphasis: "Nein, nein, NEIN!"—incontinently disappeared. Amid shouts of laughter and deafening applause the aria was somehow repeated; but the scene was ruined by constantly recurring reminiscent peals of delight from parquet and galleries.

Back in the early '60s Herr Habelmann and Frau Rotter used to present very acceptable German opera at the Brooklyn Athenæum, where scenery was slender and stage-room much restricted; and it was in Weber's "Preciosa" that the tenor, while tunefully explaining *whom* he adored, and *why*, turned his head suddenly to emphasize his statement, and in so doing stuck his long white plume plumb into the flaming torch of a follower. No panic followed, but there was an unpleasant, penetrating odor of burnt feathers, as another doughty retainer—with great presence of mind and a brave disregard of consequences—slapped out the incipient conflagration; the audience laughing loudly a while, and then going back to the enjoyment of the beautiful music.

Even more presence of mind, and the very bravest regard for possible consequences, were shown by the Nancy in a very creditable semi-amateur production of "Martha" in the old Music Hall—I think that's the name?—which



Mlle. TORRIANI  
Danseuse Metropolitan Opera House

used to stand at the junction of Fulton Street and Flatbush Avenue, where nowadays a big up-to-date furniture store displays its handsome wares. Nancy, warbling mellifluously,—and that in a pink tarletan dress; about the most inflammable thing a girl *could* wear,—had stepped too near the primitive gas-flame footlights, and set one of her flounces afire. There was an instantaneous *very* respectable blaze, which the plucky contralto—promptly squatting on the floor and quietly finishing her aria the while—slapped out before even the first of the score of men flying to her help from all over the parquet could get to her. Realizing the possible extent of the catastrophe averted by Nancy's admirable coolness,—the hall being a veritable fire-trap, its narrow wings and approaches thronged with

(Continued on page vi)



## David Belasco Attacks Stage Tradition

**D**AVID BELASCO has volunteered to perform a difficult task for the American theatre. His prospectus is so bold, and the causes that lead to present conditions in the playhouse, which he would remedy, are so difficult to eliminate, that what he says is of particular significance. Briefly, he has promised, wherever possible, to discourage the laugh and finally to destroy it. He would eliminate all that is now popularly supposed to create dramatic "atmosphere," and what is technically known to the stage as "action." As a producer of each of these hackneyed details of the play, Belasco has long been a leading figure in America. But he has reformed—or rather he has passed through an evolution with his audiences, as he prefers to express it. To the writer he said the other day:

"American audiences are likely to be more intelligent, and are almost certain to be more keenly alive and more receptive to progressive ideas than the producers of plays. This keeps us on the alert, for a producer's first duty is to endeavor to keep a little ahead of his audience. All of us realize that our stage is not just what it should be; we are constantly moving forward, however, I am certain of that. Despite the word of many of their admirers to the contrary notwithstanding, Booth, Barrett, McCullough, Forrest, and the other 'giants of old,' could not please and satisfy modern audiences if it were possible for them to return to our stage in all their former vigor of life and the full flower of their talents. Our drama has taken rapid strides since those men trod the boards. Sometimes they say the American audience is not loyal to its old heroes of the drama, but I do not think this is true. The audience is loyal, but it demands, and has a right to demand, that the men who provide its theatrical entertainment shall have what might be called a dissatisfaction with their achievements, which serves as a constant impetus to effort and progress.

"It took me many years to get my foothold as a producer, but when I did, I realized that the audience must be my principal study. Then I soon realized that

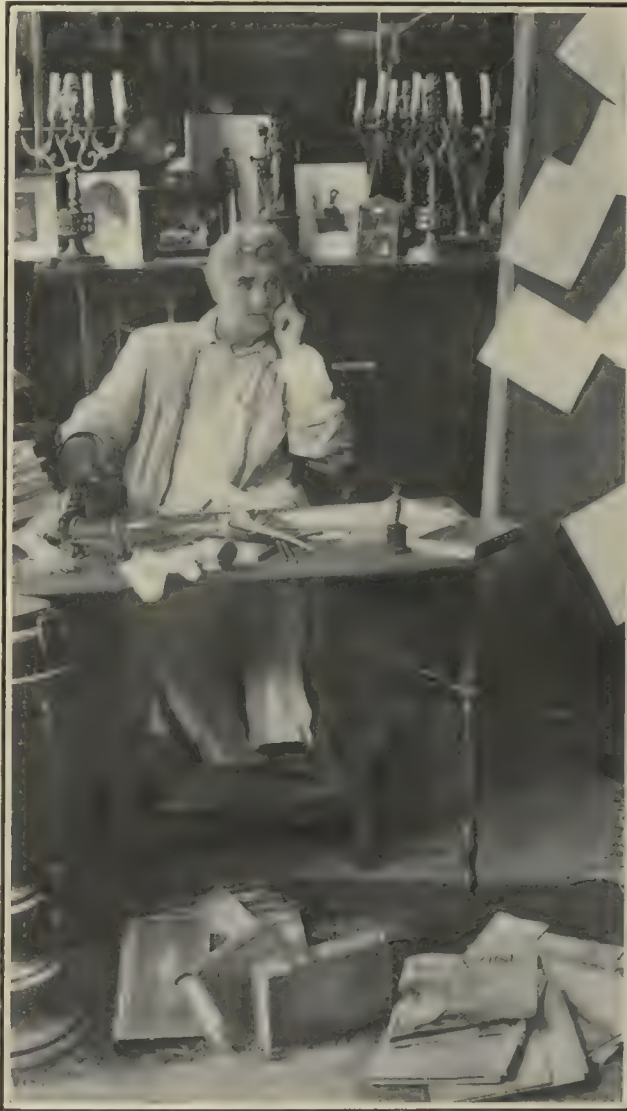
the audience has not only a willingness, but a real desire for better things. I have been criticized for producing the first act of 'Zaza' as I did, exposing the old-fashioned stage tricks of making thunder and lightning by shaking a sheet of iron, and by similar awkward devices. I am willing to meet this criticism, for I did it all purposely, and that seems never to have been surmised by my critics. It was never for a moment

my intention to pull down the veil that should, and does, exist between the audience and the stage picture. This veil exists at the footlights, has always been there, and will never be wholly drawn aside. But I was experimenting with the people who pay their money to witness dramatic entertainment. I thought that the day had arrived when they could no longer be thrilled or fooled into believing that there was adequate similarity between the noise of a sheet of iron and actual thunder, or between an electric flash and lightning. It may have been a little trick at the expense of some of the other producers, too, but at any rate my principal aim was to get information.

"So I gave away that and other formulas for 'realistic effects.' Feeling that the audience would like to see how its grandparents had been fooled, I exposed the old games in 'Zaza,' and I was correct in my suppositions. The audience enjoyed it all immensely, and, of course, these particular tricks were quickly sent to

the theatrical junk-pile for all time. Everyone knows how thunder, lightning, and similar things are produced, if they are done badly, and naturally and rightly, audiences demand better effects than their grandfathers witnessed.

"Now I have been conducting other experiments, and have come to the conclusion that audiences sanction my efforts to eliminate the laugh, physical stage action, and all the artificialities that are supposed to contribute to atmosphere. At the time of the rehearsals of Mr. Hopwood's play, 'Nobody's Widow,' I watched carefully for what are technically known as 'laughs'—places in the comedy where the action might be interfered with by



Byron

DAVID BELASCO IN HIS STUDY





laughter in the audience, audible laughter that would cause the actors to hesitate with their lines until it had subsided. Although it is the old-fashioned idea to strive to produce the laugh, if one is playing for comedy, and even to force the laugh on occasion, I decided to risk the fates, because I believed that audiences were ready for this move. There is no doubt that the comedy which produces a radiating and smiling humor and happy mood over the footlights has accomplished just as much, and probably more, towards the real pleasure of the audience than the one which halts and hesitates for an uproar of laughter now and then, only to settle back into cold, grey proceedings until the next outburst. So where we felt pretty sure, that following all the traditions, a laugh might be expected, we either agreed to eliminate lines, or to alter scenes and accelerate the action, so that dangerous points of this kind were passed over and the audience was conveyed with a smile to what directly followed, in its proper sequence and without hesitancy.

"It was a daring thing to do, perhaps, but it was successful, and it pleased me immensely, for I came forth from that representation with a firmer belief than ever before in the ability of the audience to grasp even these rather invisible attempts to improve our stage and our acting. It was unnecessary for the audience to know all the little tricks of the trade; all they cared for was results, and they have proved to be so thoroughly satisfied, that I believe I am safe in declaring that the tendency will be hereafter to shun the laugh and produce more smiles in the theatre.

"Before I produced 'The Concert,' I was determined to experiment in the matter of action. It is impossible to tell the origin of the stage-manager's popular conception of this detail of a production, but certain it is that we have become accustomed to seeing things that are not only ridiculous, but actually produce a jar upon all artistic endeavor, and contribute a tendency to retrogression rather than to progress in the conduct of our stage. There seems to have been always a notion that audiences do not care to see actors behave themselves as human beings behave. It naturally makes us of this generation smile when we think of the rant and shouting, and most undignified and unnatural actions of the Thespians of the past. Just recall the roarings of Forrest and his school of actors, and think of what the audience of to-day would say of him. We have gradually evolved into a liking for better things; we are always moving towards naturalism. But we have never been able to throw off the delusion that so-called 'action' is a necessity. Very good actors of our time are seen pacing the floor of their drawing-rooms, when entertaining their guests. They hop up and walk over to mantelpieces, lean on



Davis &amp; Sanford

DOROTHY DONNELLY

Now appearing in "Madame X," and to be seen next season in a new play

chairs, gaze into mirrors, and do all sorts of things that the most ill-bred persons would not think of doing under the same circumstances in real life. What, for example, would we think of two men talking over an important matter in the library, if they should, at given intervals, jump up, exchange chairs, and pace back and forth, addressing their conversation to the 'fourth-wall' rather than to one another? And yet that is exactly what we have been tolerating on our stage all this time.

"Now it occurred to me that the time had come to give audiences at least one chance to witness a play with all of these things eliminated. I am confident that 'action' on the stage is wholly mental, and not at all physical. Acting on this principle, I eliminated every movement in 'The Concert' that did not seem natural. When two men sat down to talk things over, I had them sit there as they would have done if another wall had cut off the stage from the audience, and they didn't move until they would naturally have moved. There was no striving for 'keeping up the action' of which we hear so much; in fact, I took the risk of going to the other extreme. Now I am free to admit that it would have been a blow to me and my faith in audiences if this piece had not succeeded; but it did succeed, so I feel more certain than ever before that I am right when I say that American audiences are through with all of these

things on the stage that are false, when compared to the realities of life."

Belasco smiles and blinks his eyes with boyish enthusiasm when talking of his experiments with audiences. These experiments are costly, and would be precarious if not guided by a masterly hand and the result of years of observation and study. One instinctively compares him to Luther Burbank. His theories of progress in the theatre, like Burbank's in the garden, are not iconoclastic, although they are frequently startling in bold initiative and remarkable results. The actors are his seeds and plants; the audience is his soil. He studies the region before the footlights and behind the footlights with the same minute and penetrating skill. As Burbank takes the ripening flower, and from it produces a new species, giving a different color and flavor to the fruit, so Belasco takes dramatic talent and, by the magic wand of professional skill, grafts upon it here and there, and now and then, a progressive idea that transforms its beauty into something more rare, and the audience receives it willingly, even gladly, extending to it the nurturing praise and appreciation that cause it to thrive, as Burbank's new plants are welcomed by the moist, warm soil that he has prepared to advance them along the road of progress.



If one thing more than another has been noted in the Belasco productions of the past, it is probably the "atmosphere" of plays. His mastery in this particular realm of dramatic creation has often been ascribed to trickery, and by cleverly manipulated lights, gorgeous stage pictures, expensive properties and what-not, he has perhaps held himself open to this accusation. If guilty, however, he declares that he has reformed, although, of course, he meets the charge with emphatic denial.

"The time has passed," he said to me in reply to a question, "when to give the audience a hint of the 'atmosphere' of a southern drama, for instance, we must have coons singing, a banjo strumming, and a pale moon shining through moss-hung trees. 'Atmosphere' exists in the externals only as an accompanying force. The real atmosphere of the drama must come from within the actors, it must be a part of their artistic consciousness. Give me a plain board room, and if I have the competent actors I will show you 'atmosphere' of any period of history and any location on earth. But to produce the real Norwegian atmosphere of an Ibsen play, for instance, it is necessary to have more than a plain house interior and an open window through which rocky scenery

and perhaps a fjord can be seen, while the actors are convincingly American, French or German in temperament and manner, acknowledging their deficiencies, but excusing them with the explanation that Ibsen is universal, and not confined by the boundaries of geography.

"Ibsen should be represented by Norwegians or other north of Europe peoples, or at least by actors who either have or understand the northern temperament. And this applies to other authors and other actors, in my opinion. If I am to produce a play in a period of French history, I will exhaust every possible means of becoming better acquainted with that period. And this I will try to have my actors do also, for unless they have the 'atmosphere' none of the externals of stage settings can produce it. I believe in having real things on the stage instead of artificial properties, not so much for the audience to see as for actual contact with the actors. If everything on the stage is Spanish, and the actors are thoroughly steeped in the atmosphere, they will radiate it, and there comes the real artistry, the thing for which it seems to me producers should be working."

ARCHIE BELL.

## Passing of New York's Oldest Playhouse

WHEN the auctioneer's hammer dropped on the Thalia Theatre, on April 11 last, the curtain of one of the most famous playhouses in this country was rung down for the last time.

The Thalia, formerly known as the Bowery Theatre, is the oldest playhouse in the city, and on its historic boards two of the most celebrated of American players, Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman, made their first appearance.

"Its longevity," says a writer in the *Evening Sun*, "has been remarkable, for while its contemporaries of the early later days have closed up their doors and succumbed to the city's advancement, this playhouse has stuck persistently to its post for almost eighty-five years. True, it has burned down so often that the count has been lost,—at least, each new chronologist digs up more fires to its credit,—but the playhouse has always bobbed serenely up again. On one occasion—back in the '20s—the doors were thrown back for business just ninety days after the building was cleaned up by fire.

"Yet although the theatre has been kept so persistently open, the quality of amusement has changed—deteriorated and grown grimy with its environment. But it has always been a popular theatre, and so perhaps the transition was natural from the literary knifings of Shakespearian plays to the cruder but equally t'rillin' strokes of the 'Desperate Desmond' school.

"The playhouse, famous for its important débuts, should receive credit at this time for the début of the harem skirt. For in 1827 the celebrated Mme. Huntin descended on New York in full ballet costume. On her first appearance the audience, blushing to the roots of its curls and ringlets, went scampering out of the theatre. And it was afterward necessary for Mme. Huntin to dance in 'Turkish trousers.' This, however, was a long time ago—on the Bowery.

"The theatre first was built on the site of an old tavern and cattle market called 'The Bull's Head.' The property belonged to Henry Astor. In 1826, when it was

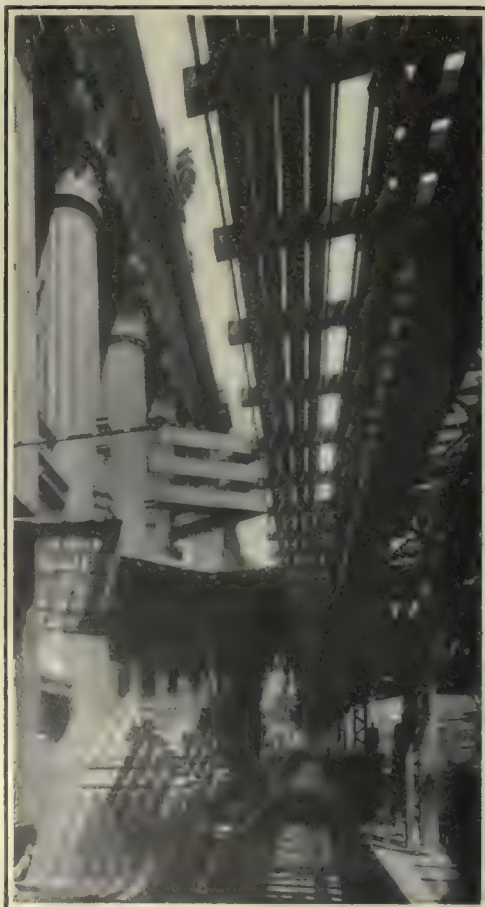
completed, it was thought to be the last word in theatrical grandeur. It was, in fact, the first playhouse in the city to be lighted by gas. Its interior finishings, as well as the row of huge columns in front of the building, were considered unrivaled. These columns, however, as now reproduced, in spite of their smudges and cracks, are very impressive to-day. The auditorium, said to have seated 3,000 persons, was then the largest in the United States—and, indeed, there are few which exceed that capacity to-day.

"The house was opened on October 23, 1826, under the management of Charles Gilfert, with the double bill of Holcroft's 'Road to Ruin,' and the farce, 'Raising the Wind.' For in those days folks went to the theatre about sundown to make a good, solid night of it. They were universally offered two plays—some slight appetizer like 'Virginius,' before bringing on the strong meat of 'Lear.' The tragedies, moreover, were not then pruned and slashed to accommodate the Jersey trains; but six unexpurgated acts, with their six scenes apiece, were played out to an honest finish.

"The stock company at the time of the opening included Edwin Forrest, Mr. and Mrs. George Barret, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, and Mr. and Mrs. Young. Edwin Forrest's first appearance as a tragedian, in fact, occurred here on November 18 of that same year.

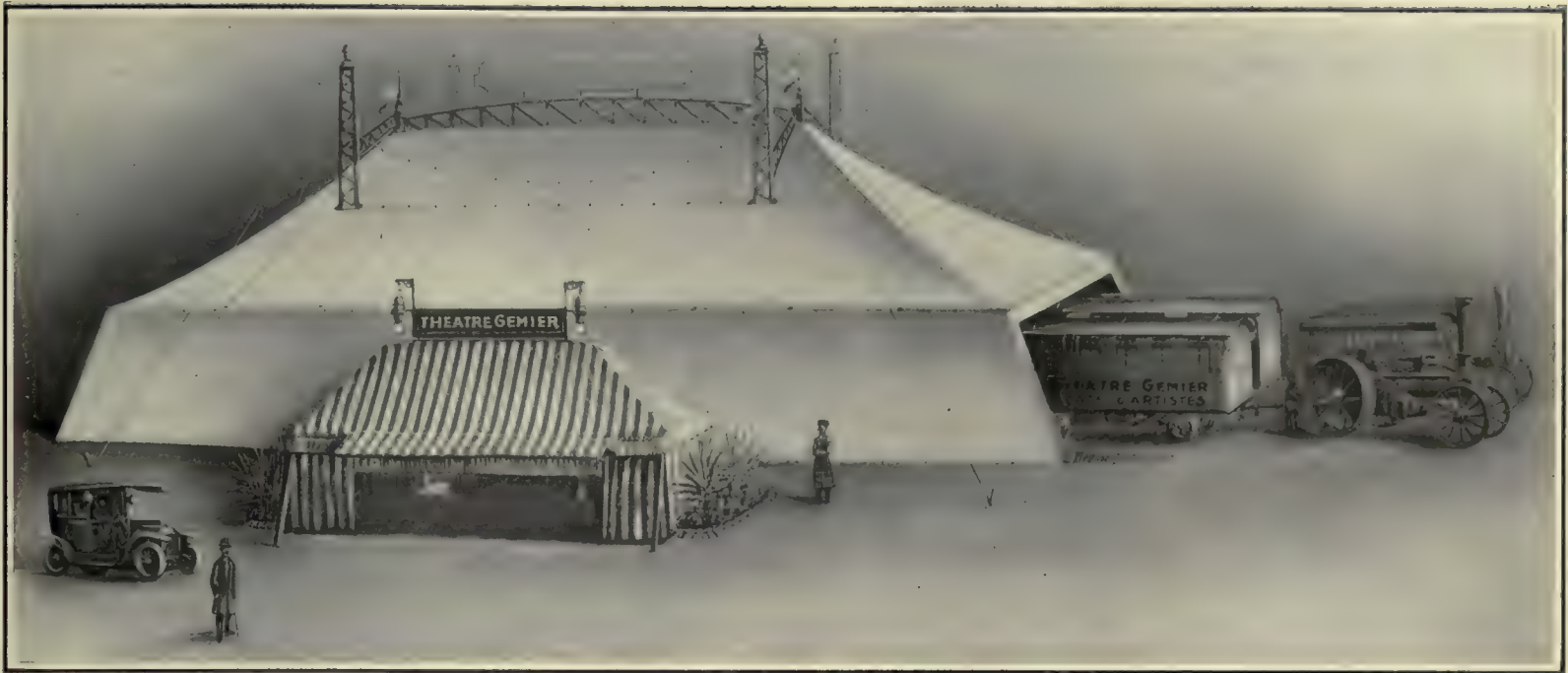
"Hackett and Hamblin took over the management after a few months, and changed the name to the Bowery Theatre. Under them the elder Chapman made his New York début as Richard III. During that same engagement, when properties were less exacting, he stalked on the stage as the ghost of Hamlet's father, clothed in tin armor and broad-rimmed spectacles. Mme. Celeste also made her first American appearance here, as did Cornelius Logan, father of Eliza, Olivia and Celia Logan.

"The playhouse burned down in 1828 and, when it had been built up again in ninety days, Edwin Forrest made an address in honor of the reopening. In 1829



Byron THE THALIA THEATRE  
It was found impossible to get a front view of the building owing to the elevated railroad structure

(Continued on page vii)



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 EXTERIOR VIEW OF GEMIER'S AUTOMOBILE THEATRE ALL SET UP AND READY FOR A PERFORMANCE  
 The two cars, side by side on the right, are backed on to the rear of the stage to be used as actors' dressing-rooms

## An Automobile Theatre

AN experiment is about to be made in France which will be of special interest to theatrical producers and playgoers everywhere. It is nothing less than the application of the modern automobile to the needs of the traveling theatrical company, and a scheme has been evolved by which a troupe can carry not only its own scenery, lights, costumes, etc., but even its own auditorium.

The plan of giving theatrical performances under a tent is far from being new. Canvas has always been the home of the circus, and only recently such a distinguished artiste as Sarah Bernhardt was compelled to have recourse to a tent when denied admission to the theatres of the Syndicate. Centuries ago, at the very beginnings of drama, the nomadic player flourished

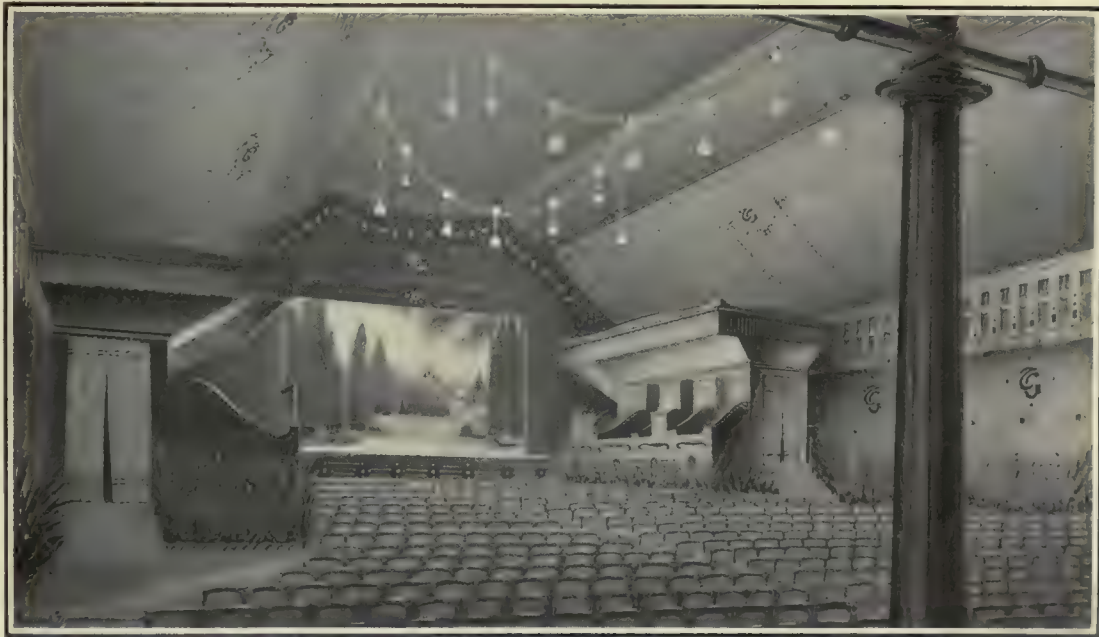
under canvas. Nor is the idea of a stage on wheels startlingly novel in itself. Thespis, the inventor of the tragic art, when banished from Athens by the severity of Solon, journeyed all over Greece with his actors in a cart known ever since as "The Chariot of Thespis." Phineas T. Barnum and his imitators carried out the same idea on a colossal scale, the Greatest Show on Earth traveling to every corner of the United States, and forming an extraordinary caravan of special cars almost equal in size and importance to that of an army on the march. From these early

beginnings to this latest innovation of a metropolitan theatre company, with theatre complete, being whisked from place to place by automobile is, of course, but a step.

Utilizing the automobile for theatrical purposes originated in the brain of Firmin Gémier, the clever comedian and experienced director of the Théâtre Antoine, Paris. For several years it has been M. Gémier's custom, during the summer months, when his company played scattered engagements in the provinces, to join it in various towns, he taking flying roundabout trips in his machine for that purpose. He was discouraged on finding everywhere the same commonplace municipal theatre, with its dusty and worn velvet chairs, its inadequate stage facilities, scanty scenery, and, at the end of the performance, the local

treasurer demanding from 40 to 70 per cent. of the receipts in return for the miserable accommodations. After submitting to the imposition for a long time, M. Gémier began to ask himself if it would not be possible to adapt the automobile to his purpose and organize a traveling theatre with a brilliantly lighted, attractive auditorium, a large stage, properly equipped and with newly painted scenery in which a homogeneous company, feeling itself quite at home, would be able to present good plays under the same conditions in which they are

(Continued on page vi)



Reproduced by special permission. Copyright.  
 THE AUDITORIUM  
 Two cars are placed on the right and left of the stage and first rows of orchestra stalls, so as to give two rows of four boxes each



From L'Illustration

THE TWO TRAINS AS THEY APPEAR WHILE TRAVELING ON THE ROAD

## Richard Strauss' New Opera a Triumph of Art

RICHARD STRAUSS' new opera, "Der Rosenkavalier" ("The Rose Cavalier"), produced for the first time in Dresden late in January, still holds the boards with tremendous success. Even today, two months after the *première*, it is impossible to secure seats for the performances, so great is the public demand to see this new work, declared by the critics to be a "triumph of art." Fred C. Whitney has secured the American rights to the opera, which will probably be heard here early next season. Dr. Strauss is reported to have said that he had achieved what he had been trying to do for twenty-five years; that is, to compose a light opera in the manner of Mozart.

One of the most striking features of the opera is the number of waltzes it contains, and in the whole score, which is full of brightness and melody, the composer of "Salome" and "Elektra" has shown his wonderful versatility. The *London Times* says: "This last work of Strauss contains some of the most beautiful music the composer has yet written. The style alternates between the extreme simplicity and Dr. Strauss' wonted complexity. In a work of this character the representative theme has not the same importance as elsewhere, but the most distinctive phrases can be traced without much labor, and they form a large part of the musical

texture. Octavian's theme is the purest Strauss, and conveys ingeniously in two bars the dash and tenderness of the character. Sophie's theme is colorless like herself. There are two graceful melodies, which seem to belong to the Field Marshal's wife. The Baron's love-song bears a resemblance to Falstaff's music (Verdi). Another of the themes reminds one strongly of Sancho Panza's, in the composer's 'Don Quixote.' The work is full of exuberant vitality and freshness of invention. About one-fifth of the music is waltz rhythm, of which Dr. Strauss shows great mastery." The *Berlin Borsen Courier* declares the work to be "A triumph of art. Sceptics were converted, opponents overwhelmed. It is not only the Mozartian grace, the Viennese love of the waltz, the melodious purity, the unexpectedly simple presentation, in a setting of rich orchestral tone; it is the musically turning back to independent song and to

ensemble art with new and light-sounding means."

The first performance of this "Komodie für Musik," as the authors describe it, took place at the Royal Opera House, Dresden, on Thursday evening, January 26th, with all the éclat that has marked the début on the operatic stage of each of Strauss' works. The comedy is a love story in three acts, the scene being laid in Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresa, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It is the joint work of Dr. Strauss and Herr Hugo von Hoffmansthal, who

were also responsible for "Elektra." There are eight principal rôles, and more than twenty others, which include minor parts for eight tenors, eight basses, and two alto voices.

The Cavalier of the Rose is a young man named Octavian, who is appointed, in accordance with the custom of the time, to convey the love token to the bride-elect. The composer's reason for assigning the hero's part to a female voice is apparent in the first act. The scene on which the curtain first rises is the bed-chamber of Princess Werdenberg, wife of Field Marshal Prince Werdenberg. The Field Marshal is absent on military duty. The Princess is *en déshabille*, and a young lad, Octavian, who is only a little over seventeen years old, is in the room with her. The two sing a duet, *Why Is It Day?* A little negro boy

brings in the early breakfast, and the first waltz is now played by the orchestra. During the solo by Octavian, which next follows, a commotion is heard in the corridor. Is it caused by the return of the Prince? Fearing this, and while the second waltz is being played, Octavian dives behind the screen to return shortly after in the dress of a lady's maid. Instead of the Prince it is Baron Ochs von Lerchenau, a cousin of the Princess,—a degraded kind of Falstaff and, in fact, an altogether odious character,—who considers he is demeaning himself by marrying Sophie von Faninal, daughter of a wealthy and recently ennobled army contractor. He has come, however, to ask the Princess to recommend a well-born gentleman to convey his love token—a silver rose—to the bride-elect. The Baron is immediately struck with the maid's good looks, and begins to make love to her without delay. The three sing a trio, and the Baron, before he ultimately departs,



RICHARD STRAUSS  
Composer of "Der Rosenkavalier," "Salome," "Elektra," etc.

# Scenes in Richard Strauss' New Opera "Der Rosenkavalier"



Photo Zander and Labisch

## ACT I. THE PRINCESS AND HER LOVER

The scene, laid in old Vienna at the time of Marie Theresa, opens in the bedroom of the Princess Werdenberg. Her tête-a-tête, during her husband's absence, with a youthful lover, Count Octavian, is interrupted by an elderly relative, the Baron Ochs von Lerchenau. He announces his betrothal to Sophie von Faninal, and is seeking a



Photo Zander and Labisch

## ACT III. SOPHIE AND THE RIVAL LOVERS

"rose cavalier" to hand the bride, as the custom was, a silver rose, which corresponded somewhat to an engagement ring. Count Octavian, who, before the Baron was admitted, had disguised himself as a chambermaid, afterwards acts as the Rose Cavalier. He also loves Sophie von Faninal, and eventually all comes right and he marries her.



Jean Aylwin

Dorothy Jardon

Mizzi Hajos

Kitty Gordon

FOUR OF THE ARTISTES NOW APPEARING AT THE NEW WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK

plans a meeting with the Princess' supposed servant. While the Princess is recommending Octavian to the Baron for the office of the "Rosenkavalier," many callers arrive as well as numerous applicants for the Princess' favors. Among them are three noble orphans who have come to ask for charity, and who are repeatedly interrupted by the entrance of the dressmaker. There also appear upon the scene a man named Valzacchi, and his female companion Annani, who, it seems, are proprietors of the *Schwarze Zeitung*, and keen recipients of gossip of any sort, especially matrimonial. A flute player and a tenor singer amuse the Princess while her hair is being curled. The Baron and his suite return during the song, and the former squabbles with the Notary over the marriage settlement, which causes the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple to offer their services to the Baron. As soon as Ochs takes his second departure there ensues a love scene between the Princess and Octavian, in which the Field Marshal's wife tells him that she will allow him to carry the silver rose to Sophie, though she knows what will happen in consequence.

The scene of Act II takes place in the house of Herr von Faninal, newly ennobled, though certainly not one of Nature's noblemen. His daughter Sophie, fresh from school, is awaiting the Baron's arrival. But first, with a flourish of trumpets, comes the bearer of the rose, and between Octavian and Sophie a charming interview takes place. Sophie is attended by her duenna, Marianne. During the presentation Baron Ochs enters, and his manner towards Sophie angers Octavian. The Baron's love-making culminates in a *Leiblied*. Then the Baron's suite also come in and cause a commotion in the Faninal household. A row next takes place between the Baron and Octavian, the

former having been quietly warned by the *Schwarze Zeitung* people that Octavian has succeeded in alienating the affections of his fiancée, and the Baron gets the worst of it. After this Octavian departs, and Faninal sides with the Baron, and threatens to force Sophie to marry him without delay. The Baron drinks freely, but keeps sufficiently sober to sing, once more, his love-song; finally he recovers completely, when a missive is handed to him from the Princess' lady's-maid reminding him of his appointment with her.

Act III opens in a restaurant, where the *Schwarze Zeitung* couple are plotting the undoing of the Baron. The introduction leads to waltz rhythms. Octavian, in his lady's-maid costume, after assisting with the preparations for supper, goes out of the restaurant and returns with the Baron. What follows is a farce of the broadest character. The lights in the room are lowered. Octavian is coy, and the Baron suddenly begins to discover a likeness between the lady's-maid and his rival. Annina and four children next enter, and the children call the Baron "Papa." Upon this, the confusion waxes great. A commissary of the police is summoned, but he is told that Annina is Sophie, the Baron's fiancée. While contesting this point Faninal enters, and is most indignant because the Baron disowns him. While one is wondering how all this is going to end, the Princess appears upon the scene and succeeds in "pouring oil upon the troubled waters." so that, at last, the Baron concludes to behave himself, and his rout is completed by the presentation to him of all the bills for supper, lights, etc. When the Princess has finally gotten quite rid of him, she brings in Octavian and Sophie, and joins their hands.

L. M. DAVIDSON.





Moffett, Chicago  
**WILBUR D. NESBIT**  
 Author of "The Girl of My Dreams"



Moffett  
**GEORGE ADE**  
 Author of "The Slim Princess," etc.



Moffett  
**JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON**  
 Author of "The Fourth Estate"



**WALLACE RICE**  
 Co-author of "The Chaplet of Pan"

## SINCE young Edward Sheldon left his parental home on fashionable Bellevue Place five years ago with a wallet of ideas under his arm, headed for Harvard and destined for early fame, Chicago rapidly has resolved itself into a nursery for the development of playwrights. No longer do the youth of the city exclusively follow their fathers to the stock-yards and the brokerage offices of La Salle Street. Many spend their time on scenarios, first acts and climaxes, finding in the theatre a convenient outlet for views on art and life which cannot find expression in the counting-room.

# Some Chicago Playwrights

George Ade, for years Chicago's only dramatic author of note, now finds himself, like one of his own grizzled Indiana sycamores, surrounded by a new growth of writer timber. His rivals now include Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the most virile and prolific of the younger generation of American playwrights, whose "A Little Brother of the Rich," "The Fourth Estate," "Dope" and "By-Products," already have been produced; H. S. Sheldon, the first serious effort from whose pen, "The Havoc," Henry Miller now is presenting; Arthur Jerome Eddy, author of "Ganton and Company," which became "The Great John Ganton," and the recently produced "The Warning"; Wilbur D. Nesbit, the Chicago *Evening Post* humorist, who wrote the book for "The Girl of My Dreams," and a farce now nearly ready for the theatre; William Anthony McGuire, whose "The Heights" was acted by Frank Keenan; Wallace Rice, of *The Dial*, who goes in for fantasies and the poetic drama; George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist, and others.

To be added to these who have already been tried out in the professional theatre are a host of others who are writing sketches, books and amateur plays, any one of whom is likely to change from a potential into an actual playwright. Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, the biographer of Molière and Goldini, recently had a sketch tried out, as also have Margaret Horton Potter, the novelist, and Miss Edith Wyatt, the short-story writer. Rex Beach,

who collaborated in the writing of "Going Some" and "The Barrier," promises soon to write a play quite by himself, and Charles Collins, recently dramatic editor of *The Inter-Ocean*, has disposed of a book for a musical comedy. Mrs. Carter Harrison, wife of the former mayor, has written a children's spectacle, and Dr. Paul Carus, the erudite theosophist and orientalist, who edits *The Open Court*, has dramatized some of the most vital things in the life of the mystical Buddha. Mrs. Kellogg Fairbank, a society leader, has completed a drama which has its source in contemporary Chicago life, and Ira Nelson Morris, a son of the late stock-yards capitalist, and a director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, has had a play accepted by a New York producer. The Hough-Adams combination, which turned out the books for Mort Singer's musical farces at the La Salle Theatre, is still intact, and a more ambitious effort from them is soon to be ready. Professor Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, has been working on a serious drama, and one of his associates, Professor Robert Morse Lovett, who has been giving extended dramatic courses, is engaged similarly. Both of the latter were intimates of the late William Vaughan Moody.

Dean Ade, of the corps of Chicago dramatic writers, has confined himself strictly to books which are devised for entertainment purposes, his recent efforts being "The Old Town," which Montgomery and Stone are giving, and "U. S. Minister Bedloe," produced as the opening attraction at the new Blackstone Theatre in Chicago. Not so the Sheldons, Mr. Patterson and Mr. McGuire. They are militant young men, all keenly alive to the defects of modern civilization, and anxious to serve as first aid to an injured world.

Mr. Patterson, who is a grandson of the famous Joseph Medill, war-time editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and a son of the late R. W. Patterson, who for many years also directed the editorial policy of the same paper, is credited with reforming the sale of



**H. S. SHELDON**  
 Author of "The Havoc"



**WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE**  
 Author of "The Heights"



**GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON**  
 Author of "The Barrier," etc.



**ARTHUR JEROME EDDY**  
 Author of "The Warning"

drugs, such as cocaine and morphine, through the Middle West by means of "Dope," and in "The Fourth Estate" he tried to picture some of the abuses which have crept into American journalism. In his new play, "Rebellion," he has shown some of the

the National Carbon Company. His "The Great John Ganton" was acted for a season by George Fawcett, and recently "The Warning" was tried out at the Princess Theatre, in Chicago.

George Barr McCutcheon, whose "Brewster's Millions" and



White  
MEMBERS OF THE NEW WINTER GARDEN COMPANY PARTAKING OF A MIDNIGHT LUNCHEON DURING THE FINAL DRESS REHEARSAL, SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 19TH LAST, BEFORE THE OPENING WHICH TOOK PLACE THE FOLLOWING EVENING.

aspects of divorce. The author is only 31 years old, but he has already had a tremendous amount of experience. He graduated from Yale in 1901, served as a correspondent during the war with Spain, was a member of the Illinois legislature at 23, commissioner of public works of the city of Chicago at 26, and had also been reporter, assistant Sunday editor, editorial writer.

H. S. Sheldon, who, by the way, is in no manner related to Edward Sheldon, was born in Denmark, and has had a struggle to win his way that outdoes that of Eugene Walter. When he came to America he did not know a word of English, but he studied from a grammar while he looked for work. His first position was with Klaw and Erlanger in "Ben Hur," his handsome and tremendous physique bringing him an ornamental position in the background, where he wasn't forced to reveal his lack of English by being burdened with a line. He later came to Chicago and struggled strenuously to get some of his sketches sold. Through money thus gained, he was able to find the leisure which enabled him to write "The Havoc." He tried to sell it to practically every manager in Chicago, but was unsuccessful. He then took the manuscript to New York, and fortunately was able to read it in person to Henry Miller.

Arthur Jerome Eddy is a prominent lawyer, who writes plays when the penning of briefs becomes monotonous. Incidentally, he was instrumental in the organization of the American Steel Foundries Company, the American Linseed Oil Company and

"Beverly of Graustark" were successfully dramatized, is at work on several new pieces, one of which is to be produced shortly. Wallace Rice, like George Ade, is a former dramatic critic, having served in that capacity on the *Chicago Tribune*. He is now on the critical staff of *The Dial*, the literary review. Two of his plays, "The Chaplet of Pan" and "The Topaz Amulet," written in collaboration with Thomas Wood Stevens, of the Chicago Art Institute, were produced by David Robertson, and he was the author in collaboration with Margaret Horton Potter of "The Devil's Choice," a little drama of gripping power, which was produced at the Bush Temple Theatre. Another newspaperman-playwright is Wilbur D. Nesbit, who contributes a daily column of verse and humorous comment to the *Chicago Evening Post*. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre are now out in "His Girl of My Dreams," which was set to music by Karl Hoschna and produced by Joseph M. Gaites. Mr. Nesbit is the president of the Forty Club, an organization of convivial spirits recruited from the leading professions, and is also one of the favorite speakers of the Indiana Society.

William Anthony McGuire is a young North Side writer who sprang into prominence with a sketch, "The Devil, the Servant and the Man," in which the situation of "The Servant in the House" was reversed. His "The Heights" was produced last season, and he has two new plays, "The Cost of Living" and "Fear," which will be seen next season. FREDERIC HATTON.



Byron

SCENE IN "NOAH'S FLOOD." EARLY MYSTERY PLAY PRESENTED AT THE NEW THEATRE

## UNIQUE in character, vastly enter- taining, and affording instruction in an objective way impossible to be conveyed in the books written on the subject, the series of performances at the New Theatre, illustrating the development of the English drama from the earliest times, have drawn great audiences, with many turned away, and have given additional proof of the value of an institution with high aims uninfluenced by commercialism.

# Moralities at the New Theatre

or Miracle plays and the Moralities. The beginnings of the

drama, thus illustrated, were the most interesting of the series, for they afforded a novelty never before even attempted before our audiences. It is true that such plays have been done for educational purposes and even for public patronage, but with limited response. This performance at the New Theatre was an achievement, for it brought before us the first time all the details of this early acting and the circumstances in which they were performed. In other words, these naïve productions were made on the stage for the edification of the villagers who stood about, and not for the eager and interested audience that filled this large and modern theatre. We saw the streets of the village, with the children and various types of characters trooping in to welcome the visit of the showman. A pageant wagon or float, representing the ark, was drawn to the market

The scenes given were from plays of various periods, each presented in the manner of its time, with introductory lectures by Brander Matthews. The first of the series, March 27th, presented "Noah's Flood" and "The Nice Wanton." They represented the beginnings of the drama, as acted by strolling players before audiences in villages, and covered the period, as far as could be done in the hour or so to be occupied, of the Mystery



Byron

SCENE IN "NICE WANTON," A MORALITY PLAY DATING FROM ABOUT 1550

place, and the performance was begun, but not before a boy, with painted wings attached to his shoulders, had come on and stationed himself at one side with his thunder-making barrel. While reverence for the Deity was manifest, it was plain that these

early showmen considered that most valuable commodity in public entertainments — comedy. Noah, and in the play it appeared entirely authentic, was a strict disciplinarian. He berated the undeserving, and sternly reminded them that the threat of the flood was to be fulfilled, but the comic diversion was in the trouble he had with his wife, who much preferred to remain with the gossips, although the first drops of the flood were beginning to fall fast, and no time to be lost, whereupon he beat her with a stick and forced her to enter, with much clamor on her part. The animals were brought into the ark by Noah's sons, bearing various placards with pictures of the animals, these placards being attached to the side of the ark. The flight of the dove from the ark was represented by a picture of the dove being thrust out through the door, and its return by its being shown for an instant held in Noah's hand, with an olive branch. All the parts were played by men, and, with the excellent company of the New Theatre, it may well be understood that every point was brought out. They all acted with the proper naïveté. The Deity was represented by a figure in a little cupola on the top of the ark, the features and upper part of the body covered with resplendent gilt cloth. The utterances of the Deity were deliberate and solemnly impressive. The giving of all the atmosphere of such a production made it a performance unique in the history of the stage in the United States.

The second performance, March 30th, illustrated the time of Shakespeare. While it was perhaps a faithful reproduction of the stage of that period, it was not as successful as the previous performance in reproducing the atmosphere of the time. While

many points of difference between the conditions of that time and of the present day could be observed by students of the drama, it was measurably modern. The scenes selected were Scene 1, Act II, Scene 2, Act III, from "The Winter's Tale." The entire play had been given by the New Theatre previously. Miss Matthison's performance was the feature in this production.

Mr. Brander Matthews touched upon many points in his interesting lecture. We are inclined to differ with him in his statement that Shakespeare had the limitations of his own stage in his mind with reference to the concealment of Falstaff behind the arras, and also the hiding of Polonius. We do not believe that Shakespeare was taking any liberty with the facts. It is quite possible that the arras, at least in palaces, were not attached immediately to the wall. At all events, it was almost certain that Shakespeare was largely unconventional, and that the scenes that he



From the Illustrated London News.

DIGGING TO PROVE THAT BACON WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

1. The title-page of an edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," the book which, according to Dr. Owen, reveals the secret hiding-place.
  2. Dr. Orville Owen, who is searching in the bed of the River Wye, at Chepstow, England, for proof that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays.
  3. What, it is understood, Dr. Owen expects to find in the bed of the Wye—a conjectural diagram.
  4. The Scene of the Digging.
- Dr. Orville Owen, who discovered the Bacon cipher in the works of Shakespeare, declares not only that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays, but that he wrote Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the works of Greene, Marlowe, Spenser, Peele, and Sir Philip Sidney. He believes, further, that, hidden in the bed of the Wye, at Chepstow, England, are proofs of his contention, and of the idea that Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Owen founds his arguments on a message he has unravelled, with the aid of his Bacon cipher, from an edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." Supporters of the Bacon theory argue that the "hog" in the crest at the top of the title-page is "trampling underfoot the Crown of England reversed"; but it is in the interior of the work that Dr. Owen finds the somewhat elaborate directions on which he is working. At present eight holes have been dug. In the drawing are shown the positions of these eight holes. The dotted line between the X at the Roman wall and that at hole 8 represents the "twice ten times ten feet due east" of the message revealed.

had in mind were always the actual scenes of Nature, and were not altogether controlled by the limitations of his own stage.

The third lecture, April 3d, illustrated the old comedy period by scenes from "The School for Scandal," the quarrel scene and the screen scene. The stage was set with the old-fashioned wings, flats and sliding scenes, moving to the sound of the stage-manager's whistle; and smoky lamps, trimmed by flunkies, replaced the modern footlights. The boxes were so placed on the stage that the spectators in them were a part of the picture.



# EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, April 1, 1911.

**B**ECAUSE of the controversies raised by his political enemies M. Henri Bernstein's "Après Moi," presented at the Comédie Française, has caused fountains of ink to flow. I will speak here only of the merits of the play, leaving aside the personality of the author. I may, however, be permitted to state that M. Bernstein has himself acknowledged in an open letter to the public that he committed "a youthful mistake" when he deserted from the French Army, a mistake he has since bitterly regretted. It must be conceded, therefore, that he lacked tact, in aiming to have his play produced at the Comédie Française, a theatre sub-vented by the State.

Heretofore he has been satisfied to have his plays staged at the boulevard theatres, and there was no necessity, even in his own interests, to strive for greater benefit. Especially is this true, since he might have foreseen that sooner or later his former intimates to whom he had made anti-military admissions, might make use of such a double-edged sword as the letter written by him years ago. But to return to "Après Moi," presented in the midst of many vicissitudes at the Comédie Française.

Guillaume Bourgade, a big refiner and bold financier, has for seventeen years led a peaceful and happy life with his wife, Irene. The three acts take place in this opulent manufacturer's luxurious villa in the environs of Dieppe. It

is nearly midnight, in an adjoining room are excited bridge players. There are some minor parts, but in reality the play has only three important characters, M. Bourgade, Mme. Bourgade and young James Aloys, the inevitable triangle, so indispensable in every household that is lacking in self respect.

M. Bourgade has all the qualities and all the defects so generally recognized in men of affairs. He is hard, haughty, brutal. He likes to command and to be obeyed. He is admired, respected and feared. Despite his fifty years he carries himself with youthful energy; his seventeen years of married life have not

the family. But on the even of the formal announcement of the engagement James abruptly breaks it off, and announces that he intends to travel.

For the time being he is between two fires. For his mother, who is an old friend of the Bourgades, is stopping at a neighboring villa, and here James comes to bid her good-bye, and is received by the Bourgades almost as a member of the family.

When the play opens James Aloys has a few moments before taken leave of M. and Mme. Bourgade, but returns surreptitiously, for he had previously obtained Irene's consent to a private interview. And it is while the bridge party goes on in an adjoining room, while Bourgade and Mme. Aloys are in animated conversation, that Irene Bourgade meets James Aloys in still another room. This little bourgeoisie seems to me nothing but a vulgar wench.

While all these things are taking place in the various salons, M. Bourgade is trying to explain to Mme. Aloys the imperative reasons that caused him to advise her son to marry the rich Mlle. Fleurion. It is because James as well as his mother have been ruined by the fault of Bourgade. He explains the mechanism of the financial operation which has led to his discomfiture, and even makes him fear criminal proceedings. Overwhelmed, Mme. Aloys leaves him, and Bourgade thereupon thinks only of killing himself. The significance of the title, "Après Moi," comes



Photo Felix

Mlle. LUCIENNE GUETT OF THE ODEON

Taffeta silk wrap trimmed with Renaissance lace, and with the lower part of the sleeves embroidered. Made by Paquin

dimmed his marital affections. He is powerful and happy. Irene Bourgade is an irreproachable wife, but not without considerable effort at times.

James Aloys is a young protégé of the Bourgade family, who has already on the advice of his guardian decided to marry Mlle. Fleurion, another intimate friend of

from this scene.

Bourgade, preoccupied with plans for his wife's material welfare, encloses in an envelope addressed to her the stocks which were her marriage portion. Then he sends for his old friend Friediger, who is staying in the house, and tells him of his intention to commit suicide.



Photo Felix

Mlle. YVONNE DE BRAY OF THE GYMNASE  
Large black tagal straw hat in bicorne form ornamented with gold brocade velvet and white cross aigrettes. Made by Madame Lenthéric

"Perhaps I am a sorry specimen of a gentleman," he declares to Friediger, who advises flight, "but I am a gentleman."

At the moment Bourgade places the muzzle of the revolver to his temple (it is three o'clock in the morning), Irene has just quitted James Aloys, and is about to return to her boudoir. Unluckily, the arrangement of the rooms makes it necessary for her to cross that in which her husband has sought refuge. The disorder of her gown and her hair, and her evident agitation betray her. Finally she confesses, but refuses to name the man. The scene is one of unusual violence. It is very theatrical but not natural that, after seventeen years of marriage, the same day, the same minute that the husband succumbs to a financial tragedy, the wife should succumb to romance. He is dishonored as a financier, at the same moment that she dishonors herself as a woman.

In the third act a hazardous conjecture makes known to Bourgade the name of the man who has betrayed him. James Aloys comes

to see him; he knows all, and his ruin weighs so little on him, he takes his misfortune so lightly that his manner awakens Bourgade's suspicions. He quickly spreads a trap for James, and so snatches his secret from the impudent young man.

Now that he knows that Irene is not worthy of such a sacrifice Bourgade decides not to kill himself. He even thinks confusedly of an existence in which he and his wife may live side by side in retirement. The discredited sugar king begs Irene not to abandon him in his misfortune; he even lowers himself to beg James Aloys to renounce her. Seized with pity Irene gives up her lover to follow her husband.

Mme. Bartet interpreted the part of Irene Bourgade with her customary power and delicacy; being admirably supported by M. Le Bargy as Guillaume Bourgade, who gave a masterly portrayal of the different moods of that haughty and contemptible creature. His vigorous and precise realism colored with a romantic generosity was marvellous. To M. Grand fell the rôle of James Aloys, in which his ardor and sincerity were much appreciated.

The combats with difficult situations in which M. Bernstein has been engaged are celebrated. To be remembered are "Israel," "La Rafale, le Voleur," "Samson," and "La Griffée."

"Après Moi" is a depressing and ago-



Photo Felix

Mlle. YVONNE DE BRAY OF THE THEATRE DU GYMNASE

White tagal straw hat with black tagal border ornamented with two emerald green and two white plumes. Made by Madame Lenthéric

nizing play. It keeps the spectator on tension for two and a half hours, which is too much. To sum up, M. Bernstein is undoubtedly a powerful dramatist, too powerful; a realist, too realistic; brutal,

too brutal. With his excessive pessimism he seems to completely ignore the fact that in this world by the side of many villainies there are often most praiseworthy and heroic actions, that from the manure, and because of the manure, blossom many flowers. In M. Bernstein's plays I invariably find creatures filled with bitterness and brutality. They are conflicts of passions, where love and the material interests hold sway. He is logical, he views life from the dark side; it is his privilege. For my part I prefer to see the bright consoling spots through the dark clouds, and instead of scowling faces to look for smiling ones. All that, indeed, is a matter of temperament.

In a letter addressed to the Society of Dramatic Authors, M. Bernstein has withdrawn his play from the Comédie Française. He has done the wise thing, since



Photo Felix

Mlle. LUCIENNE GUETT OF THE ODEON

Gown of pink crêpe meteoré with collar of rare Venetian lace, and turquoise scarf embroidered in gold. Made by Paquin



Photo Felix  
Gown of black and white narrow striped silk voile over a foundation of changeable copper and green silk, ornamented with black and red silk buttons, and a guimpe of red gauze. Made by Redfern, Paris

the performances degenerated into cabals, and the manifestations in the streets began to take on the character of riots.

At the first night of "Après Moi" the theatre was filled with pretty women wearing the newest gowns, the most beautiful of which I recognized as the creations of Doeuillet and Madame Paquin, two names that suffice in themselves.

M. Henri Bataille (the same initials as M. Henri Bernstein; can it be a symbol?) presented at the Porte St. Martin a play in four acts, called "L'Enfant de l'Amour." The author of "La Vierge Folle," which was played for 250 times at the Gymnase, set before us highly spiced meats on a very fine dish. So highly spiced are they that I scarcely dare offer them to my readers. M. Bataille also sees through a glass darkly. His flowers are foul and poison all who have the temerity to smell them. Turn by turn "L'Enfant de l'Amour" attracts and repulses the spectator.

Diane Orland receives at her home the aristocracy of the world that amuses itself, an assemblage of high livers and fast women most luxuriously arrayed. After having led a life similar to that of her comrades Diane Orland contracts a serious, almost respectable, liaison, and leads a re-

tired life which she enjoys in company with M. Rantz. This liaison lasts for seventeen years, the same number as in "Après Moi."

Rantz, a promoter, journalist, owner of race horses, is elected deputy, then made Minister. Now he only thinks of ridding himself of Diane, and does not hesitate to let her feel this desire.

Diane Orland has a son of twenty years, who has lived always under the cloud of a material existence, his companions the servants, particularly the butler Raymond, who is the type of the factotum to a *grande courtisane*.

Maurice Orland is a weak creature, accustomed to humiliation, and from his youth used to discreetly disappearing at the approach of his mother's numerous visitors. He is "L'Enfant de l'Amour."



Photo Desgranges  
ISIDORE DE LARA, THE COMPOSER OF "SOLEA"

Even though she has never been much of a mother to him, he has a great love for her.

M. Rantz comes to tell her of the final rupture. The poor woman, overwhelmed with grief, falls back in her distress upon this filial affection. In vain she sends Raymond to look for him, for her son has finally betaken himself to bachelor quarters. This first act is the picture of a questionable world, and a brilliant exposition of its customs.

In the second act Maurice Orland is playing cards with Raymond and a disreputable jockey. Soon he sends his guests away, for he expects a visit from the daughter of M. Rantz. She thinks, before she is married, to pay a first and last visit to the man to whom for two years she has given her heart, and so by this visit to take leave of her youthful dream. She is another *Vierge Folle!* During this inter-

view Diane comes to her son's apartment with the intention of killing herself. To save his mother his filial love suggests to him the diabolical idea of keeping Nellie Rantz there all night, so that thanks to the scandal M. Rantz will be amenable to negotiations. Added to that Maurice Orland has a second weapon against Rantz, which is the confession of the jockey that, in concert with the Minister, he had cheated at the racecourse.

You can well believe how painful is the bargaining scene in which the son tries to entrap M. Rantz. It is coarse and brutal. Diane Orland and Rantz become reconciled, he promising to marry her upon condition that her son shall be sent off to America where there is a position awaiting him. The ungrateful Madame Orland, more woman than mother, does not hesitate to thus sacrifice her son. She becomes Madame Rantz, and as her son Maurice is bidding her his last farewell he steps aside to allow of the entrance of Rantz's son. "Come in," says Maurice to the small boy, who has come to welcome his new mamma.

The three chief characters are well interpreted by M. André Brulé in the rôle of Maurice Orland, M. Dumény in that



Photo Felix  
MLLE. NELLY BERYL OF THE THEATRE DES NOUVEAUTES

Costume of blue and white printed gauze, trimmed with bands of blue gauze, girdle of apricot satin, with yoke of Irish lace. Made by Doeuillet

of Rantz, and Mme. Réjane in that of Diane. The latter was simply admirable.

You see I was right in saying that the meats served up by M. Henri Bataille are too highly spiced that the flowers he makes us smell are poisoned. Bataille and Bernstein are two fine playwrights, but baffling. One might say that they had vowed to make us neurasthenics, even as their works are the works of neurasthenics. Decidedly, I prefer smiles to their grins, flowers to their thorns, and I believe that the public must weary of these continual displays of baseness and compromises, and that a healthy reaction will soon take place in things theatrical.

Bernstein's "Après Moi," Bataille's "L'Enfant de l'Amour," and M. Sacha Guitry's "Le Veilleur de Nuit" are three undoubted successes, but also three unsavory and unhealthy works. These three dramatic surgeons handle the knife dexterously, but in spite of their skilled bandaging the wounds continue large and gaping.

There could be no fashionable fête at the Porte St. Martin without the name of Redfern shining there with incomparable brilliancy. The costumes worn by Diane Orland's friends owed their success to this celebrated Parisian.

In the boxes, among the many stunning

hats I discovered that the most elegant were made by Mme. Lenthéric. It is not necessary for me to dwell upon this fact—

at the theatre, the Horse Show, the races, or society reunions, the name of Mme. Lenthéric is always recalled as that of the milliner to the international aristocracy.

Four years ago at Cologne, M. Isidore de Lara gave for the first time his beautiful music drama, "Solea." I have just seen it again at Rouen. If ever a musician surpassed himself he is certainly the composer of "Solea." With splendid scenery and beautiful coloring it contains elements of a rare quality, a sober and well sustained feeling of profound emotion. There is a more penetrating sensibility than one could have anticipated from the voluptuousness and sensuality of "Messaline," first presented at Monte Carlo. The success achieved by "Solea" was enormous, numerous recalls after each act, and at the end an ovation to the composer. The theatre at Rouen staged well the exquisite and powerful work of M. de Lara. M. Ferme, the director, produced the work with an excellent cast. Mme. Magne, who impersonated "Solea," is a singer of the highest order. Her voice is of splendid quality; she sings with fine art, and has a clever technique. Her interpretation of

"Solea" was a revelation. M. Isidore de Lara is without doubt a great master.



Gown of orange crêpe de chine ornamented with bands of gold Venice lace. Wrap of violet mousseline lined with black mousseline. Creation Paquin

the name of the modiste suffices. There is not a member of the American colony who does not know this name. Whether



l'photo Agie

A GROUP OF MANNEQUINS AT REDFERN'S, PARIS

Eggimann, publisher



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## Playhouse Reminiscences

(Continued from page 162)

the female chorus, whose flimsy lawn, organdie and tarletan skirts would have gone up in a sea of flames at the approach of a shrieking, terrified stage-escaping Nancy—the audience rose to its feet as one man and cheered (till it was hoarse) for full five minutes; a well-deserved tribute to an excellent voice joined to the coolest sort of a level head.

Jannauscheck, that idol of the Germans, used to give a harrowing play called "Marianne; the Woman of the People," in which she had rare opportunities; in one scene she deposits her infant of most tender years in the "receiver" of a founding institute, an act accompanied by a display of emotional acting seldom equalled and never excelled on any stage. Her audience, knowing what to expect, was always ready with applause and tearful appreciation. One evening the property-infant was either not properly clothed, or Frau Jannauscheck was careless in handling it, for when flung, in a frenzied outburst of despair, into the waiting niche at the founding gate, this tender babe came down with a bang that shook the building. For an instant the audience was stricken dumb, and so was Marianne; then Jannauscheck once more began to wring her hands and make her moan, but the audience tittered hysterically all through the play, which so upset the German tragedienne that "das Weib aus dem Volke" was soon afterwards withdrawn from her repertory.

Just before the Civil War John Wilkes Booth's fine stage presence, fiery personality, and impassioned though rather unequal acting, made him the matinée idol of his day. There was nothing in his behavior at that time to indicate that he was so soon to become one of the most execrated of men.

One evening in 1860 there was a fire somewhere back of the Winter Garden Theatre, where Mr. Booth was filling an engagement. The audience was in no danger—though the auditorium was blue with smoke and hose-pipes were meandering across the front of the stage—and had already twice been earnestly assured of the fact, but all the confusion had so upset Mr. Booth that when, as the interesting mysterious stranger—is it Pescara, I wonder? I can't quite recollect—he is invited by the King to give his name and the "why and whence" of his coming, he said impressively "I am —" and hesitated; "I am —" he repeated and paused once more; then stepping to the footlights (and, incidentally, almost upon the fire hose-pipe) he took the audience into his confidence and asked, with the most engaging earnestness: "who the devil am I, anyway?"

KATE HUDSON.

## An Automobile Theatre

(Continued from page 169)

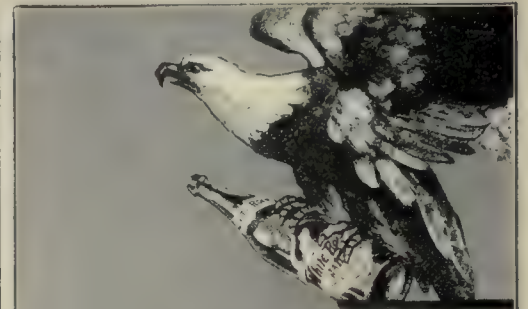
done in Paris. The dream was not found impossible of realization and in a few months, says *L'Illustration*, before setting out for his annual tour of the watering places where the local inhabitants have never seen anything except the round canvas of the circus tent, "Gémier's National Travelling Theatre" will give its first performance in one of the public squares in Paris.

The caravan, when ready to start out, will consist of twenty-one cars drawn by two automobiles of the traction type, moving on roads and even over tilled fields at the rate of twelve miles an hour. In addition to complete sets of scenery, a large auditorium will be carried, complete with stage and footlights. There will be store cars for furniture and accessories, and an elaborate electric lighting plant. Two cars will be reserved for the players, one for the men and one for the women. One car will carry the costumes and two cars, placed on each side of the stage, will afford eight large boxes for public use.

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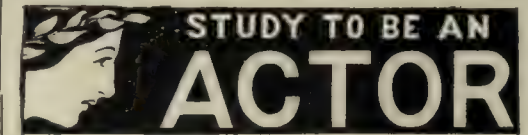
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**New York's Oldest Playhouse**

(Continued from page 168)

the Bowery passed over to the management of the old Park Theatre, but Thomas F. Hamblin recovered it in 1830. Following this the Vestu's dancers were first seen here, and George Holland's appearance in seven different characters in the same evening; Archer's American debut and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr. (Mrs. Lefton's) New York première. Also there was that of Josie Clifton, the first native American actress to play in London; the debut of Miss Priscilla Cooper was in 1834, afterwards memorable because she married Robert Tyler, the son of President Tyler, and eventually became mistress of the White House. Charlotte Cushman made her first appearance here as Lady Macbeth in 1836. Soon after this the structure burned down again, with a loss to Hamblin of \$60,000.

"It was rebuilt in 1837, burned again in 1838, rebuilt in 1839, burned in 1845 and burned for the last time in 1866. Between fires, however, the theatre went right on with its exceptional series of débuts—those of John Gilbert, first seen in New York there in the rôle of Sir Edward Mortimer; John Drew as Dr. O'Toole, and the original Mrs. Potter as Juliet.

"Between 1850 and 1860, under the management of John Brougham, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr., Edward Eddy, Thomas S. Hamblin and Harry J. Ames Seymour played at the theatre. But its lustre soon faded after this decade. It slumped into an era of blood and thunder. In 1879 it was handed over to German theatregoers, who rechristened it the Thalia. The Germans held their ground for a while, but when the Jewish city grew up around it the theatre's following changed again. For a number of years only those who read Yiddish posters have known what the play for the night was to be at the Thalia."

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*Emmaline Lee* (McKenna-Gumble), Peerless Quartet; *Entre Acte Gavotte* (Gillet). Xylophone, William H. Reitz.

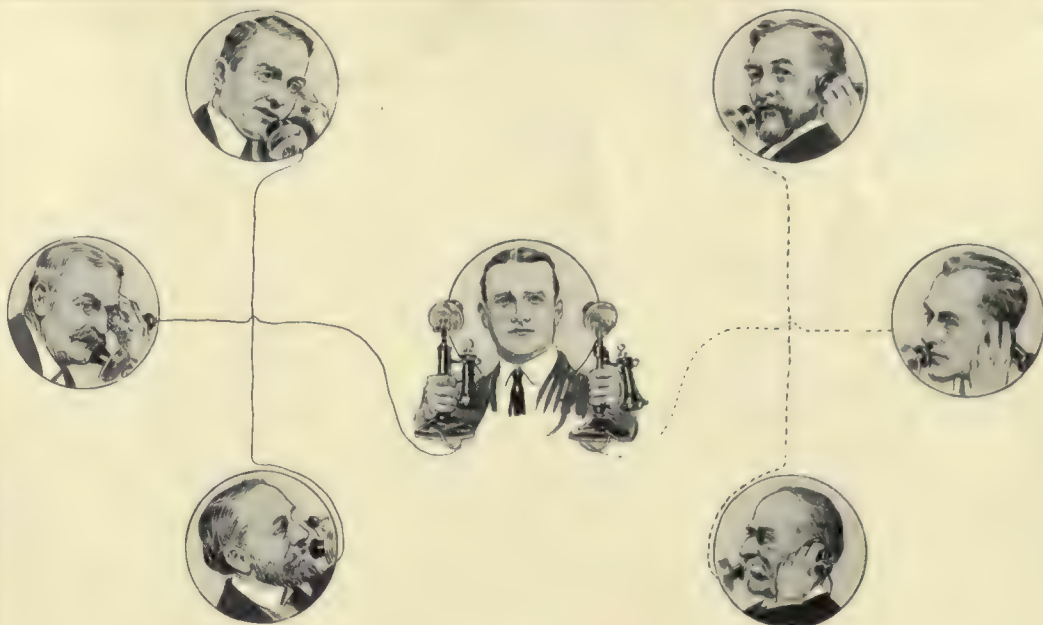
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Three records, which were made under the personal direction of the conductor, Mr. Andreeff, exhibit well the striking effects produced by these gifted players. The folk-songs are especially interesting. No nation in the world possesses a greater love for music than the Russian, and the songs of the peasants, characteristic of various occasions, such as weddings or dances, legends, the regular round of daily toil, etc., are numerous.

The two folk-songs which have been recorded are unusually melodious ones. *Molodka* is the name given to a newly married young woman. The singer asks her not to keep passing under his window, as her presence brings unrest to his spirit, because he knows she is beyond his reach. "Sun in the Sky" is a folk dance, and the title is intended to signify the faithfulness of the lover, who calls upon the sun to be blotted out if he shall prove false.



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Francisque Sarcocoy, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?"

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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## Costuming of a Prima Donna

(Continued from page 156)

costume in which she sang some years before, and in its contrast she strides Miss Farrar has made away from decking a character opposite to its introspective meaning. In it the dress, with its supposed mediæval embroideries, is no more mediæval than the sugared decorations of a marzipan, and the crown is tilted on a semi-nineteenth century coiffure, with waves coquettishly softening the very severity of line which demanded heightening.

In Manon she followed for her emancipation costume a contemporary picture of the time by Bouchet; her new Zerlina is a copy of a Spanish master of the period of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro"; her present Juliet costumes are composites of a study of those of the time in which the tragedy is placed.

In the first Zerlina costume, done before her own artistic awakening, Miss Farrar followed, as the photograph will show, almost completely conventional traditions. The second picture, a result of her own researches, is far more Spanish, more girlish, and coquettish, too, as Zerlina was in Beaumarchais' comedy. The harsh, old-maidish primness of the coiffure, the bare skirt, with hideous patchy decoration, give in the traditional costume no hint of the attributes of Zerlina; in the newer presentment of her Miss Farrar supplies those very traits previously missing.

It seems scarcely possible to regard both photographs as of the same individual, the effect in face and figure is so absolutely opposite. More yet in the later one, the gracious silhouette which every artistic eye should particularly strive upon the stage, where each figure is outlined against the general background of the picture, is fully there. The traditional costume gives only angularity, an effect upon the eye which no keen artist would put into a picture, and has no right to a place in a picture which the stage at all times should present.

The materials of the new Zerlina dress are cheap, but their selection is definite and characteristic in results; the coarse embroideries make a high note of gaiety; the rose tucked at the corsage gives a spirit of coquetry, followed out in the coiffure; the cheap finery, and the fan, make Zerlina's peasant ideal, inspired by the grand life played about her in which she had a menial but an individual part. She becomes a living figure where her predecessor was a mannikin.

The first Manon and the Manon of Miss Farrar's choice, seductive, alluring, are still more widely opposites. The traditional costume, as the portrait proves, might have served for Filina's in Ambroise Thomas' "Mignon," or at least been labeled of the nondescript character known impartially at fancy balls as Madame de Pompadour, or a Watteau Shepherdess. Startling it is, though, in its showing of how much individuality may be taken from a face and figure by inappropriate costuming. In the case of this earlier picture there is a girlish charm, of the innocuous, sugary variety, but it is the characterization of nothing in particular, least of all of that waywardness, yet powerful magnetism which swayed Des Grieux as no mere empty prettiness could have swayed him.

The traditional ball costume of Juliet in Gounod's opera, awkward, stiff, ungirlish, is a crime against art. Its lines are not remotely of the renaissance; its effect is meaningless in any age. This costume, as shown, Miss Farrar presently followed for another which she wore in that scene at her Metropolitan debut, one fitted for the stage, which its predecessor was not, for it allows of elasticity of pose and movement, it conveys the spirit of the renaissance. But a third costume here reproduced, designed for the identical scene in a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" during the present season, comes more directly still within the realm of the renaissance, not only according to paintings by masters of the period, but the costume plates of the fourteenth century.

Tremendous patience, study, and broad, intelligent knowledge are needed to create a new tradition. A fresh standard has been set by Miss Farrar; it means new life for those long-familiar rôles in the repertory. No matter how beautiful the music, or how fine the scenery, if the figures moving on the stage fail to convey visually the spirit and essence of the characters and their time, they must be looked upon as interloping strangers.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

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## THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 146)

GLOBE. "Little Miss Fix-It." Musical play in three acts by William J. Hurlbut and Harry B. Smith. Produced April 3 with this cast:

Delia Wendell, Nora Bayes; Henry Burbank, William Danforth; Buddie Arnold, Jack Norworth; Marjorie Arnold, Grace Field; Percy Pagt, Lionel Walsh; Bella Ketcham, Eleanor Stuart; Harold Watson, James C. Lane; Ethel Morgan, Oza Waldrop; Mary Ann, Annie Buckley; Edward Doolittle, Harry Lillford; Jimmie, Ernestine Emler; Mazie, Edith Norman; Cora Lee, Bessie Gibson; Jane Wheatley, Hazel Cox; Agnes Marston, Vivian Rushmore; May Roberta, Helen Hilton; Kate Winthrop, Estelle Perry; Rose Lawton, Alys Belga; Florence Gordon, Mona Trieste; Fred, Harry Wagner; Jack, David Stampler; Tom, Egbert T. Roach; Ned, Joseph Baumeister; "Billie," W. J. Curtis; "Scotty," Scottish Lad.

A plot basted together and patched up with songs constitutes "Little Miss Fix-It." The combined energies and ingenuity of Mr. W. J. Hurlbut and Mr. Harry B. Smith were employed in the execution of something that was susceptible of much better form. The piece is frankly called an entertainment, in itself a confession of careless work. In its features of song by the two principals it is an entertainment, and a few scenes of comedy sustained by Miss Nora Bayes are played with that spontaneity, animation and artistic ease that denote the true comedienne. Little Miss Fix-It, improperly so designated, at the close of the play is all excitement awaiting the return of her husband who had left her, before the beginning of the action, after a trivial quarrel over her aversion to automobiles. Her nervousness, her unreasonable impatience with everybody, her capriciousness, her efforts to appear calm and her sudden thoughts about changes in the details of her attire were in the true spirit of comedy, were all her own and lifted her above the banalities contributed by the two authors.

Of the eight songs, six were written and composed by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth. Such work is safe in their hands. All they need is a play in which to use the offspring of their wedded genius. The story of the play is dramatically feasible. Little Miss Fix-It, unhappy herself, wants to make others happy and essays to compose differences between certain married and unmarried couples. She only makes matters worse, but all works out well in the end. Otherwise, the entertainment is largely made up of the eight songs. The songs by Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth are "Please Go Find My Billie-Boy" (the messenger being a handsome, eager, but docile collie), "No More Staying Out Late," "Fine Strawberries," "Parlor Games," "Turn Off Your Light, Mr. Moon Man," (with much coquetry by means of the calcium lights), and a topical song entitled "Months and Months." Two other songs, "I've A Garden in Sweden" and "The Only Bit of Ireland," had merit.

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DALY'S. "AN OLD NEW YORKER." Play in four acts by Harrison Rhodes and Thomas Wise. Produced April 3 with this cast:

Samuel Beekman, Mr. Wise; Richard Corliss, William Rosell; Horatio Trimble, George Gaston; Josiah Leggett, Frank Currier; Jonathan Gormley, Ethelbert Hales; Jameson Gormley, Franklin Jones; Robert Rhinelander Bagley, Willard Perry; Gibson, Lindsay J. Hall; Stanley, George S. Somnes; Morgan, John B. Maher; Anne Schuyler, Blanche Yurka; Elizabeth Beekman, Gertrude Whitty; Cornelia Mason, Esther Banks; Caroline Mason, Lettie Ford; Sally Livingston, Lola May; Marion Halde- man, Mary Hopkins; Mamie Kerwin, Frances McLeod.

It does not necessarily follow that because "An Old New Yorker" at Daly's failed to attract the public that the old time spirit of our great metropolis is wanting as a theatrical subject. This play, the joint product of Mr. Harrison Rhodes and the star, Thos. A. Wise, was a long winded study of the man who held to antique business methods and who suffered thereby in human faith and practical dollars. It couldn't fail to bore, a good portion of the time, as stretches and stretches of dialogue were needed to set the premises. It had some neat points in both sentiment and character, but isolated bits, however bright, clever and truthful, do not go to make an entirely satisfactory play. Mr. Wise, unctuous, kindly and genial, was a happy exponent of the title rôle. He sacrificed everything, that his former partner's son might have his own way, with gentle graciousness and bore his reverses with commendable restraint. When the usual god in the machine set everything right in the end, every one rejoiced that the declining days of Samuel Beekman were to be comfortable and cheerful. His maiden sister was feelingly

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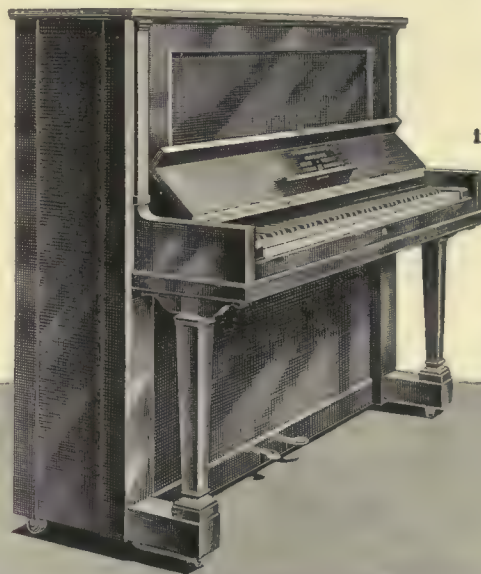
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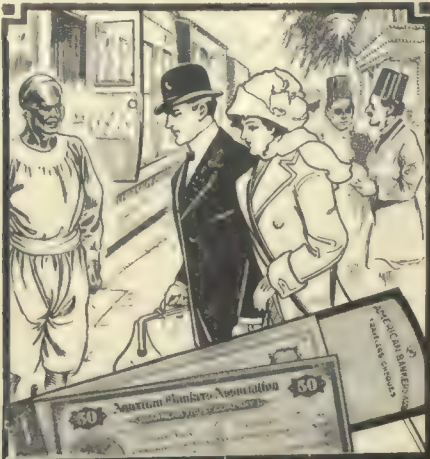
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represented by Gertrude Whitty, and an old time friend was portrayed with refined and expert skill by George Gaston. The Mason sisters, by Esther Banks and Lettie Ford, looked as though they had stepped from the pages of a Godey's Lady's Book of 1860, while a sentimental butler of the old regime received nice treatment at the hands of John B. Maher.

**KNICKERBOCKER.** "Dr. De Luxe." Musical play in three acts by Otto Hauerbach and Karl Hoschna. Produced April 17 with this cast:

Dr. De Paw, Taylor Williams; Miss Barker, Rena Santos; Miss Ada Houston, Marion Ballou; Sadie, Polly Prim; Dennis, Ernest Treux; Kittie Melville, Jeanette Childs; Mrs. Dorothy Melville, Helen Robertson; Dr. Robert Melville, Harry Stone; Mrs. Clara Houston, Georgie Kelly; Margie Melville, Ethel Green; Donald Houston, Edward Nicander; John Truesdale, Ralph Herz; Col. Houston, William Pruetter; Hattie Heartsdale, Lillian Berry; Francesca Foote, Ethel Millard; Annette Armswell, Verna Dalton; Lottie La Nerve, Bessie Muller; Lillian Legglesby, Anna Hall; Louise Lipton, Julia Mills; Vera Van Dentine, Ada Mitchell; Laura Lashwood, Florence Campbell; Toodlums, Albert Lamson.

"Dr. De Luxe" is a far-fetched title for a piece described in the programme as "a little play with a little music," in which Mr. Ralph Herz is featured. Many of the scenes and situations come in direct line from farces of other days which might be numbered in arithmetical progression. Nevertheless, they serve for momentary diversion. Mr. Herz has comic distinction of his own and that constitutes a certain novelty. By some chance he is employed at a cat and dog emporium by a doctor who needs an assistant. Because he is employed there a boy of the streets is run over by an automobile, taken in and cared for, and when he recovers from his shock he sings a very pretty song entitled "For Every Boy That's Lonely." The youngster who does this, Albert Lamson, has a most pleasing quality in his voice. In the second act Miss Ethel Green sings a variation of this theme, "For Every Boy That's Lonely There's A Girl Who's Lonely Too," Mr. Herz employing a good deal of comic business in turning over the leaves of music at the piano and restraining himself from embracing the singer. It is of such little bits that the play is made up. A number of show girls come in, each leading or carrying a pet dog and chanting its praise. Fortunately the employment of these dogs was confined to the one scene. Mr. Herz is mistaken by a jealous husband of large proportions for the lover of his wife, and after many harmless but exciting adventures he finds favor with the girl "Who's Lonely Too." The dancing features are not of any unusual kind, but the girls were attractive. In one dance the younger set of girls display a strip of bare legs, and in a riot in the Summer garden of the hotel they clamber up the trellis-work and when the gardener tries to disperse them with a hose they smash the windows by throwing stones. It is by such things that an entertainment of no significance serves its purpose.

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**THE PLAYHOUSE.** "SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE." Comedy in three acts by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd. Produced April 15 with this cast:

Hawkins, E. D. Cromwell; Fanny, Louise Everts; John Constable, Herbert Percy; Kitty Constable, Grace George; Edith Darch, Carolyn Kenyon; Mrs. Alloway, Keith Wakeman; Harry Travers, Frederick Perry; Moon, Frank E. Denny.

If of making many books there is no end, there would equally seem to be no limit to the construction of theatres in this rapidly growing metropolis. The latest to throw open its doors is The Playhouse, in Forty-eighth Street between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, with the indefatigable William A. Brady as its directing factor. It is a charming theatre in every respect, with its imposing facade a combination of French and Colonial architectures of brick with limestone facings. The lobby, as in all modern theatres, is small and the auditorium wide but shallow, providing an intimacy between player and public particularly adapted to plays and comedies of a subtle and personal character. The pitch of the house is excellent, and from every seat, roomy and with plenty of space for obtrusive knees, a perfect view is had of the stage.

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modern appliance has been installed for effective stage use.

It was a nice bit of sentiment that persuaded Mr. Brady to have his wife, Miss Grace George, dedicate his new venture. Miss George is a popular and talented actress whose splendid strides in her work have now placed her in the first rank of American comediennes. The play selected was a new American comedy by Geraldine Bonner and Hutcheson Boyd, entitled "Sauce for the Goose." It is, of course, little more than a very free variation of "Divorçons," by Sardou. Cyprienne, Des Prunelles and Adhemar form the triangle and change their French patronymics for those of our vernacular. But the original work supplied by the native authors is fresh and crisp and the dialogue exceptionally good in its significant wit. The first act is entirely too long and there is a want of grasp in the material, but the subsequent acts have constant movement and humor. As the wife who taught her neglectful husband a telling object lesson Miss George acted with refreshing variety, skilled detail, delightful comedy and just the right emotional touch. It was an impersonation of rare value in its illuminative light and shade. The husband was played in the right spirit of comic seriousness by Herbert Percy and the not too serious lover was depicted with much humorous force by Frederick Perry. Keith Wakeman as a disturbing domestic factor and Carolyn Kenyon as a friend rounded out a cast that did full justice to "Sauce for the Goose" which, when put permanently into the bill, should enjoy a long and prosperous run.

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DALY'S. "KING LEAR." Tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Produced April 17 with this cast:

Lear, Mr. Mantell; Earl of Gloster, Alfred Hastings; Earl of Kent, George Stilwell; Duke of Cornwall, Oscar Pfeifferle; Edmund, Henry Fearing; Duke of Albany, Frederick Baldwin; Curan, Hugh Jeffrey; Duke of Burgundy, Lawrence Kray; King of France, Casson Ferguson; Edgar, Fritz Leiber; Oswald, W. H. Niemeyer; A Fool, Guy Lindsley; An Old Man, Thomas Louden; A Physician, Oscar Pfeifferle; A Herald, Casson Ferguson; Lear's Daughters—Goneril, Marie Booth Russell; Regan, Agnes Elliott Scott; Cordelia, Genevieve Hamper.

Mr. Robert Mantell during his stay at Daly's Theatre, beginning on April 17th, appeared in the following plays: "King Lear," "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Othello" (alternating Othello and Iago), "Richard III.," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "Louis XI." and "Julius Caesar." This is a wide range of effort, the extent of it showing the large responsibility that Mr. Mantell has assumed in keeping alive the best traditions of acting. Mr. Mantell has methods of expression of his own, and it does not lessen his distinction that he is working in the field of tradition. The training of the actors and the staging of such plays in modern fashion is a large task for any man.

WINTER GARDEN. The Winter Garden, New York's new and novel place of amusement, has quickly become one of the popular amusement resorts of the metropolis. The entertainment is perhaps the most varied ever offered under one roof. It is the policy of the management to make some changes in the specialties and features every week. The company numbers more than 250 people, and includes Kitty Gordon, Stella Mayhew, Mlle. Dazie, Dorothy Jardon, Harry Fisher, Barney Bernard, Al. Jolson, George White, Ray Cox, Melissa Ten Eyke, Tempest and Sunshine, Paul Nicholson, Yvette, Edgar Atchison-Ely, Melvin Stokes, Lew Quinn, Robert Dailey, Arthur Cunningham, Hess Sisters, Grace Washburn, Katherine McDonald and Grace Studdiford. The main feature of the entertainment is "La Belle Paree," a jumble of jollity in two acts and ten scenes by Edgar Smith, with lyrics by Edward Madden, music by Jerome Kern and Frank Tours and scenery by Arthur Voegtlin. In addition to the regular evening performances and matinees on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, there are Sunday night concerts at the Winter Garden every week.

**Plays Current in New York**

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (April 20th): "As a Man Thinks," at the 39th Street; "Baby Mine," at the Majestic; "Dr. De Luxe," at the Knickerbocker; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Held by the Enemy," at the Em-

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pire; Hippodrome; "King Lear," at Daly's; "Little Miss Fix-It," at the Globe; "Madame X," at the West End; "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," at the Lyceum; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at The Playhouse; "Pomander Walk," at Wallack's; "Raffles," at the Grand Opera House; "Thais," at the Criterion; "The Balkan Princess," at the Casino; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Confession," at the Bijou; "The Deep Purple," at the Lyric; "The Dictator," at the Comedy; "The Easiest Way," at the Republic; "The Gamblers," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The London Follies," at Weber's; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; "The White Sister," at the Manhattan; "What the Doctor Ordered," at the Astor; Winter Garden.

### Performances by Mme. Barsescu

The Roumanian actress, Agathe Barsescu, from the Royal Imperial Theatre, Vienna, gave several performances in German at Carnegie Lyceum Theatre, on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, April 12th and 15th, in which she was ably assisted by Theo. Burgarth, former director of the Irving Place Theatre; Miss Yona Grahn, Mme. Berla, Ernst Pittschau, Mr. Ackermann and Carl Steindler, mostly members of the Irving Place ensemble. The performances proved to be of exceptional interest as Mme. Barsescu appeared in three new plays which displayed her art to full advantage and which had never been produced in America before. Two of the plays experienced their first production. They were: "Thusnelda," by Adolph Wilbrandt, the noted German author, and "The Statue" by Constantin Rancu, a Roumanian writer.

"Thusnelda," by Adolph Wilbrandt, is a one-act drama written in verses, which was dedicated to Mme. Barsescu by the author; she also has the sole right for production in America. The scene is laid in Ravenna, Italy, in the year 21 after Christ. Thusnelda, the wife of Armin, Chief of the Cherusks, has been taken prisoner by the Romans and is held captive. Festus, a Roman captain, enters to take from her the poison which she is said to have in secret possession, but after questioning her he desists from a search and leaves. She then learns from Gisilbert, her old Majordomo, who has voluntarily followed her into captivity, that her husband has been proclaimed king of the Cherusks, whereupon she immediately plans to escape with her son Thumelikus to join him. Meantime Flavius, Armin's brother, who has taken service in the Roman army, and a former admirer of hers, but whom she despises as a traitor to the cause of the Teutons, comes to inform her of Armin's death, who was slain in battle by his own uncle at the head of the Romans, but not before he himself was fatally wounded. Thusnelda desires to be re-united with her beloved husband, and takes the poison which she has kept hidden in her signet ring.

Mme. Barsescu's classical style of acting was shown to advantage in this poetical drama, which won great applause.

"The Statue," by Constantin Rancu, is a very dramatic one-act play, which was also presented to Mme. Barsescu for production in this country. The scene is laid in the studio of the sculptress, Blanche Crane, in Paris, where she has just completed a statue of the dead child of her best friend and classmate, Agathe Mercier, who, since the child's death, has been in a desolate condition of mind. Blanche and Robert Mercier, Agathe's husband, are expecting her coming, as they believe she may find consolation in seeing the beautiful statue of her child, she having tried in vain to model her dead darling herself. Agathe enters, at first she is deeply touched at seeing the statue, then her jealousy awakens. She feels that Blanche, who is more diligent than creative, could never had executed such a beautiful work of art without having used her death mask and without the inspiration of Robert Mercier's, her husband's love. She imagines he has transferred her own genius to Blanche, and becomes so agitated that she attempts to strangle Blanche. Mercier, who has been absent in an adjoining room since Agathe's coming, enters at this point and intercedes, trying his best to calm her. After vainly rummaging in her hand-bag for her medicine, he hurriedly exits in quest of a remedy to pacify her. After his departure Agathe arises and sees and hears in vision how

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Blanche and Mercier make love to each other. Her hallucinations increase constantly, then suddenly she again spies the statue. She addresses it as though the child were living, and because of its refusal to leave the unholy spot with her, she strikes the statue, whereupon it crashes to the floor in pieces; she then takes a modelling instrument and ends her own life.

This dramatic sketch proved the most fascinating and impressive of the three productions. In quick succession and within the short space of about twenty minutes it brought the most varied emotions and passions into play. Mme. Barsecu's acting was rewarded by many curtain calls.

"Jutta Sanden," by Margarete Zoellner, is a play in two acts. Jutta is a great singer, who is doomed by consumption. She is in love with a composer by the name of Sigburg, whom she has aided in composing a new opera. He has also great admiration for her, but does not imagine that she has any other feelings for him than those of a spiritual love through common interests in art. She is supposed to sing the star part at the first performance of his opera, but is prevented by her illness, having to be replaced by a younger singer, Adele Marwitz, with whom Sigburg falls in love. After the successful performance of the opera, Adele and Sigburg visit Jutta to announce their engagement, upon learning which she threatens to drown herself, but being informed by her maid that her life is doomed, she seeks consolation in the remembrance of her past successes as a singer, and dies surrounded by laurel wreaths, the tokens of her triumphs.

This is not Mme. Barsecu's first appearance in this country, she having been a very distinguished guest of the Irving Place Theatre in the last year of Heinrich Conried's régime. The American public may soon have an opportunity to admire her art on the English-speaking stage.

**Mlle. Gina Torriani**

The première danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera House, whose portrait will be found on page 162 of this issue, is one of the most talented and graceful dancers that Italy has ever sent us. She learned her art at the famous Scala in Milan, where she studied under M. César Coppini. Later she was taught by Mme. Caprotti and Mme. Sozo, two celebrated dancers of Milan.

Mlle. Torriani made her début at Lisbon, at the age of 16, in "Ebreá." Then she danced at the Theatre de Carlo Felice, at Genoa, in "Pup-penfée." Shortly afterwards she was engaged by M. Bourchard, who engaged her for Frankfurt, where she danced for a year in "Coppelia" and other ballets, meeting with enormous success, which triumph was repeated later in Holland in "Salome."

She came to New York in 1908, and has been seen at the Metropolitan Opera House as première danseuse in "Aida," "Carmen," "Traviata" and "Tannhauser." J. M.

**Frohman's Private Car**

Charles Frohman has purchased a private car at a large expense to make his trips between his producing centres easier to compass. Hitherto he has used New York as the base of his theatrical activities, and his visits to other cities have been merely occasional, but this year he will put into operation his long contemplated plan of producing plays in many large cities. Next month he will conduct rehearsals in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

The car is furnished simply, and has three compartments, a library, a dining room, and a bedroom. In the library is a case containing the plays this manager will produce here and in London during the coming season and the new plays which have been submitted to him. The dining room is at the rear of the car, and is also an observation room.

The feature on which Mr. Frohman has spared no expense is the sound proofing. He has had the car incased in material that deadens the usual rattle of the train.—N. Y. Times.

**Augustus Thomas on the Theatre**

At a public meeting recently, Augustus Thomas said that the present theatre is about equally divided between men who indorse art for art's sake and men who indorse art for a definite purpose. Among playwrights who are using the stage for morally beneficial plays he mentioned Charles Klein and George Broadhurst. The importance from the theatre, he declared, arises from its effect on the imitative minds of its frequenters.

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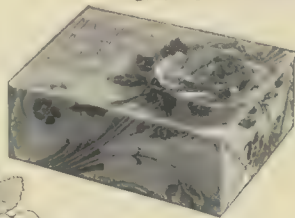
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**DENMAN THOMPSON DEAD**

Denman Thompson, known all over the United States for his portrayal of Josh Whitcomb in "The Old Homestead," died at his country home, West Swanzy, New Hampshire, on April 14 last, of heart disease and uræmia. He was seventy-eight years old.

For more than a quarter of a century the actor had played almost continuously the rôle which made him famous, and which he himself originated. He was born October 15, 1833, in Beechwood, Erie County, Pa. His father was a carpenter and as a boy the actor worked at the bench. When he was seventeen he went away to Boston and found employment with the circus which gave him a taste for theatrical life. For



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 THE LATE DENMAN THOMPSON

some time he acted as a super appearing in support of Charlotte Cushman in "Macbeth." In 1857, after several appearances in speaking parts, he was seen as Uncle Tom, but he did not meet with any marked success as an actor until many years afterwards when, in 1875, he conceived the idea of putting the typical old farmer on the stage. "To get his characters," says a writer in the *New York Times*, "he went back to the old home town, and he even took the names of some of them from the men and women that he had known as a lad in the New Hampshire hills.

"Joshua Whitcomb was named after Thompson's old uncle Joshua, and Capt. Otis Whitcomb after an honest, square-dealing farmer. Cy Prime and Len Holbrook were drawn from the very life, and from a veteran, Gen. James Wilson, were borrowed traits that helped to build up another of the characters of the sketch. Joshua Whitcomb was produced for the first time in Martin's Variety Theatre, Pittsburg. For eleven years Thompson stuck to his sketch, and presented it for the first time in New York in September, 1878, at the Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street.

"In 1885 Thompson decided that Joshua Whitcomb could be elaborated into a play for a full evening's entertainment. 'The Old Homestead' was written, and Mr. Thompson formed a partnership for its production with J. M. Hill, a Chicago merchant, which lasted for six years, and was so profitable that when it terminated it could show a clear profit of \$400,000. The play was produced at the Boston Theatre in April, 1886. It ran for four successive seasons in this city, 1888-91, and Mr. Thompson only appeared again in one play. He tried it for two nights, found it a failure, and returned at once to his old favorite. Mr. Thompson gradually cut out all but the principal cities from his route, and during the Winter of 1910 he created a short sketch something like old Joshua Whitcomb, which he played for two months in vaudeville. This year he started out again with the full play, with the idea of appearing in this city, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston, but rheumatism overtook him and he was forced to give the idea up. It is computed that 'The Old Homestead' took in \$3,000,000 during the life of its originator."

Mr. Thompson was also the author of "The Two Sisters" and "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley," this last piece in collaboration with George W. Ryder.

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## Queries Answered

H. S. Richmond—Q.—Can you tell me who created the rôles of Mrs. Wiggs and Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"? A.—Madge Carr Cook and Mabel Taliaferro respectively. Q.—Have you published scenes from Mme. Bernhardt's production of "Le Procès de Jeanne D'Arc"? A.—A portrait of Mme. Bernhardt as Jeanne D'Arc appeared in the January, 1911, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Chicago Subscriber—Q.—Who originated the part of Trilby in the play of that name? A.—Virginia Harned.

Mary Leeds—Q.—Where was Ethel Barrymore born? A.—Philadelphia. Q.—Where was Julia Marlowe born? A.—In Calbeck, Cumberlandshire, England.

A Reader—Q.—What is the price of the December, 1904, issue of your magazine, and where can I purchase a copy? A.—\$1.00. Back numbers may be purchased from the offices of the magazine, 10 West 38th Street, New York. Q.—In what issues appeared portraits of Otis Skinner as Colonel Brideau in "The Honor of the Family"? A.—The colored cover of May, 1908, shows Mr. Skinner in the character you name, and there are full-page scenes from the play in the March and April, 1908, numbers.

"Interested"—Q.—Kindly give me a short sketch of the career of William Faversham, and in what issues have you published portraits of him? A.—Born and educated in London, his first appearance on the stage was made in the provinces in 1886 with a traveling stock company. His first appearance in America was in 1887 in a play called "Pen and Ink," at the Union Square Theatre. A few months later he became a member of "The Highest Bidder" company, playing with E. H. Sothern. He was next seen in "She," then in "The Wife;" later became leading man for Mrs. Fiske. Then followed other appearances in stock and leading rôles until Mr. Faversham became a star in 1901. Some of the plays he has starred in are: "A Royal Rival," "Imprudence," "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner," a revival of "Lord and Lady Algy," "Letty," "The Squaw Man," "The World and His Wife," and "The Faun." Recent portraits of Mr. Faversham have appeared in the February, 1911, and the September, 1908, issues.

L. E. D., Chicago—We are unable to tell you where photographs may be purchased in your city. Q.—In what is Mabel Morrison appearing? A.—She was lately seen in "The Blue Mouse."

Elsa B.—Q.—Can you give me a brief biographical sketch of the life of Rose Stahl? A.—She was born in Montreal, Canada. Her early stage training was chiefly gained in stock and traveling companies. It was on the vaudeville stage in 1904 that Miss Stahl's metropolitan success, which quickly led to stardom, began, when she presented a sketch by James Forbes entitled "The Chorus Lady." Later this sketch was produced as a play with Miss Stahl in the title rôle. Previous to this she had starred in several plays, among which were "Janice Meredith" and "A Man of the World." She is at present appearing in a new play by Charles Klein, entitled "Maggie Pepper." Q.—Have you published an interview with her? A.—In the January, 1907, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is an article entitled "How Rose Stahl Became a Metropolitan Star."

F. M. Mc Bethlehem—Q.—Have you published biographies of either E. H. Sothern or Julia Marlowe in book form? A.—We have not. Q.—Where can I obtain portraits of E. H. Sothern in "Dundreary"? A.—We published pictures of Mr. Sothern as Dundreary in February, 1908.

R. E. R., Williamstown, Mass.—Q.—Please give me the original casts of "The Brownies," the musical extravaganza based on Palmer Cox's book, and also of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk." A.—"The Brownies," a spectacle in three acts by Palmer Cox and Malcolm Douglas, was presented for the first time in New York on November 12, 1894, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, with this cast: Queen Titania, Marie Louise Day; Dame Brusilda, Maude Thompson; Dafnodil, Ida Mülle; Violet, Louise Endicott; King Stanislaus, Charles Drew; Prince Florimel, Alice Johnson; J. Chapple Goodform, Eugene Sanger; Count Ronaldo, Grace Hamilton; Tom Binnacle, Fred R. Runnells; Reginald Mortarboard, A. W. Maffin. "Jack and the Beanstalk," by R. A. Barnet, and music by A. B. Sloane, was produced at the Casino on November 2, 1897, with this cast: King Cole, Henry V. Donnelly; Sinbad, Eddie Girard; Jack Hubbard, Madge Lessing; Harry Haitewerk, Hubert Wilke; Marquis de Carabas, Hilda Hollins; Princess, Maude Hollins; Miss Muffet, Merri Osborne; Old Mother Hubbard, Carrie Perkins.

Clayton, E. G., Cleveland—Q.—Who is the author of "The Light Eternal," and from whom can I purchase this play? A.—Martin B. Merle is the author. This play has not as yet been published.

C. T. S., Pittsburg—Q.—Kindly give a short sketch of the career of Marguerite Clark. A.—Miss Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She made her stage début with the Strakosch Opera Company in 1899. The following year she made her first appearance on the New York stage in "The Belle of Bohemia" at the Casino Theatre, then followed appearances in "The Burgomaster," "The New Yorkers," "The Wild Rose," "Babes in Toyland," "Mr. Pickwick," "Wang," "Happyland." Miss Clark has now abandoned the musical field, and has enjoyed a long and successful run in Margaret Mayo's farce, "Baby Mine." Q.—Have you published her portrait, in colors, on your cover? A.—Yes, on the June, 1909, issue. Q.—Can you tell me something of the career of Chrystal Herne? A.—Daughter of the late well-known playwright, James A. Herne, she was born in Boston. In 1899 she made her début on the stage in the character of Sue Hardy in her father's play, "Rev. Griffith Davenport," in Washington, D. C. The season following this she appeared with her father in "Sag Harbor." She has also been seen in "Shore Acres." Other plays in which she has appeared are "If I Were King," with E. H. Sothern; "Hamlet," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Major André," "My Wife's Husbands," "His Last Act," "A Gilded Fool," "Home Folks," "Richter's Wife." She has played with Arnold Daly, H. B. Irving in "The Jury of Fate," and many other plays. At present she is appearing in Augustus Thomas's play, "As a Man Thinks," at the 39th Street Theatre.

California—Q.—In what issues have you recently published portraits of the Russian dancers, Mordkin and Pavlova? A.—Several pictures of these dancers appeared in the December, 1910, number.

Learie, Boston—Q.—Have you published any pictures of John Barrymore in "The Fortune Hunter"? A.—Yes, in November, 1909.

C. C., New Orleans—Q.—In what way is E. H. Sothern related to the well-known actor, E. A. Sothern? A.—Edward H. Sothern is a son of the late Edward A. Sothern.

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Photo Felix

A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT NEGLIGEE OF ACCORDION PLEATED PINK VOILE WITH KERCHIEF EMBROIDERED IN PINK AND SILVER. WORN BY M<sup>LE</sup>. GREUZE

# Here and There in Fashion's Path



A new idea for the serge or voile street dress is the use of coin-spotted foulard for the trimming. Worn by Mlle. Greuze. Photo Felix

HERE is one decided difference between the majority of the spring ready-made styles and those shown by the leading dressmakers and tailors. This lies in the width of the skirt. Most of the ready-to-wear skirts show a slight ripple about the bottom, owing to the fact that they are cut so wide it is impossible to retain the perfection of the straight line.

As I was passing through one of the department stores recently I stopped to admire a natty little blue serge suit with a stunning braid-trimmed short jacket. Of the saleswoman who approached I inquired the width of the skirt. Of that she was ignorant, but upon measurement it proved to be three yards. No wonder it rippled, and that the smart, straight lines were lacking. Then she audaciously or ignorantly informed me that all the French skirts were that width.

I have it on the best authority that the Paris dressmakers still cling to the extremely narrow skirt, but that many of the American buyers had their skirts made *wider* than the *original models*. That is all very well when a skirt is less than one and three-quarter yards, as are many of the Callot gowns. But why go to Paris for fashion ideas, and then distort them so that they hold not the least semblance to Paris modes?

The same friend tells me that the *ladies* seen at the French races were wearing last month skirts that were one metre eighty-

five in width, that is about two yards, which goes to prove that I was right when I said two months ago that would be the correct width for spring. It also proves what I have long contended that the taste of well-dressed American women is much the same as that of the refined French women. Unfortunately, some of the foreign representatives do not discriminate between the styles adopted by French ladies and those launched by a less elegant class of women, or by the models worn for a day by some of the mannequins sent out by dressmakers aiming chiefly at advertising themselves. Which, of course, brings to mind the *jupe culotte* with the ever-recurring question of, Will it be worn? There are many things to be said for and against it, just as there are good and bad models shown of it.

Kitty Gordon is wearing a clever adaptation of this Oriental costume. It is all in soft silver-gray satin with steel embroideries over the hips, and with it she wears an Oriental turban of gold net ornamented with an aigrette of the same shade. The costume is certainly most becoming to her, but is one that is hardly likely to find any general acceptance. The other night at the Winter Garden I was not much impressed with it at first, but the more I saw of it the better I liked it, until finally I imagined how stunning it would be if veiled with two or three chiffon tunics. It is



A smart frock of embroidered net with band of guipure lace, and corsage of spotted mousseline de soie in pale green with parasol and hat to harmonize. Worn by Mlle. Alba. Photo Felix

Old Rose Japanese Silk Crêpe, beautifully embroidered with Cherry Blossoms in natural colors, lined with China Silk of same shade—one of our best numbers.

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Foulard afternoon gown worn by Mlle. Dornay with fine embroidered batiste used for the veiling. Photo Felix



An unusual afternoon gown of yellow mousseline de soie ornamented in original fashion with wide Chantilly lace flounces. Worn by Mlle. Marnac. Photo Felix

a little princess dress with the edges caught up to form the trousers effect, and just open at the outer sides enough to permit of fascinating glimpses of slender ankles.

I have an idea that the pantaloon skirt, which differs from the Turkish skirt in several essentials, is one admirably adapted to walking, athletic games, and to traveling. The Davidow model is an excellent one for the tailored skirt. This is really an up-to-date divided skirt, especially designed for walking purposes.

Any of these skirts is modest compared to the late "hobble" skirt, or to the one-time universally popular habit-back skirt, which was not only unhygienic but the essence of vulgarity. Indeed, the most horrifying thing about the new skirt is its name, for the woman is rare who will admit that "she wears the trousers." The phrase has too much odium attached to it.

The important reason for the possible adoption of the Turkish trousers skirt by French ladies lies in the increasing interest shown in the aeroplane. It is the great desire of every woman to ride in one. The first costumes specially created for women aviators like Madame Pauhlan, were anything but feminine or attractive. The models of the present season are a decided improvement thereon. French ladies will soon realize that these new Oriental skirts are just the thing when they step into their motors at their own doors with the intention of taking a spin out to one of the aviation fields in the suburbs of Paris. For then they will be ready for any possible invitation from an airship owner to "Come fly with me." And yet the Turkish trousers with tunic drapery will be a costume

that will not make them the cynosure of all eyes if they happen to be disappointed in the invitation.

The English take the pantaloon skirt seriously, and have heartily endorsed the divided pantaloon skirt, claiming that it embodies feminine freedom without folly, and that a great and unnecessary outcry has been raised against its introduction.

Everyone looks for something sensational when told a woman is wearing a trousers or a pantaloon skirt. Yet at the smartest afternoon function of the social season I saw them worn by three elegant women, whose names are in the social registers of two continents. They caused no sensation, because they were so cleverly made that it was only the eye of the fashion connoisseur that discovered they were divided.

Changing conditions make for new customs and new fashions. Flatiron buildings with their notoriously windy corners are becoming all too numerous throughout our large cities. They have undoubtedly been largely responsible for the present vogue of the close-fitting hat. Our twentieth century skyscrapers, subways, and aeroplanes are innovations that make possible the introduction of a modest and feminine form of trousers skirt, and its possibilities are not to be lightly despised or scoffed at.

I was glad to note that in the authoritative French gowns the leading dressmakers of Paris have by no means given themselves over to the sole exploitation of the collarless bodice. Many of the best costumes, except those intended only for evening functions, showed a high collar and tiny yoke of lace or chiffon. Many of



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An afternoon costume showing the combination of white embroidered voile with Irish lace, black voile and black satin. Worn by Mlle. Florèse. Photo Felix

them were the most flimsy veiling of the flesh, but a covering it was.

There are a great many low-neck waists this season, but the well-dressed woman will not allow the collar of her coat to come into close juxtaposition to her bare skin, and therefore she will wear either a soft chiffon or lace scarf wound around her throat, or she will add for street wear a tiny yoke and collar of lace. These lace yokes and collars, as well as entire guimpes and waists, are made of the fine laces and nets, and even of chiffon. To keep these collars in place, there is a new collar support that is really washable, and cannot in any way harm the lovely fabrics. This is the Eve collar support, which is made in zigzag form, so that it is scarcely visible under the sheerest of materials, while under a figured lace it is absolutely invisible. This Eve support is pliable, so that it will not hurt the most delicate skin, and permits of the utmost freedom of movement for the neck and head. Any woman can make these little yokes and collars, so that there is no excuse for lacking the number necessary to always have fresh, dainty ones on hand.

The fad of colored stockings to match the gown, worn with black velvet, satin, or patent leather pumps, is one which is just being advocated in Paris, and of which we shall hear much more within the next few weeks. It is these little things in the matter of dress to which so few women pay attention, yet which serve to give distinction and individuality to the toilettes of those who study how to carry them out with the best results. The idea will

probably gain considerable headway when the logical season comes for the wearing of white buckskin ties, for I can imagine nothing daintier with a white lingerie gown trimmed with a color than stockings to match that color, and carried with it a smart parasol of the same color, or better still a white one lined with the color.

Some odd and lovely parasols are shown by Vantine, parasols that are just suited to carry out this latest Paris fad. For example, if you have a black gown in which emerald is the relieving color, what prettier than a black moiré or satin parasol lined with the same shade? They cost \$17.50, and are of a beautiful quality of silk, and are really economical in the end, for if you have one of the fashionable emerald green hats that are so immensely becoming, and an all black hat, the same parasol can be carried with a number of different costumes. The handles are so unusual that they are real works of art. They are of carved ivory, of plain and carved sandalwood and of carved Japanese deerhorn.

Which makes me think that for the daily walk abroad during this variable month of May one must be fortified against possible showers by a smart umbrella. There is nothing I so long for as one of the stunning deerhorn-handled umbrellas of which Vantine makes a specialty. These handles are carved in odd and curious designs, and are in several rich tones of ivory; indeed, they look like ivory, but are far more durable, and scarcely half the price, being only \$7.50.

Gold ribs are a pretty addition to many parasols, and I notice that both eight and twelve ribs are fashionable this season. The latter are braced in a clever way, so as to give greater strength to the parasol. It is such a comfort to find unusual handles from which to make a selection, so that one can easily choose the handle that best suits one's individual taste, and then have the parasol covered to match the gown.

The new Duchess pump shown by Slater is the smartest new shoe I have seen, and I particularly admired it in green seal trimmed with a green enamel buckle. He agrees with me that the military heel is the only correct one for street wear, but that for the carriage a Louis XV heel is quite as correct as the military. Personally, I am a great admirer of the Louis XV heel; it makes a tie far more comfortable for me, and if it were not that such an undesirable class of women wear them on the street I certainly should do so, because Dr. Cogswell tells me that they give the proper support to the instep.

Black is, of course, the most correct color for street shoes. But I have no doubt that as soon as the warmer weather comes we shall be wearing tan ties again. However, I hope by that time a lot of women will have discovered that tan shoes were never intended for dress. They are excellent for country wear, and for walking about town, but they certainly look far from smart, not to say appallingly countrified for the afternoon in town, even if one is walking.

I am so glad lace veils are coming in again. A handsome black lace veil always lends distinction even to the most elegant hat. Then there are lovely white and champagne-tinted lace veils that will be adorable for summer wear. I have invented a new way to wear my lace veil until the hot weather comes. I pin one end to the back of the hat, then wind the veil entirely around the hat, and then half around the throat, letting the end fall over the right shoulder. It is a very easy matter to unwind it about the throat, when you want to raise the veil, and it is just as easy to rearrange.

The idea was suggested by the new French motor bonnets that have the immensely long chiffon veils attached to the left side near the back, and are intended to be wound around the bonnet and then the throat. I see no necessity for a hat intended only for motor wear. Almost any one of the new small hats set so well down over the head that they are entirely comfortable for motor wear, and one only needs a long, wide chiffon veil to wear over them when in transit to be perfectly fresh and smartly hatted at the end of the trip. While a motor hat that is only a motor hat is generally so odd and peculiar when one is, not actually en route that it detracts from the smartest toilet. Motor hats or bonnets, I believe, were invented for the newly rich, who want to advertise their mode of conveyance.



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For the woman who travels there are some clever new wardrobe trunks that are certain to appeal to anyone who desires to have her garments in as fresh a condition at the end of a journey as they were at the beginning. First of all there is the trunk which is only 40 inches long, yet will hold ten or fifteen gowns, according to the material of which they are made. There is a collapsible shoe box at the bottom of this section, and two of the six drawers may be transformed into one large hat box, which will hold two or three hats, according to the size. The reason that this trunk is so much shorter than the original wardrobe trunks is that so many travelers have found that they had to pay excess baggage, and also because the railroad companies in this country have stated that they will refuse to carry the 50-inch trunks after the first of next January.

Particularly admirable are the steamer wardrobe trunks. These also are forty inches long, and just the right height to slip under the berth. There are convenient compartments for hats, shoes, lingerie and the small articles necessary to the traveler's comfort in the lower part of this steamer trunk. The upper part forms the wardrobe. It swings out and stands upright when in use. Furthermore, it is so cleverly constructed that the wardrobe may be left standing, and the trunk shut and locked, when so desired, thus making it possible, under all circumstances, to guard valuable papers and other possessions.

There are hangers for princess gowns as well as the regulation hangers in both of these new wardrobe trunks. The fact that they are so much shorter than other wardrobe trunks might lead one to suppose that the garments could not be as carefully packed, but this is a mistake. It does not take a minute to arrange the gowns in the new way, which precludes their being even slightly rumpled.

The steamer trunk is sufficiently large to contain all the garments essential for quite an extended trip abroad. It is to be highly recommended to both men and women contemplating such a trip, and who do not wish to be burdened with many pieces of luggage, for with what may be contained in it and a handbag the traveler may be thoroughly equipped for every social and other emergency.



The use of fringe for edging the skirt and drapery are shown in this gown of satin combined with embroidered velvet. Worn by Mlle. Malt. Photo Felix

The small hats mostly owe their origin to the First Empire. These include pokes and turbans that have been so adapted and modified to accord well with modern costumes for all occasions. There are others which are not so admirable, and which are fairly exact copies of some of the "impossible" shapes worn during the Directoire. Of such is the Minerva casque, something on the order of a soldier's helmet, ornamented with big, stiff, fancy feathers along the centre of the crown. It was at the time of the Directoire that a few women called *les merveilles*, wore hats *à la Justice*, *à la folie*, and *à la Minerva*.

One of the Empire shapes that is very stunning is the Napoleon bicorne. One lovely example of this, made by Lord and Taylor, is of black tagal straw with the wide up-turned front brim entirely of exquisite Irish lace, the design being effectively brought to notice by the black background. Then there is a smart green tagal Gainsborough trimmed solely with ostrich plumes in the same shade, a hat that will be useful for many occasions and many frocks, for I imagine that blue and green combinations will be chosen by the smartest women this season.

Of the Minerva casque shape, they have a lovely little model by Maria Louise of white tagal ornamented with a swirl of white ostrich, from which rise in the back two rather long ostrich plumes. It is faced with velvet of the color most becoming to the wearer. Of course, this is a much modified casque shape, with a fascinating little point in the centre front. I saw a stunning copy in white with cerise feathers.

H. E. FAYES.

With the near approach of summer everyone thinks of cool, comfortable furniture for the warm days. The shops abound in all sorts of novelties, but among them all there is nothing that gives more lasting satisfaction, also pleasure to the eye, than the classic Chinese rattan chairs. This is the furniture most used by the English army officers in India, and by them into the garden party life of England. Its broad arms seem specially made for the social glass or cup of tea, so that it is eminently suited to the smoking-room as to the piazza. Then, too, it is so well made with its hour-glass base and upright supports that it will outlast many of the newer styles, while the price puts it within the reach of all. For a small, broad-armed chair costs \$4.50, while the larger sizes are \$5, \$6, and \$7; settees are \$12.50, and the long, reclining chairs, \$13.50.

Speaking of summer furnishings the Japanese bamboo baskets are just the thing for sending presents of fruit or flowers. The chatelaine of one large country place on Long Island is in the habit of sending her city friends the most artistic presents of fresh vegetables in these rich brown baskets, which seem to add to the lusciousness of the daintily arranged carrots, cress, tomatoes, and lettuce. The flower baskets in the form of vases are admirable for setting off the beauty of both field and garden blossoms, while the oblong baskets, from \$1.25 to \$2.50, are just the thing for growing ferns, pansies, or other plants, for the dark color of the bamboo tones in admirably with all the colors contained on Nature's palette, and sets them off to the greatest advantage. The jardinières and flower vases are already lined with removal tin receptacles, and the bamboo makes both a light and enduring basket.

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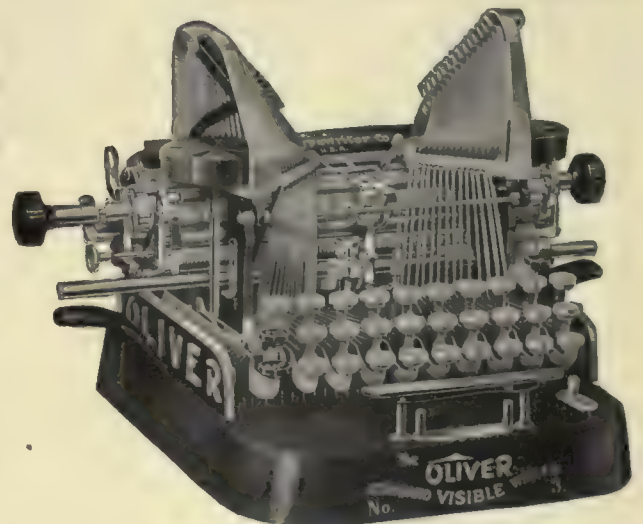
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A novel idea for a foulard gown, showing the use of embroidered batiste for veiling.  
Worn by Mlle. Dornay. Photo Felix

A new atomizer is so clever that the only wonder is it was not invented long ago. As every woman knows, once the usual atomizer gets out of order it is past all remedy. Not so with this new atomizer, for with care it may be made to last a lifetime. The main difference between it and the oldtime atomizer is that, instead of the rubber bulb being placed at the top of the bottle which holds the perfume, the new atomizer has the bulb placed at the side. At first thought this might seem to be ungainly, and so make it an unsightly ornament for the toilet table. Far from this being so, the bottle is of an artistic shape that will make it an addition to any toilet table. There is a depression on one side of the glass bottle into which the rubber bulb fits most cleverly, so that when this side is turned towards the back of the dressing table the bulb is quite out of sight. Added to this is its chief value from the economical point of view, for the rubber bulb is removable, so that when it is worn out the bottle has only to be sent to the manufacturer to have a new one inserted, and there you are with practically a new bottle. These bottles come with silver nozzle

for \$5 or gold-plated nozzle for \$6, which is really a moderate price for such a useful and lasting atomizer.



A beautiful fan from A. A. Vantine & Co's.  
collection

For the woman who wants to nourish the skin of her face, or for the woman who has enlarged pores, there is a reliable cream that is most effective. Too many women have enlarged pores these days. They come from using too hot

water without sponging off with cold water afterwards, or from the use of poor creams and soap. This cream has glycerine in it. Do not let that fact deter you from using it. Do you know why so many makers of face creams have discontinued the compounding of glycerine with their face creams? Because glycerine is frightfully expensive now. This cream may be applied in one of two ways. Either like the ordinary creams by rubbing it lightly into the skin with the fingertips, or it may be used with a damp cloth, and spread all over the face as you would use soap. It takes away all roughness from the skin, and is a preventive as well as a preservative.

A new maternity gown, which will be greatly appreciated by many women, has recently been designed by a western house, and is now offered at prices ranging from \$18 to \$35. The model is adjustable in every part, and the result is therefore not only comfortable, but graceful and artistic. It is made in all the new materials with beautifully harmonizing trimmings, and estimates are furnished for elaborate models, while samples will be sent if desired.

A new and very practical article has recently been put on sale in the leading shops, in the shape of a self-fastening dress shield. By means of a little spring, so small that it is not objectionable, the shield closes over the seam and holds firmly in place until removed. The spring is rust proof and the shields are of the best quality, being odorless, perspiration proof and washable. They may be purchased by mail for 25c. if not found at one's dealer's.



Gown of very light gray mousseline embroidered with silk of same tones. Photo Felix

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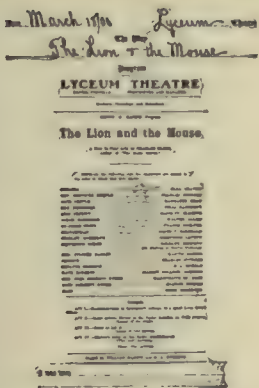
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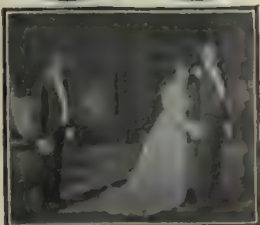
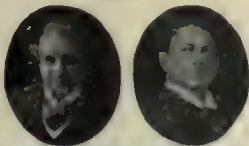
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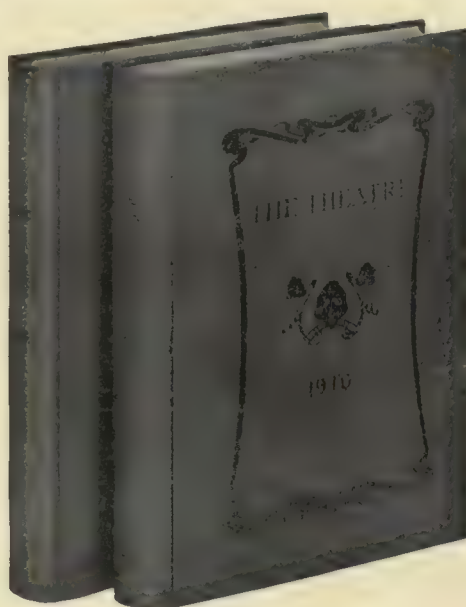
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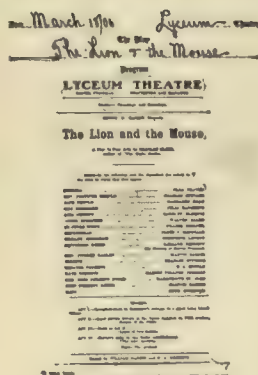
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York



Photo Davis & Sanford

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# THE THEATRE

VOL. XIII

JUNE, 1911

No. 124

*Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City*



Matzenc

ROSE STAHL

Who will be seen next season in Charles Klein's play, "Maggie Pepper"



# AT THE PLAYHOUSE



LYRIC. "THE LIGHTS O' LONDON." Revival in four acts by George R. Sims. Produced May 1 with this cast:

Squire Armytage.....	Edward Emery	Harold Armytage.....	William Courtenay
Clifford Armytage.....	Charles Richman	Detective Cutts.....	Edward Lenay
Mrs. Marks.....	Frank Hatch	Mr. Skeffington.....	C. E. Harris
Bess Marks.....	Doris Keane	Porter at the Workhouse.....	John Fenton
Seth Preece.....	Holbrook Blinn	Mr. Brown.....	James Bobst
Hetty Preece.....	Leonore Harris	Mr. Smith.....	George Flagg
Joseph Jarvis.....	Thos. A. Wise	Joey.....	Sidney Ray Melven
Mrs. Eliza Jarvis.....	Jeffreys Lewis	"Trotters".....	Edward Morris
Shakespeare Jarvis.....	Marguerite Clark	First Coster.....	Harry Lane
"Jim".....	Charles Raines	Second Coster.....	Frank Purvis
Philosopher Jack.....	Douglas Fairbanks	Sal.....	Josie Hayward
Percy De Vere, Esq.....	Lawrance D'Orsay	Man in the Park.....	Harry Davies
Inspector of Police.....	J. H. Davies	Annie.....	Clarice Burke
McSorley.....	Thomas Q. Seabrooke	Hostler.....	William Betts
Another Policeman.....	C. E. Lark	Janet.....	Amy Meers
Detective Waters.....	Ulrick Cillins	Market Woman.....	Clara Davis

That "The Lights o' London," revived after an interval of about thirty years since its first production at the Union Square Theatre, should seem dimmed, is natural enough from various causes. All greatly successful plays, whether famous from intrinsic merit or not, are immediately and persistently paraphrased by the smaller dramatists, so that in time all the situations and everything of striking interest in them is used up and made familiar to the public in other plays. Thus the commercial instinct of the theatre devours its own breed. This does not happen with certain plays of inimitable genius, such as "The School for Scandal," but melodramas, which exist almost entirely from situation and lack sincerity, are subject to this usage.

The first melodramatic scene in "The Lights o' London," in which the squire is murdered by the poacher and the innocent son arrested as the murderer, is so old and outworn that it can only be taken seriously if the action otherwise, largely by means of the actors portraying the characters, contributes a compensating reasonableness. The play is thoroughly English, and, when played at the Union Square Theatre, it was direct from London, and in much of its business and in the outward expressions of character it was true to its nativity. The play had some inimitable touches in it. The traveling showman and his wife were so English that any abatement of their peculiarities and extravagance would have rendered them ineffective. Caricatures perhaps they were, but they had qualities that were so engaging to our sympathies and so welcome to our imagination that they gave the best and most touching human note to the performance. In this production the showman is a pure comedian, fat and jolly Thomas A. Wise, a figure that could never convince one of the pinch of poverty and of the exuberant spirit that was its antidote; while the tender-hearted sharer of his privation was Jeffreys Lewis, who, with all deference to her as an actress, is as hard as flint. Thus, one of the inimitable parts of the original play went for little or nothing. The very individuality of the actors in what is called an all-star performance destroys the very illusion that is



Photo Mace, Denver, Colo.  
Miss Mary Garden recently visited the Park of the Red Rocks, at Morrison, near Denver, Colorado, where she sang in the open air theatre. The above picture shows Miss Garden's arrival at the Amphitheatre, or, as she herself expressed it, her "entrance into Jerusalem"



absolutely necessary in a melodrama that, in certain passages, otherwise is preposterous.

The mishaps of the first night's performance brought laughter that was not wholly undeserved. The taking of calls after each act or set scene by the all-star actors parading in front of the curtain is alone enough to destroy the validity of the piece. No revivals of famous plays can be made with success after this fashion. The old plays should be subjected to revision. The last act in particular is such a jumble of obvious and foreseen conclusions that it does not meet the requirements of the better art of the day. The production met with disaster largely because it was over-weighted with all-stars. Among these stars were William Courtenay, Charles Richmond, Frank Hatch, Doris Keane, Holbrook Blinn, Thomas A. Wise, Jeffreys Lewis, Marguerite Clarke, Douglas Fairbanks, Lawrance D'Orsay and Thomas Q. Seabrooke.

Actors should be selected for their fitness and not for their names. The plan of reviving actors, who do not need to be revived, is directly opposed to the intent of reviving an old play. A real service in many directions might be done if members of the profession not so well known, but often better fitted for the parts, should be given their opportunity.

**WALLACK'S. "A CERTAIN PARTY."** Musical farce in three acts by Robert Hood Bowers. Produced April 24 with this cast:

Homer Caldwell.....	James Seely	Ikey Finklestein.....	George Sullivan
George Caldwell.....	Alfred Kappeler	Jerry Fagan.....	Frank Grom
James Barrett.....	Mike Donlin	Mrs. Lorimer.....	Beatrice Moreland
Jerry Fogarty.....	John T. Kelly	Grace Fairweather.....	Nena Blake
Sydney Finch.....	Harold Hartsell	Mrs. Jeremiah Fogarty..	Louise Dempsey
Danny Clark.....	Arthur O'Keefe	Miss Depuyster.....	Marie Ashton
Roundsman Timothy Moline..	Tom Jaffola	Miss Brompton.....	Esther Bissett
Atkins.....	John Peachey	Miss Ogilvie.....	Ruth Lloyd
Larry Dunn.....	John Pierce	Mary.....	Susanne Willis
Handsome Harry.....	Quayle Setcliffe	Maybelle Carrington....	Lillian Herbert
Buck Powers.....	Andrew Brannigan	Lena.....	Carolyn Parsons
Patrick Reilly.....	Andrew Brannigan	Carrie Keyes.....	Ruth Lloyd
Barney Rafferty.....	Eddie Cline	Norah.....	Mabel Hite

Individual comic force is not usually found in women and their accomplishments, but Miss Mabel Hite, in jumping from vaudeville to the regular operatic field, bids fair to hold her own. She is tricksome and ingenuous in diverting business. The musical farce in which she appears has little cause for existence, but it has a consistent story which tells of certain political conspiracies and financial transactions which are brought to a favorable issue by a maid in the service of a vulgarly rich woman. Incidental to the action, something unusual in a comic opera, Miss Hite has some good songs, which she sings piquantly: *I Want Another Situation Just Like That, Walking Delegate, Get the Hook, Emerald Isle, and You're Going to Lose Your Husband.* John Kelly sings *Fogarty*, with the assistance of every able-bodied person on the stage, a rollicking burlesque that is worth the while. Mike Donlin, who is the husband of Miss Hite, as well as a baseball celebrity, was kept in view at judicious moments.

**FOLIES BERGERE—VAUDEVILLE. "HELL."** A profane burlesque in one act. Book and lyrics by Rennold Wolf. Produced April 27 with this cast:

Maude Adams.....	Ada Lewis	Clergyman.....	John Marble
Statue of Liberty.....	Elizabeth Goodall	Mlle. Montparnassus....	Mlle. Lenclud
Herald.....	Leslie Leigh	Prima Donna.....	Kathleen Clifford
Room Clerk.....	Arthur Lipson	Police Captain.....	W. C. Gordon
Devil.....	Otis Harlan	Dancer.....	Emily Lea
Janitor.....	W. C. Gordon	Saleswoman.....	Ada Lewis
Hell Boy.....	Marion Ford	Actress.....	Geraldine Gerard
Trust Magnate.....	Theodore Marston	Messenger Boy.....	Kittie Devere
Mrs. Maxon Newrow.....	Mayme Kelso	Battling Beresford....	Taylor Holmes

**"TEMPTATION."** A ballet in one act, by Alfredo Curtis, with music by Edmond Diet. Produced on April 27 with this cast:

Rene.....	Emily Lea	Favorita.....	Yvonne Renon
Lily.....	Fraulein Novotna	Spirit of Smoke.....	Mlle. Cavallori
Spirit of Pleasure } ..	Signorina Borghini	Lady Nicotine } ..	Mlle. Britta
Spirit of Games } ..	Waldo Heinemann	Champagne } ..	Voluptuousness }
Eunuch.....			

**"GABY."** A satirical revue in three scenes. Book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith and Robert Smith. Produced on April 27 with this cast:

Mrs. Lyon Hunter.....	Elizabeth Goodall	Gaby.....	Ethel Levey
Dolly Longreen.....	Kathleen Clifford	Toreador.....	W. C. Gordon
Royal Governess.....	Ada Lewis	Izzy Smart.....	Taylor Holmes
King Manny.....	Laddie Cliff	Martini.....	Arthur Lipson
First Messenger Boy.....	Erma Bauer	Wiley Fox.....	Otis Harlan
Second Messenger Boy.....	Helen Marlowe	Spanish Dancers.....	Arenera Duo

The Folies Bergere, of New York, the latest addition to an already too lengthy list of theatres, has at least one thing in common with the famous Folies Bergeres, of Paris—its name. As a playhouse it is most attractive

(Continued on page vii)



Sarony  
ALICE BRADY  
Daughter of the well-known manager, and now playing Olga, the maid-in-waiting in "A Balkan Princess"



White INTERIOR VIEW OF THE FOLIES BERGERE, AT FORTY-SIXTH STREET AND BROADWAY, SHOWING THE COMBINATION OF THEATRE AND RESTAURANT

## Winter Gardens—The Old and the New

SINCE the beginning of the last century there has been in New York City a theatre with the attachment of "Garden" to its name. The Mount Vernon Garden, which opened as a summer theatre on July 9, 1800, "far out of town," that is, at the northwest corner of Leonard Street and Broadway, makes an early link in the chain of theatrical gardens in which Niblo's, the Winter Garden and the Terrace are other links. Memories of the old Winter Garden, which fire destroyed completely in 1867, were stirred from their ashes when, the other day, a very modern, an extremely different place of amusement was opened, called by the pleasant, old-fashioned name.

A superstitious manager might have avoided the use of this old name, for the history of the Winter Garden, dating from its building in 1850, and then called Tripler Hall, after its builder, is irregularly chequered, showing more black squares for misfortune than white ones for luck. Mischance seized it at the very beginning, for Mr. Tripler put it up on the west side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond Street, in order that Jenny Lind might sing there first in America. The building was not finished in time, so the honor went to Castle Garden. But the new hall was opened by a lesser although a beautiful voice, Madame Anna Bishop's in October, 1850. Sontag and Alboni gave concerts there in the same season, and two years later Jenny Lind did sing in the Winter Garden, and Camilla Urso,

then eleven years old, gave her first violin recital in this country.

That persistent and malignant enemy of New York's early playhouses, fire, destroyed the new hall four years later, and when it was rebuilt, Metropolitan Opera House was the name over the door. Nobody called it by that sounding title, preferring to use its sub-title, which was the New York Theatre, and here, under the management first of Henry Willard and Harry Eytinge, then of James H. Hackett, Laura Keane and William E. Burton, its story becomes a replica of the Broadway Theatre of that day, most of the actors, foreign and native, playing at either house. Julia Dean, Edward Eddy, Frank S. Chanfrau, Mrs. George Vandenhoff (Miss Makeah), Melinda Jones, Mrs. F. B. Conway, Mrs. Farran, George Boniface, are names found on the yellowing playbills of both houses. But the Metropolitan, as it was called in 1855, had the glory of sheltering the famous Rachel. Glory was nearly all the celebrated tragedienne got there, for she did not

draw in New York. To eke out the expenses of her American tour, Rachel gave readings, and her brother and manager, Raphael Felix, cut down the coal bills by refusing to heat the theatres he leased for her engagement. At the Walnut Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, his paring policy produced the attack of pneumonia, from which she never fully recovered. Her death in 1858 is said to have been caused by the rigors of her American tour.



EXTERIOR OF THE NEW WINTER GARDEN AT FIFTIETH STREET AND BROADWAY



Sarony

Mlle. DAZIE AS LA SYLPHIDE, A DANSEUSE AT THE WINTER GARDEN, NEW YORK

Laura Keene's Varieties became the next name of the theatre when this ill-fated manager obtained the lease. On March 17, 1852, "Camille, or a Moral from Life" was acted here for the first time. It was quite a new version, in which all Camille's misfortunes happened to her in a dream, and one of the characters, played by Emily Lesdernier, was a vision of Camille's mother. Laura Keene played Camille, and turned her out spotless in the last act. George Jordan played Armand, and Charles Bass, Papa Duval.

Although the rent for the house was only \$400 a week, poor Laura Keene saw herself in arrears at the end of the season, and while she was endeavoring to finance her second season, William E. Burton bought the house over her head (there was a bitter newspaper controversy over this, and in the end Burton's cunning proved his undoing), and opened it in 1856 as Burton's New Theatre with "The Rivals," in which Agnes Robertson, Polly Marshall, E. L. Davenport, Mrs. Davenport and Dion Boucicault appeared. Later Sara Stevens and Jane Coombs made their first American appearance in this house. Indeed, its roster shows many famous names—Edwin Booth played Richard III in the season of 1857, Sara Stevens acting Lady Anne; dashing J. W. Wallack, Jr., appeared for the first time in this city as Wat Tyler, and John Brougham bid for American favor in "The Rivals." In the same year, and in this house, "Dolly" Davenport made a scandal when he saw his wife, Lizzie Weston, and Edwin Forrest in a box near the stage.

The next season saw a new manager, Henry C. Jarrett, and the policy of Burton was continued with varying financial success. Foreign stars, Charles Mathews among them, played their English successes here. That actor was liked in his original character of "Dazzle" better by the New Yorkers than in "Charles Surface," and Charlotte Cushman played her repertoire, "Fazio," to "Meg Merrilies," and Barry Sullivan came over as a "shooting star." This genial actor made more money for the house than the great tragedienne.

After a precarious existence as the New Metropolitan, the theatre was closed in the summer of 1859, and extensive alterations and improvements were made in it under the direction of Dion Boucicault. When it re-opened as The Winter Garden, with a stage 100 feet wide, and foyer and lobby profusely decorated with artificial "spiny" and "knobby" plants, scented, according to Joseph Jefferson in his "Memoirs," with something like bay rum, New York was invited to come and marvel at its splendor. It was asserted, without really expecting anybody to believe it, that the splendor had cost the enormous sum of \$20,000.

The Winter Garden's first bill was "Dot," Boucicault's adaptation of "The Cricket on the Hearth." The cast included Joseph Jefferson as Caleb Plummer, Harry Pearson as John Peerybingle, A. H. Davenport (Dolly) as the Stranger, Mrs. John Wood as Tilly Slowboy, and Agnes Robertson as Dot.

In this rapid review of the first decade of the existence of the Winter Garden, it will be seen how changeable was the policy of its various managers. A circus season filled in between legitimate theatrical performances, and Italian opera in '55. In this year, under the management of James H. Hackett, Grisi and



Moffett, Chicago

GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

Who is appearing in a new play by Joseph Medill Patterson, entitled "Rebellion." Recently seen in "A Dawn of a To-Morrow"

Mario sang in New York. Mr. Hackett starred himself in "Rip Van Winkle" in this house in 1858, and the same year Barton Hill made his first appearance in New York in a play supposed to be original until the French version turned up of "Mésalliance." P. T. Barnum, after the destruction of his museum, took his turn of managing the Winter Garden, but he could not be said to have had his usual good fortune, sharing with other managers the uncertain luck of the house. It was never comfortable, too warm in summer and too cold in winter, the acoustics were bad, while its proportions, having been planned originally for a concert hall, were awkward to "dress" theatrically.



Photos White

1. Leslie Leigh. 2. Frances Corson. 3. Gertrude Barretto. 4. Beverley Frances. 5. Elizabeth Goodall.

**SOME OF THE FAVORITES AT THE NEW FOLIES BERGERE, NEW YORK CITY**

The second play performed here was a war drama, which successfully "straddled" the burning question of slavery. This was the "Octo-noon," staged by Joe Jefferson, who was in the cast besides as "Salem Scudder." The initial performance occurred on January 1, 1860, and henceforth well-known names to a generation of playgoers still living mark the bills. These include Matilda Heron, who played in "Lesbia" in January, 1860; Mrs. John Wood in "Ivanhoe" in February of the same year, while in the following March Kate Bateman appeared in "Evangeline."

On Christmas eve of '61, Jefferson brought to the Winter Garden his own version of "Rip Van Winkle," which Boucicault's adept hand had not yet smoothed into a truly successful play, and the names of Lucille Western, Lawrence Barrett, and Lotta Crabtree follow in quick succession as starring there. So we reach by a process of elimination the great event in the history of the Winter Garden, no less than the performances of "Julius Cæsar," in which Edwin Booth played Brutus, Junius Brutus Booth played Cassius, and John Wilkes Booth was the curled and scented Antony. The first performance of this brotherly trio took place on November 25, 1864. All New York turned out to hear them, and at the end of what was a long run, even for Shakespeare, in those days all New York assembled again in the Winter Garden to see Edwin Booth decorated with a medal. In this performance Edwin Varrey played Cæsar, and after his name was printed "*his first appearance.*"

During this season of Shakespearian revivals, stage chroniclers set down with many dry cackles the meagre facts of the first and only "Booth" joke. It was perpetrated by Edwin Booth on Jean Hosmer, who played Katherine to his Petruchio. Somewhat out of humor with her stately method of portraying the shrew, Booth one night dyed his moustache, and left a long, black streak on Miss Hosmer's powdered cheek. The success of this "joke" might fairly have started Booth on a jester's career, but alas! tragedy already dogged his path and was soon to overtake him.

With another name, that of Amelia or Minnie Hauck, who made her debut at this house as Proscovia in "Etoile du Nord," the end of the famous names associated with the old Winter Garden is reached. Some of us who saw this New York prima donna in her final appearances, capering somewhat heavily as Carmen on the stage of our Metropolitan, and singing too sadly false, find it difficult to share the raptures of the great-grandfathers who "bravoed" themselves hoarse at her debut. But so passes the glory of the stage. The Winter Garden itself, with a final performance of "Our American Cousin," went up in flames—its site was embellished by a Grand Central Hotel, and its very name sank out of knowledge of the thickly crowding youngsters who see, in the new house opened for their amusement under the same title, merely another lounge for killing time in. Tripler Hall soon lost its provincial mildness in the quickly spreading city, the succeeding names given to the place never "stuck," but Winter Garden did. Despite its numerous misfortunes this theatre, under its borrowed Parisian cognomen, added at least as much as its rivals to the stage history of New York.

WILLIS STEELL.



ETHEL GREEN

Appearing as Margie Melville in "Dr. De Luxe" at the Knickerbocker Theatre

"Why is a thing funny?" asks Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me," in the *N. Y. American*. "There are lines and situations so devoid of unction that nobody can make them go, and nothing is dismaler than a great comedian in a bad part. But no comedian is so great and no line so funny that their combined laugh cannot be killed. The best successes must be carefully watched lest they be ruined by the fatigue or the sharp practice of the actors. Restlessness is one of the most fatal poisons stage humor knows. Whether the actor himself or some other actor fidgets, the result is the same. An audience must focus on one point at a time, or one pair of lips, one pair of eyes, or one emotion, or it ceases to be an audience and becomes a disordered mob. It is easy to kill the best laugh ever conceived."

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



Otto Sarony Co.

ROBERT MANTELL AS IAGO IN SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY, "OTHELLO," AT DALY'S THEATRE



Lax, N. Y.

MME. AGATHE BARSESCU

Talented Roumanian actress recently seen at Carnegie Lyceum in several German plays. Next season Mme. Barsescu will make her debut here as an English-speaking actress

## The New Theatre—Its Past and Its Future

IF anyone asked what was the *sine qua non* condition in order to make any theatrical enterprise successful, there would be a chorus of answers: "An unlimited supply of cash money." Sydney Rosenfield once started a stock company at the Savoy Theatre, and his prospectus declared that the performances would be continued "regardless of box office receipts." It was an alluring device, but it had no more chance of permanency than houses with empty benches did at the New Theatre.

There are several reasons why the experiment on Central Park West fell short of success, and perhaps the underlying cause was the grave error into which the millionaire promoters were led by the late Heinrich Conried, who made the serious mistake of advocating a theatre modelled upon the same plan as those in his native Germany.

It may be recalled that long before the New Theatre project was launched, the American Dramatists' Club gave a dinner at Delmonico's in furtherance of the defunct National Art Theatre plan at which Mr. Conried was the guest of honor. Upon that occasion Mr. Conried outlined his ideas as to an endowed theatre, and also intimated the possibility of combining the two styles of entertainment under one roof, *i.e.*, the lyric and dramatic. He was told then and there that this would result in a house too large for ordinary theatrical performances, but the warning fell upon deaf ears. If the Founders had consulted some one who had had a practical experience with American theatres a lot of trouble and money would have been spared. Mr. Conried fell back upon the statement that the Français and the Burg Theatre in Vienna, have auditoriums about the size he advocated. He ignored the fact that the Anglo-Saxon school of acting is entirely different from the Continental school, which is not only declamatory but tricked out with an abundance of gesture, facial display and unrest, all of which, however, help the actor to get his meaning over the footlight, and are most helpful and needful in a big house. With our actors it is quite different; their style is purely colloquial and sometimes to their discredit, it must be admitted, unintelligible, owing to faulty and unschooled diction. At the

New Theatre many of the actors were English, and, with a sprinkling of Americans, the *ensemble* of accents was often very far from harmonious. Add to this a vast and spacious auditorium, and the auditor found himself out of touch with the players. This was most noticeable in social comedy, in which the action of the piece may depend upon a *finesse* of acting. The public soon discovered these defects. By a curious psychological element in human nature, theatregoers are ever more ready to pull down than to build up, ever ready for excuses to—remain away from any theatre. Add to all this the noisy fanfare by overzealous disciples of what was trumpeted as a new era in the theatre world, and one has more than ample reasons for the downfall of a theatrical enterprise, no matter how well it may be backed with money.

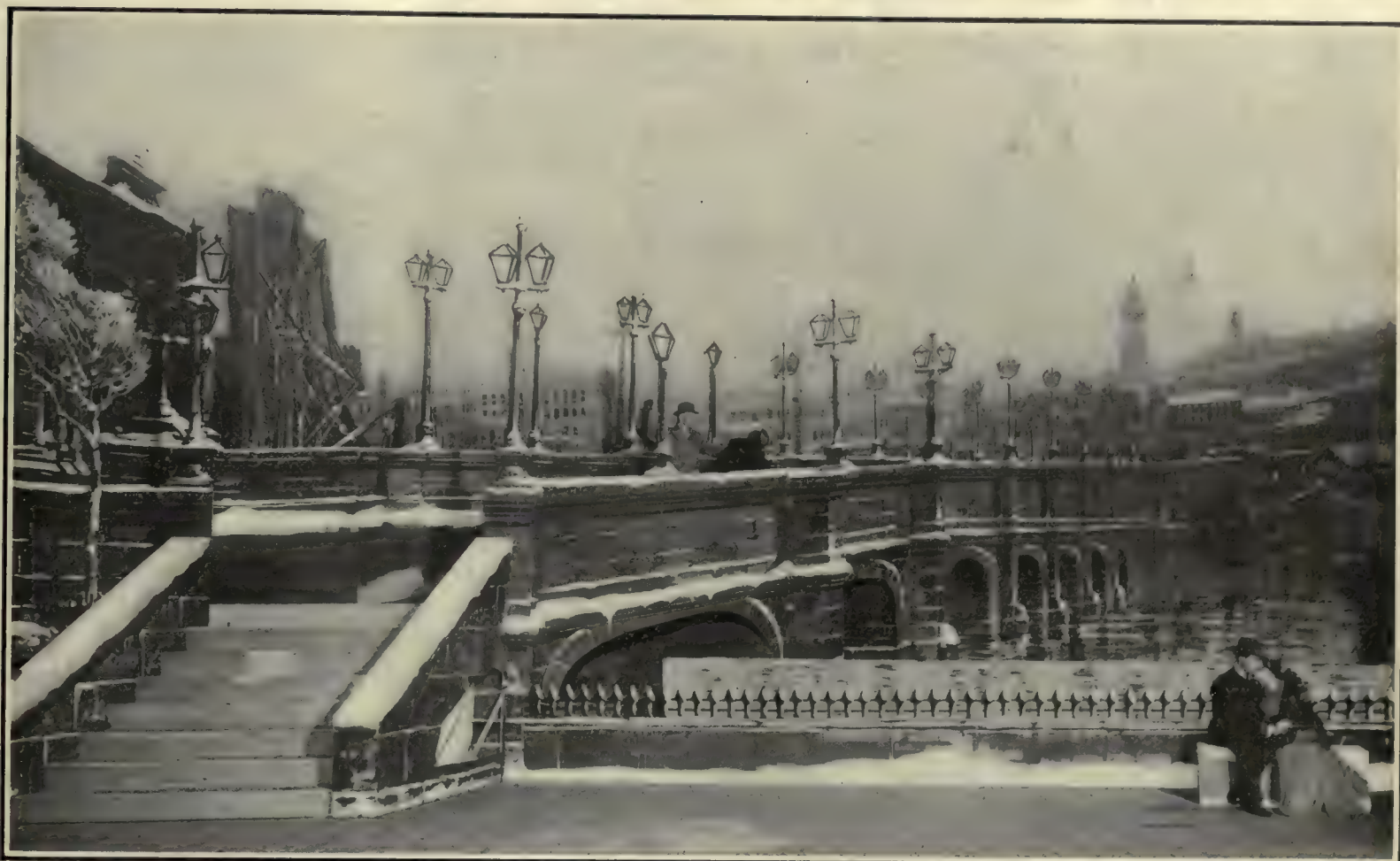
Then came in the repertoire scheme, also a Continental idea. No one but the subscribers took kindly to this scheme, which is not in the American blood. Moreover, it was soon discovered that the only theatrical entertainment that promised to thrive were productions that filled the eye like "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper." Comedies like "Don" were lost in such a big house.

With spectacular productions comes spectacular cost, heavy *running* expenses and no repertoire system. One or two, or at the most three, performances a week could result in but one thing—spectacular loss. Take "The Piper," for instance, the first performance was January 31st, and the close April 8th. Therefore, in about ten weeks this play had thirty-five performances, just a fraction less than three a week. It was impossible upon that basis to get back the cost of production. The success of "The Blue Bird" suggested its transfer to the Majestic Theatre, where it had one hundred and two performances. The piece made a little money, whereas in its home theatre, with its vast seating capacity, it could have literally coined money. The repertoire idea killed all chance of this.

Yet this does not fully explain the disappearance of a surplus fund said to have been close to \$600,000. Where did over half a million of dollars go in two years? The following facts may explain some of its leave-taking, but not all; because the books of



Scenes in the All-Star Revival of "The Lights o' London" at the Lyric



Photos, White

Charles Richman Holbrook Blinn  
ACT IV. THE FIGHT ON THE BRIDGE

William Courtenay Doris Keane



Leonore Harris

Holbrook Blinn

ACT IV. SETH PREENE DISCOVERS HIS DAUGHTER AT  
"THE HAWTHORNES"



Sidney Melven

Thomas Q. Seabrooke

ACT IV. MORSORLEY, THE OFFICER, QUESTIONS JOEY,  
"A STREET ARAB"

the theatre would alone show that. One cogent reason was that the theatre when opened was really not entirely completed. Numerous costly errors were discovered. Take, for instance, the drop curtain, designed originally to move by electricity; it at once developed that this power moved it too slowly, and hydraulic power was substituted. This cost \$2,700 extra. The same thing occurred upon the inauguration of the Hippodrome. In fact, the pioneers in the management of that house and the New Theatre may be fitly compared as to experiences and results. Before the Hippodrome was opened Messrs. Thompson and Dundy, the then lessees, in order to avoid the employment of a great number of stage-hands to move the heavy scenery, built an electrical apparatus at a cost of \$45,000. When tried out it was found that it would not move, either.

The first season of the New Theatre the steam heat was kept going night and day, in order to dry out the house. This last season the average coal bill for regular heating purposes was \$700 a month. Economical housewives who read these figures may now be reconciled to theirs. The coal bill at the Lyceum Theatre is \$50 per week. There were on the salary list of the New Theatre 384 people, and the figures to pay this army of people

frequently reached \$16,000 a week. The pay-roll fluctuated, of course, according as the number of actors, supers, musicians required, as the repertoire for the week varied. Then there were the rehearsals. These cost the first season \$100,000. How is this possible? asks the lay mind. It was nothing at all unusual to have an orchestra bill for extra work of \$500 a week. The first season the electric light bill was \$1,400 a week; this last season more care was used. There was less extra work, and it was worked down to \$800 per week. Then there were night shifts of the entire mechanical force and stage-hands and supers; under the union wage scale these men are paid double time. It was found that under the repertoire system, and producing ten or twelve plays a season, there was no time for the actors to leave the theatre for their meals, so a refectory to feed them was installed on the roof, where most of the rehearsals were held.

Then there was the cost of production. "The Blue Bird" cost \$41,000. A fair estimate for the ten plays produced this season would be \$300,000. Everything for each production was brand new and of the best quality. No productions were worked over as is frequently done by the bread-and-butter manager. To-day

there is a storehouse full of new New Theatre scenery in Jersey City, which costs \$10,000 a year to keep it—and the dust. Among other illuminating items of expense may be mentioned *forty-seven* telephone extensions. This season the contract with the N. Y. Telephone Co. was \$2,200 on the basis of 45,000 messages. They

numbered just four over 50,000. What were the receipts? The first season of thirty weeks realized \$465,000. The house held, on its revised seating arrangement, about \$2,700. "The Blue Bird" drew \$24,000 in nine performances. The loss accrued because of the enormous cost of incidentals, unforeseen emergencies, when there was no time to figure on cost, and then producing a repertoire under one roof and one box-office. When the so-called commercial manager produces ten, fifteen, twenty plays in a season, he has that many companies as magnets, going from point to point, and each production running for all it is worth.

To sum up, the New Theatre tried to do for plays on a basis of \$2.50 for the best seats what the Metropolitan Opera House does for opera on a basis of \$5, and which next season is to be raised to \$6 in order to stand off the ever growing menace of a deficit. When one considers all of these facts and figures it really is an easy sum of

arithmetic to determine where the New Theatre surplus went. It was only a question of time when the millionaire promoters would balk at losing money hand over fist.

It is a well-known formula that any dramatist can sit out in front and rewrite to perfection any other dramatist's play. It is also comparatively easy to sit in one's editorial *sanctum* and tell a manager how he should have run his three million dollar theatre to success. While the THEATRE MAGAZINE pretends to no particular genius in theatrical management, it ventures to offer a few suggestions as to the past, which may be good object lessons for the future. They are made without malice and for the good of the cause. The alliance with a commercial manager was a mistake. The New Theatre should have occupied an absolutely independent and impartial position between all syndicates. All the successes of the New Theatre were farmed out to certain managers. Of course, the New Theatre retains an interest—but whatever the profit, their company should have had all of it for their own treasury. The science of management to-day is simply this: Successful road productions pay for the loss that may be incurred at the home theatre. And

(Continued on page vi)



Moffett, Chicago

GEORGE ARLISS

Appearing in the title role of Louis N. Parker's latest play, "Disraeli," which will be seen in New York next season

# Two New Singers for the Metropolitan

**A**MONG the new-comers at the Metropolitan Opera House next season will be two singers of exceptionally brilliant powers, Heinrich Hensel, tenor, and Hermann Weil, baritone. A contract was signed by Mr. Gatti-Casazza with the former a year ago; the latter is a recent acquisition. Both come to us by way of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

A youthful appearing artist capable of Siegfried, Parsifal, and the heroic rôles, one of athletic build, yet slender, is rare to the eye; these visual qualities are realized in Hensel, whose voice, reaching to C sharp in alt, is sympathetic, powerful, and trained in the old bel canto school.

His career in opera began fifteen years ago as lyric tenor, which developed with time into the heroic, bringing him to the Court Theatre, Wiesbaden, an object of special artistic interest to the German Emperor by reason of his annual residence there.

The son of a wealthy manufacturer, Hensel was destined to enter the army as officer after his term of service in the mounted cavalry at Karlsruhe. Prior to that he had the fullest educational advantages at Castle Ruppert, his father's home in the Pfalz. As in the instance of others placed in similar position he began first to sing as amateur in local and charity concerts, emerging after delayed consent into the more serious undertakings to which he had proved his right.

Frequenters of the Imperial Opera in Vienna in days gone by will recall in appreciative memory the tenor, Gustav Walter, and the subtle beauty of his singing, both there and in his lieder concerts, which were musical events in the Kaiserstadt. It was to this now veteran artist that Hensel went for training, which likely proved the ablest influence on his future. Afterward he studied in Karlsruhe with Hermann Rosenberg, also a tenor, and finally with Maestro Emmerich in Milan.

The début of Hensel was made at the opera in Freiburg, Baden, as Stradella, in 1897, the beginning for him there of a three years' engagement. This ended, he became associated with the Frankfort opera, where he sang first as Lionel and in kindred lyric parts, for which the smooth fluency of his delivery aptly fitted him. For six years he continued on in operas of the old school, entering by degrees upon such rôles as Turiddu in "Cavalleria," Canio in "Pagliacci," and others of the modern Italian type. In these he sings with a fervor and dramatic abandon seldom accomplished by any other than a born Italian, and his spirit in them, so widely opposite to that found in German opera houses, has humorously proved a stumbling-block and test to more than one conservative, routine conductor there.

In those years at Frankfort his voice grew gradually in power and volume, until at Wiesbaden he entered upon the heroic tenor repertory with Siegmund and Siegfried, as well as Lohengrin and Walter von Stolzing, though still retaining a vocal elasticity which left him capable of Faust, Manrico, Tamino, and the rest.

No place in the world gives better opportunity for schooling in acting than the German opera houses. At Frankfort Hensel's

rôles ranged from the spieloper, a type of comedy with music, of which he was especially fond, to operetta, and opera. Only those who have themselves had practical experience will know the value in that touch of lightness and elasticity which play in comedy brings. No matter how broad and serious parts may be undertaken later, flexibility and grace are present in them as subtle trace of such schooling. In Hensel's greater rôles there is breadth and the authority of tradition, an authority strengthened by his recent study at Bayreuth of the music-dramas with Siegfried Wagner, but it is to his early routine in comedy that their naturalness and smooth ease are due.

It was during his engagement at Karlsruhe, which followed on the one at Wiesbaden, that he was chosen by Siegfried Wagner to create the tenor part in his opera, "Banntrick." Always on the alert to secure able talent for the Festival performances at Bayreuth, the outcome was Wagner's engagement of Hensel for this summer's presentations there, and in which he will sustain Parsifal as chief rôle.

Throughout Germany Hensel is widely known, having sung in the greater festivals; in the concerts of the Wagner Societies, and in the Court Opera at Munich. In the first performances in German at Brussels of the "Ring," he assisted with Van Dyck and Van Rooy, under Otto Lohse's direction; in Holland he has sung in Amsterdam, and was invited for the earlier

Covent Garden season in London, preceding that of Bayreuth.

Last summer in that little Franconian city, which will shortly be the Mecca of Wagner music-lovers the globe over, he and Weil were studying their rôles for the next year's Festival. And there I met them. The Hotel zur Post, an old-world home of artists at Bayreuth, was filled with singers whom Siegfried Wagner had found in journeys throughout Germany during the interval between Festivals.

Already bustling preparations for the forthcoming one were in progress, although a year would still elapse before its opening. From early morning the singers, with Siegfried Wagner at his studio, were finishing the detail of their rôles, which, any one of them, at any point of the opera, he can interrupt to give



HEINRICH HENSEL AS SIEGFRIED IN "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG"

from memory both music and action with unerring authority.

In the long afternoons there might be a glimpse of Frau Cosima Wagner herself, loitering in the garden at Wahnfried, or driving slowly up the hill toward the Festspielhaus, whose reins she once held so firmly, but with years has surrendered to her son. The town, though, is still actively under the spell of her intellect and personality; there seems instinctively the idea that this wonderful woman, who on her husband's death sustained alone his ideals, and Bayreuth's best glory, the Festivals, will arise and settle any problem too deep for the rest. One cause of their adherence, too, is the Bayreuth feud with Munich, whose Prinz Regenten Theatre Festivals of Wagner's works they look upon as unjust encroachment.

Bayreuth itself, though, would be an artistic satisfaction without any Festival; its old palaces, ornate and weather-grimed; the home of Wagner; the chapel where Liszt is buried; the church where the Order of the Prussian Eagle was instituted; the Hermitage, and all the peaceful beauty of the outlying country where Jean Paul Richter wandered and gained inspiration, combine to make it so.

But there is a greater charm about the town in those off seasons than may be found there when the whole world flocks to its Festivals, and an opportunity for one to better learn the artists as men and women. Hensel proved a frank, manly fellow. Of medium height, he is blonde-haired, with eyes that deepen in coloring with animation, and physically well developed, though slender, in a way, perhaps from his ardent horsemanship, a souvenir of army training.

In that happy time, with no outsiders to put restraint on the individual and his personality, the whole genial assemblage of artists, simple, gifted people, worked the day through at their music, singing folk songs at night in the garden, or in the long hall of the restaurant overlooking it. A life more homely could not well be pictured, with dinner at noon, in the old German fashion, and a supper to be lingered over from twilight on, until by ten o'clock the house, and incidentally Bayreuth, was sunk in darkness.

Exceptions came sometimes, with a concert in the Artists' Room of the Post, a sanctuary where none but the elect may enter, a room whose walls are hung with autographed photographs of singers and conductors who have helped to make the Wagner Festivals famous. Such were moments that no paid function could equal, bringing with them the camaraderie, the keen appreciation of every good point made, the quick knowledge of artistic values, the unreserved sympathy from each to each, which spur the singer to his utmost.

Hensel sang on one such night from "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Meistersinger," in succession, with splendid, youthful fervor, dropping presently into the big air from "Pagliacci," Hermann Weil, a thorough musician, playing the accompaniments, and as prank, at one point that evening, gradually transposing a number higher until at its close Hensel took C sharp in alt with ringing

power. Bringing reminder of his early training with Walter, he fell presently to singing lieder by Richard Strauss and Schubert, with a finish and subtle coloring that brought their cameo qualities into strange contrast with the heroic breadth of Wagner and Leoncavallo's emotionalism which had preceded them.

Hermann Weil, like his colleague, is a young man in the early prime, sunny, big-hearted, frank, qualities that, with his big frame, fit him well for the rôle of Hans Sachs in "Die Meistersinger," which he is to do this summer at Bayreuth. He is a discovery of Siegfried Wagner, who first heard him in the part at the Stuttgart Royal Opera last season. Weil is a pupil of the Stuttgart Conservatorium, which still has clinging to it memories of Lebert, Pruckner, and other great ones of yesterdays in music. All the baritone's young life has been passed as boy, man, and artist near, or within, the confines of that old city, whose pride, from king to workman, centres in its opera, on whose boards many a singer has grown into fame.

The new baritone, in face and coloring, free from disguise of make-up, is not unlike Ludwig II, of Bavaria, and a man who has grown to full stature in quiet, remote environment, where work and thought have filled his days. From the emotion with which he has thrown himself into his rôles, his face shows the deep, strong lines in its expression which always mark the actor who feels fully what he does.

Romance came into his life early with the meeting of his future wife, also a student of

singing at the Conservatorium, and their marriage followed closely on his début. Since then he has sung very nearly all the repertory allotted a first baritone.

The striking qualities with Weil as an artist are the power of his delivery, and the rich amplitude of voice that combine to arouse memories of by-gone baritones whose name in the cast list would crowd a theatre for Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," a rôle among his best interpretations.

For all Weil's Southern sunniness, there is in him a strain of mysticism, a gift of conveying the almost overwhelming, sinister gloom of the Dutchman, condemned to eternal wandering because of vain search for that one thing which will release him; to hear him sing that music is to feel it inspired with a dramatic eloquence which the run of to-day's singers seem only superficially to grasp.

WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.



HERMANN WEIL AS HANS SACHS IN "MEISTERSINGER"

Alexander Charles Lecocq, the French opera bouffe composer, died recently at the age of 77. Lecocq was the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Girofle-Girofla," and many other successful operas, and amassed considerable wealth. But his early life was spent in great poverty. He was born in Paris of very humble parents, and he had to put himself through the Conservatory for six years by great self-denial.

Offenbach advertised in a newspaper that he would give the entire proceeds of the first performance of his "Docteur Miracle" to whoever would write the most successful score for it. Lecocq entered the competition, and, against a great number of competitors, tied with Georges Bizet for the prize. In 1872 his "La Fille de Madame Angot" was produced and ran for 500 consecutive performances.—*N. Y. Times*.



Bangs  
**STEWART BAIRD**  
 Recently seen as Axel in "The Piper" at the New Theatre

Sarony  
**GERTRUDE DALLAS**  
 Playing Stephanie in the new comedy "The Great Name"

Bangs  
**REX McDOUGALL**  
 Who is appearing as Ned Stephens in "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson

## Wall Street the Arbiter of the American Stage

**H**AD any one the temerity to suggest twenty years ago that our foremost men of finance, in fact, our multi-millionaires, would be found conspicuously figuring in the conduct of the country's leading opera houses and theatres, he would have been the subject of ridicule, for at that period opera was so precarious an undertaking that the sheriff was an active factor, and it is recalled that Colonel Mapleson once remarked that the ultimate destination of the impresario was either the county jail or the madhouse.

Max Strakosch, who conducted grand opera in the old Academy of Music for more than a decade, died penniless, so did Max Maretzek, and the first impresario to die, leaving enough for his funeral expenses, was Maurice Grau, and in this instance the man's health was sacrificed; the same may be said of Herr Heinrich Conried, who was able to stand the strain for three years only. Oscar Hammerstein in some way has been immune from the fate to which all of his predecessors were destined, but he has been known to express himself as weary of it all, and there are those who say that had he conducted the Manhattan Opera House another year, under the conditions prevailing there, his health and fortune would have been annihilated, and even the gold laden Victoria Theatre, which was the source of supply by which the deficits at the Manhattan Opera House were liquidated, would have passed into other hands.

The day of the impresario, however, is of the past. We are now in the era of "the thirty thousand dollar a year director," for in all of the four grand opera houses in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, the entire risk financially has been shouldered by men of great wealth, who have come forth and have eliminated the impresario for all time.

In New York Otto H. Kahn has been the predominating factor, and it must be stated that he has shown much public spirit. It is due to his energy and perseverance that grand opera has been placed upon the dignified basis which now characterizes the régime at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Kahn, in conjunction with a half dozen of his colleagues, are responsible not only for the great enterprise at 40th Street and Broadway, but also for the New Theatre, now in its second year with its ultimate success assured.

These gentlemen, who had made their great fortunes in the financial and industrial world, by reducing everything to figures,

decided the grand opera problem in the manner which obtains nowadays by eliminating competition. Thus it was that the operations of the most worthy impresario of his day, Oscar Hammerstein, were ended for all time as far as this country is concerned in the distinctly grand opera field.

In Boston Eben D. Jordan was the one to provide the hub not only with a modern opera house, but his conduct of the same has been such that despite the tremendous expense, the first season was terminated without loss, while by reason of a community of interest procedure, which exists between the Boston enterprise and the Metropolitan Opera House directors, it is expected that the present season will show a profit, though the modern idea is not to permit of any surplus, and in any case the funds remaining at the end of a successful year would be invested in betterments.

In Philadelphia the problem has been a difficult one; Mr. Hammerstein gave the Quaker City a beautiful million dollar opera house, which for two years he alone maintained without the least aid, but at the close of the last opera season he found his position almost untenable. He threatened that unless aid was forthcoming that he would lease the opera house to the theatrical syndicate, claiming that he had stood losses of several hundred thousand dollars, but he could not go further. At this point Mr. Edwin T. Stotesbury came forward, and he agreed to meet the

weekly deficits from that time on; this amounted to \$40,000 at the close of the season 1909-10. Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Kahn conferred, with the final result that the former gentleman bought the Philadelphia opera house outright from Mr. Hammerstein, and is now solely responsible for its future maintenance.

In Chicago a number of gentlemen, headed by Mr. John C. Shaffer, secured the Chicago Auditorium, and the present season has been a very successful one, with grand opera presented on almost a prodigious scale with the principal singers of four opera houses available to Herr Dippel, who is the salaried impresario in charge there.

The present writer is not inclined to prophesy, but it is not a far-fetched prediction to presume that within five years opera houses, such as are now existing in the cities named, will be found in all cities of a population of 500,000 or more, and these will be conducted by local interests, probably with some understanding or arrangement with the existing directors of enterprises

### EVERYWOMAN

The curtain closed; the final accents fell  
 Upon mine ear with wonder and delight,  
 My fancy glowed with visions, all bedight  
 With silver, gold and green that tinged the spell.  
 And then I knew I'd heard a *Master* tell  
 A modern tale, in poesy's figures hight  
 An allegory. Never did a knight  
 Nor lady fair e'er hear such numbers swell  
 From pageant in the square of olden time,  
 As those which that great singer of our land,  
 Who died as Fame drew nigh with laurel crown,  
 Attuned to cantos five with faultless hand.  
 Those old, old truths retold by Walter Browne  
 Were never wove in nets of finer rhyme.

JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.



Champlain & Farrar

MABEL HITE AND COMPANY IN ACT II IN "A CERTAIN PARTY" AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

in that field. Grand opera, however, does not monopolize the interest of men prominent in the financial world. The Shubert enterprises, which include fifteen theatres in New York City, besides the Hippodrome, and sixty or more theatres throughout the United States, as well as two score of important attractions, are largely controlled by Messrs. George B. Cox and Joseph L. Rhinock, both of Cincinnati, where they stand high in the political realm.

The New Theatre is practically maintained by the same interests in control of the Metropolitan Opera House. Already another theatre has been found necessary to house the successful production, "The Blue Bird," which was crowded out of the Central Park West establishment by its policy of tabooing long runs. In due time these successes will multiply. Boston will want its New Theatre, and perhaps Chicago and Philadelphia will not wish to be regarded as of secondary importance, and

then what is to happen? Is it too much to presume that with four opera houses in as many cities, under the control of practically one body of men who also are responsible for the leading dramatic house, that the day is not far off when the entire amusement calling will be amalgamated into what may yet be known as "the united amusement company"?

We may not have long to wait, too, before problems of music and the drama will be solved in Wall Street through stock and bond operations. That the theatrical profession should have reached the stage where control of its resources should be sought by such men as are now openly identified with both musical and dramatic entourages, is sufficient for the present, for it is not so long ago that few of the managers in this field had reached the dignity which comes from the possession of an office for the conduct of their business affairs.

ROBERT GRAU.



Norah (Mabel Hite)

Jerry Fogarty (John T. Kelly)



James Barrett (Mike Donlin)

Norah (Mabel Hite)

SCENES IN ACT II IN "A CERTAIN PARTY," RECENTLY SEEN AT WALLACK'S THEATRE



MRS. FISKE IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S COMEDY, "MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE



THE CORT THEATRE



THE GARRICK THEATRE



THE ILLINOIS THEATRE

## IT was James Hubert McVicker who built Theatre Beginnings in Chicago

elaborate scale in Chicago, now a city of splendid modern playhouses. Mr. McVicker made his first appearance as an actor in Chicago at Rice's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1848, and just fifty years later, less one day, his widow surrendered the control of the theatre that still bears his name to the late Jacob Litt.

Mr. McVicker, born in New York City, February 14, 1822, was the last of five pioneers of the theatre who gave the drama its start in Chicago. The others were Alexander Mackenzie, Harry Isherwood, Joseph Jefferson, the elder, and John B. Rice. Let us look backward a bit:

On August 13, 1833, an election of village trustees was held in Chicago, and only twenty-eight votes were cast, and it is presumed that every citizen who was entitled to a vote performed his duty at the polls. On Tuesday, February 18, 1834, the Chicago *Democrat* printed the first advertisement ever published in the village of Chicago in the interests of public amusements. It announced that on the following Monday evening, February 24, a Mr. Bowers would give an exhibition at the Mansion House, at No. 88 Lake Street, owned and occupied by Dexter Graves. Among other things the advertisement said: "He will draw a red-hot iron across his back, hands, etc., and will partake of a comfortable warm supper by eating fire balls, burning sealing wax, coals of fire and melted lead." By December 9, 1835, the population of the village had grown to 3,279, and there were forty-four stores in the place. On March 4, 1837, Chicago was incorporated as a city.

On October 17, 1837, Alexander Mackenzie and Harry Isherwood gave the first theatrical performance in the history of Chicago. The scene was the dining-room of the deserted Sauganash Hotel, which stood on the east side of Market Street, about one hundred feet south of Lake Street. The play was "The Idiot Witness, or A Tale of Blood," a melodrama by J. T. Haines, which was extremely popular in those days. Chicago was then seven months old, and its population had grown to 4,179 inhabitants. The spot on which this first performance was given possesses a double significance for all patriotic Americans, for in after years a wooden structure was erected on the same site and called The Wigwam. It

was in this temporary building that the Republican party held its first convention and nominated a popular Illinoisan for the presidency on May 18, 1860. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

In May, 1838, Alexander Mackenzie and his brother-in-law, Joseph Jefferson, the father of our beloved "Rip Van Winkle" Jefferson, opened a theatre on the second floor of a wooden structure at 8 and 10 Dearborn Street. They called it The Rialto. Here on October 18, 1838, Chicago saw its first performance of Bulwer's "The Lady of Lyons," which was given as a benefit for Mr. Mackenzie at the request of fifty-one prominent citizens, this being the first theatrical benefit ever given in Chicago. The cast is of extreme interest:

Claude Melnotte .....	William Leicester
Beauseant .....	William Warren
Glavis .....	Greenbury C. Germon
Colonel Damas.....	Thomas Sankey
Deschappelles .....	James Wright
Gaspar .....	Charles Burke
Officer .....	Mr. Watts
Pauline .....	Mrs. David Ingersoll
Madame Deschappelles .....	Mrs. Joseph Jefferson
Widow Melnotte.....	Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie

William Warren in after years became the great Boston favorite. He was a cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson. Greenbury C. Germon was the husband of Jane Anderson Germon, a cousin of the late Joseph Jefferson, and later became the original Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." James Wright was the husband of the late Joseph Jefferson's aunt, Marianne Fisher, who in turn was the aunt of Clara Fisher Maeder. Charles Burke was the late Joseph Jefferson's half-brother, and the author of the second play of "Rip Van Winkle." Mrs. Joseph Jefferson was the mother of the late Mr. Jefferson, while Mrs. Ingersoll and Mrs. Mackenzie were the elder Joseph Jefferson's sisters.

On Monday evening, September 9, 1839, the *American*, of Chicago, printed the first regular advertisement in behalf of a legitimate theatrical performance that was ever published in the city of Chicago. The play was "The Magpie and the Maid, or Which Is the Thief?" followed by "The Irish Tutor, or New Lights."

The first structure to be erected in Chicago for purely theatrical purposes was built by John B. Rice, who opened Rice's Theatre on Monday evening, June



Collection of Edward Freiberger

JAMES HUBERT McVICKER

The first to build a theatre on an elaborate scale in Chicago



28, 1847. Three plays were given, namely, "The Four Sisters," "The Wool Dealer," and "The Young Scamp." One of the players was Mrs. Louisa Hunt. Later she married George Mosop, one of the comedians of the company. After his death she married a still more eminent comedian, John Drew, the father of the John Drew of this day. John B. Rice erected his theatre on the south side of Randolph Street, just east of Dearborn Street, directly opposite the site of the present Colonial Theatre. And it cost the munificent sum of \$4,000!

At Rice's Theatre on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1848, Mr. McVicker made his first appearance in Chicago. At first he had great difficulty in finding a home in Chicago, for in those days all boarding houses there were closed to actors, who were looked upon as "undesirable citizens." By referring to the program issued on the occasion of Mr. McVicker's first appearance, it will be noticed that the player then spelt his name McVicar. Mr. McVicker did not receive any elaborate press notices at the time of his debut in Chicago. The *Evening Journal*, published the next day, merely said: "The pieces last evening went off with more than usual spirit, and 'Lot Sap Sago' drew forth rounds of applause. The new debutants, Mr. Green and Mr. McVicar, were also well received." On Friday evening, October 20, 1848, Mr. McVicker had his first benefit in his new home, appearing as Sergeant Drill in "Paul Jones," Roundy Bebee in "The First Glass," and as Macbeth in a travesty on the tragedy of that name. Mr. McVicker was the first actor to play Mr. Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings," in Chicago, playing the part on April 27, 1849, with Mrs. John B. Rice as Mrs. Phobbs.

During the month following Mr. McVicker's first appearance in Chicago an unusual state of affairs existed there. Five places of amusement were open at one time! At Raymond & Waring's Menagerie one could see the elephant. At Winter's Diorama one could behold "Jerusalem and the Court of Babylon." At Rice's Theatre one could applaud good acting. Winchell's Entertainment was the place where one could hear singing, while Tom Thumb was on exhibition at the Court House, "the place to be kissed," for every girl felt it her duty to be kissed by Tom Thumb.

On Thursday evening, November 5, 1857, the theatre bearing Mr. McVicker's name was opened to the public. A stock company headed by H. A. Perry appeared in "The Honeymoon" and in "The Rough Diamond," Mr. Perry playing Duke Aranza in the first-named play. Mr. McVicker appeared in both plays. All the famous actors of the day played at McVicker's. Edwin Booth made his first appearance in Chicago at McVicker's on May 31, 1858, playing "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," followed by

"Richelieu," John Howard Payne's "Brutus," and "Richard III." Edward A. Sothern made his debut here in 1861. James H. Hackett, the great Falstaff of his day, came in 1865, and Mary F. Scott-Siddons in 1869. The theatre was completely

remodeled in 1864. Joseph Jefferson produced "Rip Van Winkle" here for the first time in 1868. The theatre was again completely rebuilt and reopened August 29, 1871, at a cost of \$90,000, the opening play being "Extremes," with Mr. McVicker as Mark Maybury. This was just six weeks before the great fire of October 9, 1871, when the theatre succumbed to the flames. It was again rebuilt, always on the same site, and reopened on August 15, 1872, with Douglas Jerrold's "Time Works Wonders." Again re-

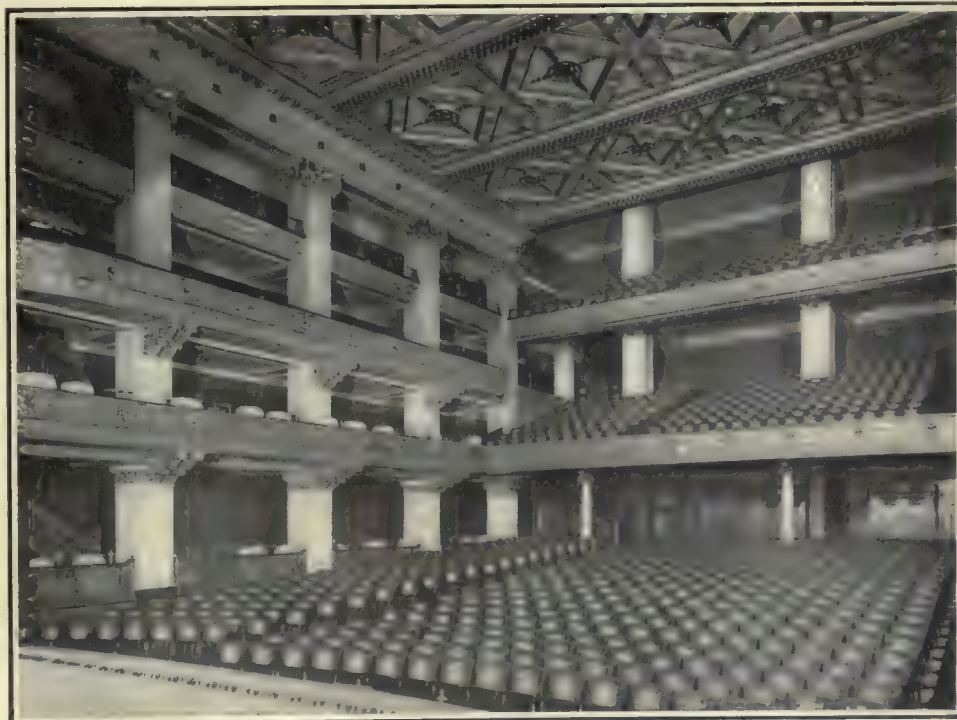


THE OLD SAUGANASH HOTEL  
In the dining room of which was given the first theatrical performance in Chicago

remodeled in 1885, it was again destroyed by fire on August 26, 1890, during a run of "Shenandoah." Once more rebuilt, it was again opened on March 31, 1891, with a performance of "The Rivals," the cast including Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, Mrs. John Drew, Miss Viola Allen and Frederick Paulding. At McVicker's Theatre, on a memorable Shakespeare's birthday, during a performance of Shakespeare's "Richard II," a maniac named Mark Gray fired two shots at Edwin Booth, while the tragedian was on the stage impersonating the title rôle. Fortunately, Mr. Booth escaped unharmed, and in after years he wore one of the bullets as a watch-charm, inscribed: "From Mark Gray to Edwin Booth."

Mr. McVicker was an actor-manager in the fullest and best sense of the word. His stock companies were among the very best in the United States, some of the most accomplished and popular players in the country being members of the same. For several seasons James O'Neill was the idolized leading man of the organization, playing opposite such distinguished stars as Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman and Adelaide Neilson. One season the company numbered among its men such eminent players as Louis James, Robert B. Mantell, Harry Edwards and Herbert Kelcey. Mr. McVicker's productions left little to be desired either in the casting of the plays or in the scenic environment. His revivals of "The School for Scandal," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Tempest," were among the most

elaborate and correct the American stage has ever known. Furthermore he was one of the foremost Shakespearian comedians of his day, although he began his long career as what was known as a Yankee dialect comedian, following closely in the footsteps of the renowned Dan Marble. Mr. McVicker excelled as the First Grave Digger in "Hamlet," Dogberry in "Much Ado About Nothing," Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice" and as Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." One of his



AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW STUDEBAKER THEATRE



Photos White

John Westley

Violet Heming

Orme Caldara

THREE PRINCIPALS IN LEE ARTHUR'S NEW PLAY, "THE FOX," NOW RUNNING IN CHICAGO

most distinguished and amusing performances was that of Mr. Simpson in "Simpson & Co.," Charlotte Cushman appearing as Mrs. Simpson.

Few citizens of Chicago took a greater interest in the affairs of the city than did Mr. McVicker. He was proud of the city, its rapid growth, its people and of the theatre that bore his name. Furthermore he always had the courage of his convictions. On one occasion he delivered a public lecture entitled "The Press, the Pulpit and the Stage," in the course of which he said a great many things about the pulpit and the press that aroused the ire and the antagonism of clergymen and editors. But Mr. McVicker firmly held his own. On another occasion the elder Carter H. Harrison, then Mayor of Chicago, sent to Mr. McVicker a request for two "complimentary" seats. The request was cheerfully granted. A little later Mr. Harrison asked for one more seat next to the two previously obtained. Mr. McVicker replied that he was sorry he could not grant the request, as the house was completely sold out. Then Mr. Harrison made a personal and fervent plea for a camp-chair to be placed in the aisle next to the two seats already secured. To this Mr. McVicker said "No," as it was against the city ordinance. Mr. Harrison insisted that one chair in the aisle would make very little difference; but Mr. McVicker replied in this fashion: "Mr. Mayor, you have helped to make the laws and have insisted that I must help to enforce them. Therefore, I must insist that you abide by the laws that you have helped to make for others." Mr. McVicker won the day; but it was a long time before Carter H. Harrison forgave the manager's absolutely consistent attitude.

Mr. McVicker answered the final call on March 7, 1896, and for two years his widow conducted the theatre that still bears his name. On May 2, 1898, she surrendered its control to Jacob Litt—just one day less than fifty years after her husband's first appearance in Chicago. Mr. McVicker was

buried in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, not far from the grave of John B. Rice, who built the first theatre in Chicago, and that of Mrs. Rice, who was the sister of the illustrious William Warren. Mr. McVicker's remains were laid to rest by the side of his daughter, Mary McVicker, the second wife of Edwin Booth.

One of the most sensational incidents in the history of McVicker's Theatre was the delivery by the leading lady of the stock company of the famous "Reply" to the Rev. Dr. R. M.

Hatfield's attack upon the player's profession. Mr. McVicker believed in fair play, and therefore permitted Mrs. Anna Cowell Hobkirk to address the audience at the conclusion of her performance of the title rôle in "Lucrezia Borgia." This was on the evening of November 20, 1865. The Rev. Dr. Hatfield was at the time one of the most prominent Baptist ministers in Chicago, a clergyman with an unusually large and admiring following. One Sunday morning he preached a sermon that was one of the most uncalled for and bitter attacks upon actors and the stage that had ever been hurled from the pulpit. Mr. Hatfield's savage outbreak proved a boomerang, for Anna Cowell answered him from the stage as follows:

"Dr. Hatfield asks: 'Is there a man who is an actor, and has a respectable character? Who is there in this house who would not sooner see his daughter in her grave than married to an actor?'"

"When I read these lines I am lost in amazement that any sane man could have been found fanatical enough to place the professors of an intellectual art on the same level with traitors, burglars and murderers—to represent them as moral cretins and lepers, unfit by their loathsome impurity to fulfill the sacred duties of a husband and a father! This is a dastardly outrage upon the actor, but it is something more than that. It is also a deliberate insult to you, to you, the people, who have elected John Rice, a retired actor, to the high office of Mayor of Chicago."

EDWARD FREIBERGER.



Moffett, Chicago FLORENCE NASH  
Appearing in "When Sweet Sixteen," at the Chicago Opera House



Chickering, Boston

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN IN A GREEK PLAY

Recently in Boston Margaret Anglin appeared in a blank verse drama entitled "Hippolytus," which was written for Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth by the late Mrs. Julia Ward Howe no less than fifty-three years ago. Miss Anglin will be seen next season in the same play at the New Theatre

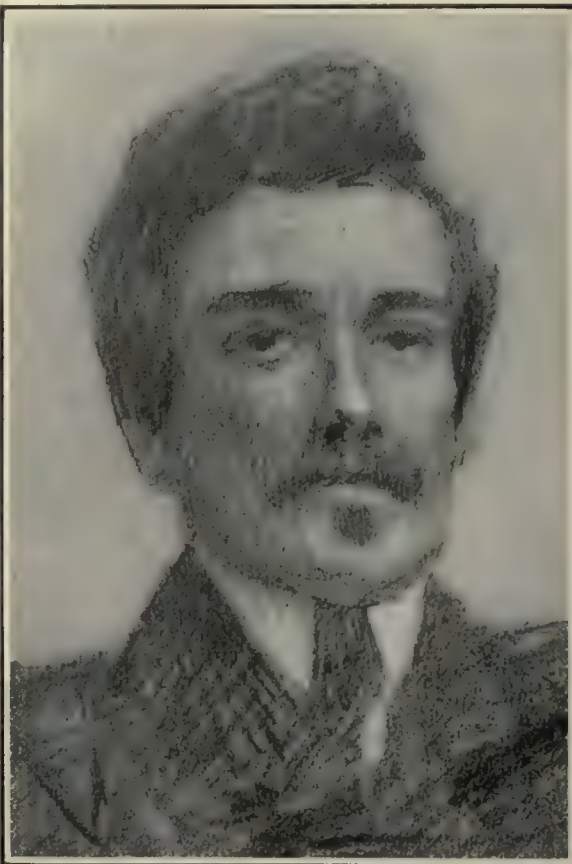
## A Great Irish Playwright: John M. Synge

At least two American actresses have preceded our public and most of our critics, in knowing and admiring the work of a great Irish playwright. One of these actresses is, alas! giving her version of Co-co-ri-co! in Rostand's much vaunted drama of the barnyard. The other, Mrs. Fiske, has already presented a one-act play by the Irish playwright I am writing of—though she has yet to act it in New York.

John Millington Synge was born in County Galway in 1871, the son of a barrister who was a landowner but was, none the less, as poor as any other stay-at-home Irishman. He was educated at private schools and by tutors, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, the college of the Irish Protestants, in 1888. There he won prizes in Hebrew and Gaelic, and was graduated in 1892. Music interested him more than aught else; while still a student at Trinity he had held a Scholarship in Harmony from the Royal Irish Academy. Next, he traveled and studied abroad: Rome knew him, and Germany. He fiddled his way through Europe as Goldsmith had done before him: and if he was a less expansive Irishman, he was also a better musician. But music was not to be Synge's lifework, and, from 1895, he was in France—chiefly at Paris. Criticism was to be his lifework, and he went to work studying philology at the Sorbonne. In America, or in England, for that matter, few are the men who think that criticism demands the slightest preparation: but Synge was no average man. Silently he set himself to his task, and doggedly he pursued it. He was ever reserved among friends as among strangers; and though he made friends in France, and visited some of them at their country houses, I like best to think of him living, as he did in Paris, in the family of some shopkeeper: sharing in their little joys and disappointments, reducing his expenses by boarding with them, and learning much, both of a language and of a people, by living on equal terms with its humble representatives.

He was still studying languages, and working in the Paris schools, when another Irishman, rather better known to American playgoers, chanced to find him there: living at the time (it must have been in the winter 1898-1899) on the topmost floor of a Latin Quarter *hôtel meublé*. The visitor from Ireland was the leader of the Nationalist movement in Irish literature: Mr. W. B. Yeats. This visitor soon won Synge's confidence, and succeeded in persuading him to show some of his manuscripts. These did not impress the poet: they were "images reflected from mirror to mirror"—and not the more direct reflections from life observed and valued that Synge was capable of setting down—and did, in fact, record. So, "give up Paris," counselled Yeats; "go to the Aran Islands, and express a life that has not yet found expression."

I am grateful to Yeats: if for nothing more than showing a critic the error of his ways—and showing a playwright what was to be the scene of his biting comedies. I do not know whether the Irish poet had ever visited the Aran Islands himself—few of us know more about them than that they lie half drowned off the West Coast, not far from Connemara on the North, and



Courtesy John Quinn, Esq.

JOHN M. SYNGE

County Clare on the South—but his advice was good. And John Synge took it.

John Synge's work for the stage was crowded into something under ten years. He is, after all, not the only writer of distinction whose productive period was cruelly brief. Maupassant ran his meteoric course as swiftly. But Synge had not exhausted himself in sensations when the end came, nor did he die in a madhouse. Poet that he was, he was sane as it is given to few men to be. One may qualify his six dramas—all but two of them nominally comic—as fearless, frank, and unashamed.

His little sheaf of poems and translations from the French we must pass by. His book of travels—"The Aran Islands"—it is a temptation to linger over. Here he set down many of the portraits and some of the plots that he developed in his drama. The Aran Islands are as primitive a part of the Old World as there remains—and as purely pagan. The naïveté of the island-

ers is refreshing. One evening the lad Michael had been reading to the author two hours, and the latter asked him if he wasn't tired. "Tired?" he said; "sure you wouldn't ever be tired reading!" To another islander, Synge presented an alarm clock—this on his first visit. "I am very fond of this clock," Colomb told Synge on the latter's return. "It will ring out for me any morning when I want to go out fishing. Bedad, there are no two cocks on the island that would be equal to it." There was one girl there who reflected on the strangeness of all existence. They spoke of a certain town on the mainland:

"Ah, it is a queer place," she said. "I wouldn't choose to live in it. It's a queer place, and indeed I don't know the place that isn't."

Another evening they were talking of the priest:

"Father ——— is gone," she said. "He was a kind man, but a queer man. Priests is queer people, and I don't know who isn't."

It was in talking with the "queer people" of the Aran Islands, and other remote and unspoiled portions of Ireland, that Synge equipped himself for the work which he left behind him—just collected in four volumes by Maunsell & Co., of Dublin, and soon to be issued in this country by the Yale University Press. Let us take, for example, the play chosen by Mrs. Fiske—"In the Shadow of the Glen."

The scene is "the last cottage at the head of a long glen in County Wicklow." There are only four characters: Dan Burke, a rough old farmer; Nora, his young wife; Michael Dora, a herdsman, nearer Nora's age than is her husband; and a tramp. This last individual, who comes into the cottage only to beg some new milk and a place to sleep in, is horrified, on entering, to perceive what appears to be Dan's corpse. "Isn't it a great wonder," he asks Dan's young wife, "isn't it a great wonder you're letting him lie there, and he not tidied, or laid out itself?" But Nora explains that her husband, who was "always queer," had promised her a black curse if she touched his body when he had died, "or let anyone touch it except his sister only." Perhaps the



Photos White

Ben Benton

Isabelle Lamon

William Collier, Jr.

Genevieve Tobin

ACT II. BROOKE-HOSKYN (WM. COLLIER, JR.) GAZES AT HIS YOUNGEST CHILD, WHOSE NAME HE HAS FORGOTTEN



Ben Benton

Isabelle Lamon

Act II. The widow reminds Sir Peter that she has a snug fortune



Jean Ford

Rea Martin

Act II. Mme. Lachesnais tells her daughter the story of her girlhood

SOME OF THE CHILDREN IN THE JUVENILE PERFORMANCE OF LOUIS N. PARKER'S PLAY "POMANDER WALK," GIVEN AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, APRIL 20, FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN



reader begins to realize the truth: which is, briefly, that Dan is not so dead as he would be taken-for. The Celts of Brittany consider it singularly bad luck to pretend to be dead; Ankou, the Reaper, has, there, an unpleasant way of gathering in all who make believe to belong to him. But in Ireland it is otherwise—and Dan Burke does not suffer in consequence of his ruse. He has hoped to catch Nora in sin with the young "herd": as it is, he comes to life as vigorously as Con Cregan in Lever's novel, and is equally thirsty at his own wake. For at the close of this little comedy, he is drinking the health of herdsman Michael, and, "I don't mind you at all," he says to the ex-lover—he who is himself the abandoned husband.

As for the young wife, who was "a hard woman to please," and a "bad wife for an old husband"—she has gone out of the cottage hand in hand with the tramp. They will sleep in a wet ditch, but "it's not my blather you'll be hearing only," says the tramp, "but you'll be hearing the herons crying over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm, and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a talk of getting old like Peggy Cavanaugh, and losing the hair of you, and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

The poet's love of Nature is shared by his old blind peasants ("The Well of the Saints") as well as by the tramp of this play, "In the Shadow of the Glen." If we must use the worn words "realism" and "romanticism," let us use them thus: John Synge is a realist in his observation, a romancist in his insistence upon the yearning of men and women—even though they are of the lowest level—for something richer, something, above all, more beautiful, than they possess. His symbolism in such a play as his one-act "Riders to the Sea," is of the simplest: the play expresses the tragedy of the sea, and also the tragedy of the Celtic temperament: that is all. Synge's peasants draw no line between the natural and the supernatural: that is because he found his types in the Ireland which remains least changed by modern influences: the wind-beaten, wave-washed Aran Islands that continue to be almost as pagan as they were before St. Patrick set foot on the Irish mainland. Synge found a rare opportunity and improved it.

It is so impossible to do justice to Synge's plots in the few lines that remain to me that I mean to attempt two things only. First, in regard to the language that he uses.

Synge's language is not true English—it is the speech of Gaels who translate as they proceed. It is, therefore, an unhackneyed English: unspoiled by newspaper writers. It is vigorous, unabashed English, full of tang and full of color—yet the comedy, which is frank and open, is also cleanly. As for Synge's love for out-of-doors, that is managed, not after the fashion of playwrights who never saw autumn foliage except from a stage-box, but by a literal interpretation of all that the senses of a well-sensed man bring him in colors, and forms, and sounds, and smells. His joy in Nature finds expression that is altogether unafraid, altogether fresh, and wholly true. For Synge believed that, "in a good play, every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple." And he was not a playwright-lecturer like Mr. Jones and our own Mr. Mackaye; he did not announce his belief until he had made it good in more than one play.

In the fiery paganism of Synge's dramas, that are unspoiled by theses or manifestoes, we find expressed that life of the Irish primitives which, as Mr. Yeats put it, "had not found expression." It remained for a reticent Irishman, a Trinity man and a scholar, to express it: Synge added to keen observation just the right proportion of fervor and poetic insight. He had found himself before the end came, and was destined to develop the Irish theatre just where it needs development. But he died at the age of 38—the victim of a gnawing and consuming disease—died in pain on the threshold of marriage with the actress who had played his Pegeen in "The Playboy." That play, which I have not spoiled by trying to condense, was hissed and hooted in his lifetime. Police assistance alone protected it against the fury of the Dublin clubs that had maliciously read into it an attack on the Irish character. True it is that Synge is—unconsciously, it may be—a daring critic of his own people. Yet, to-day, "The Playboy" is a favorite part of the Abbey Theatre's repertory. The author was denied the satisfaction of knowing that this would come to pass.

WARREN BARTON BLAKE.

(1) Millicent Evans, in "The First Night"; (2) Florence Reed, with the Blackwood Stock Company, Los Angeles; (3) Bessie Wynne, appearing in vaudeville; (4) Louise Le Baron, prima donna with the Aborn Grand Opera Company



Margaret Dale as Mrs. Noel Travers



Courtenay Foote as Viscount Delford



Leila Repton as the Duchess of Glastonbury



Photos Moffett Margaret Dale as Mrs. Travers and Elsie Leslie as Clarissa



Margaret St. John as Lady Beaconsfield and George Arliss as Disraeli

CHARACTERS IN "DISRAELI," A NEW PLAY BY LOUIS N. PARKER, PRODUCED IN CHICAGO

This piece, which will be seen in New York next season, is based on incidents in the life of Lord Beaconsfield, England's famous premier. Disraeli is shown in his office at his country place and in the reception hall in Downing Street. The plot has to do with the coup which gave England the Suez Canal. Russia is shown as doing her best, through secret agents, to circumvent the shrewd Disraeli



SCULPTURED GROUP OVER THE MAIN ENTRANCE IN ALTO RELIEVO, BY LEONARDO BISTOLFI

## The Most Beautiful Theatre in the World

THE National Theatre, which is now nearing completion in the City of Mexico, will be one of the most important and beautiful structures in the world. The accompanying cut from a photograph of the building gives but a faint idea of its strength and character, as it is necessarily so much reduced that the ornamentation and details cannot be fully realized. The building is constructed entirely of white marble, much of which has been supplied from the quarries of Mexico and the remainder from Carrara. It occupies a central location in the Alameda park, its four approaches following the parabolical lines employed in the general architectural design of the structure. Over \$8,000,000 in gold will have been expended upon the theatre before it is complete, a large part of which has been used for material and labor in Mexico, that so far as possible the nation shall benefit. Its seating capacity is about 3,000, and the building with its ramps, fountains and gardens covers an area of five acres, or more than two American city blocks.

This theatre is one of a number of public buildings which have been designed for the substantial improvement and adornment of the City of Mexico, to be not only a fitting home for Mexican dramatic art, but as a perpetual monument to the progress of the Republic.

Señor Adamo Boari, the architect, has followed no absolute historical style, but designed the theatre along the lines of a transition period. Classical motives have been arranged into new forms to meet existing requirements, and the angular lines of the tympanum have been transferred into curved and parabolical forms, producing wonderfully soft and pleasing effects. In the choice and arrangement of distinctive features, Señor Boari has introduced ideas which are strikingly novel, and at the same time adapted to the artistic requirements. Notable among them is the spacious winter garden, which separates

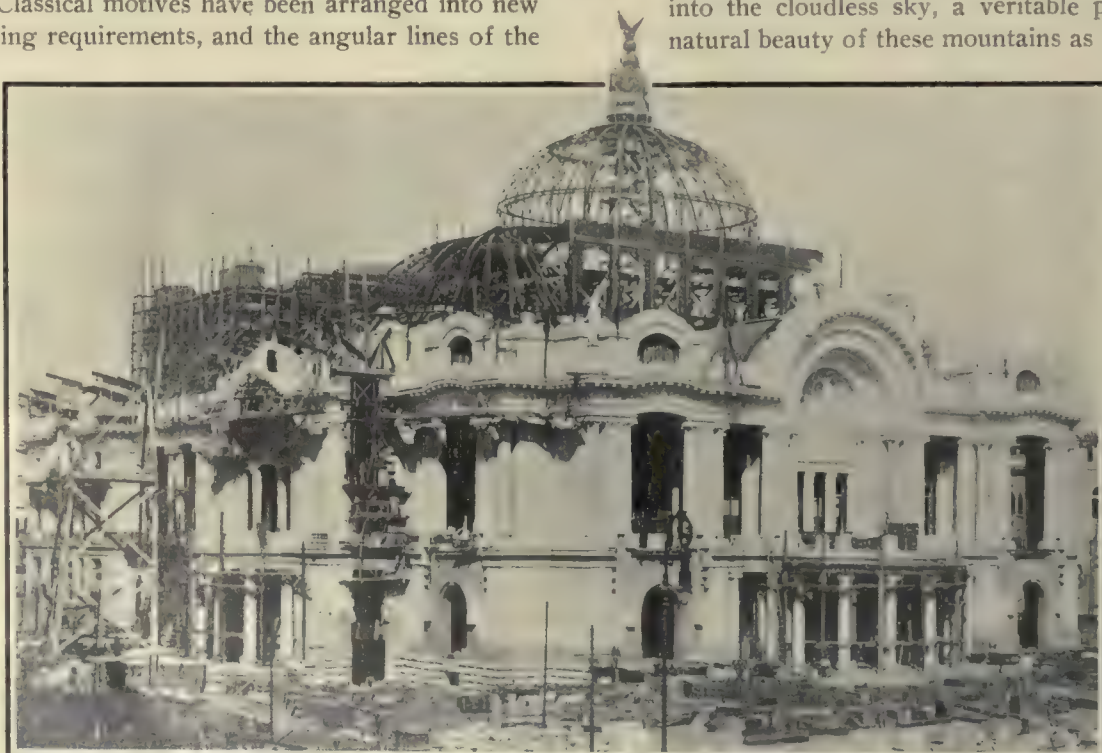
the auditorium from the ballroom. Here is a warm Italian setting with vistas of lawn, shrubbery, flowers and fountains interspersed with pergolas and richly sculptured groups, executed by such eminent artists as Leonardo Bistolfi, the most celebrated sculptor of Italy; Querol, the Spanish master, who recently died; and the Hungarian, Maroti, whose art has so beautified modern Budapest.

This massive and ornate building is unquestionably without an equal in the western hemisphere, and bears conclusive testimony of national interest and enthusiasm. Señor Boari's æsthetic treatment of the minutest details, and his work on the huge glass mosaic curtain, made specially by Messrs. Tiffany, of New York, the frieze for the proscenium arch, and the sculptured groups in the Italian garden are tributes to his patient and painstaking care. The ceiling consists of a series of arches concentrating at the proscenium, in the construction of which glass has been used, and a novel lighting scheme introduced, allowing the auditorium to be illuminated in a most effective and unusual manner.

Señor Boari devoted much time and thought to the selection of a suitable curtain, which must not only be fireproof but decorative in character. Nature had already provided a scene which assisted him in the choice of an appropriate picture for this part of the work, and he determined to depict the perpetual snow-capped peaks of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl rising thousands of feet into the cloudless sky, a veritable poem of light. The natural beauty of these mountains as well as the luxuriant

valleys are as celebrated in Mexico, and have been from the days of the Montezumas, as are the inspiring views of the Grand Canyon or the stately grandeur of the Yosemite Valley. The romantic legend connected with these peaks, and dear to all Mexicans, says:

"Long ages ago a powerful monarch ruled the land for countless leagues. He was



VIEW OF THE THEATRE NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION



proud of the great name he had won, of the conquests he had made, and the high estate he had attained, but he was prouder still of his beautiful daughter, Ixtaccihuatl. Many princes gathered at her father's court to seek her favor, but the maiden remained cold to all until Popo came. To him she gave her love. The king, however, was not quite satisfied with his daughter's choice. Popo was full of youthful promise and apparently worthy of the prize he coveted, but he had not yet proved his valor so strongly that none might doubt it, and this the king required of him. He must win a certain number of battles, and show that he was fit to govern and protect the realm the old ruler would eventually pass on to him before the maid could be his. In the meantime he was not even to see the princess, much less embrace her; but his love was stronger than the king's commands. Popo returned before the appointed time, and the lovers met in secret. The father learned of these meetings, and in his wrath he turned them into the great volcanoes. The heaviest punishment fell upon the prince, for his lady was ever to lie there cold and dead before him, while the fires of love would never die within his breast. And thus it has been; the fires which once blazed up with a terrible harvest of death and destruction have died away until now they only smoulder deep within his heart, but they still burn there for the white lady nearby lying with hands crossed on her breast in the peaceful attitude of death."

In the spirit of this legend the curtain was conceived and executed. Various attempts were made with paints, with Bohemian and Venetian glass, but without success until it was suggested that a mosaic curtain of the Tiffany lustre glass would combine

safety against fire with the decorative merits of a painting to express the romantic story of the two volcanoes. The Tiffany Studios sent their own artists to Mexico to make sketches from different points, so that the curtain when completed might accurately portray the grandeur of that superb country. The thoroughness of this preliminary work was supplemented by the construction of a model, so that the minutest details which might add to effectiveness should not be overlooked.

The magnitude of the undertaking may be appreciated when it is stated that the curtain contains more than 2,500 square feet of glass mosaic, and weighs 27 tons. To insure its safe transportation from the studios to the City of Mexico, it has been divided into 200 panels, each three feet square, containing nearly one million separate pieces of Favrite glass, which

have been inlaid into a concrete composition impervious alike to heat and moisture. The glass was made at the Tiffany furnaces at Corona, Long Island, especially for this particular work. It has had the personal supervision of Mr. Louis C. Tiffany from the beginning, and twenty mosaic workers have been continuously employed in its construction for a period of over fifteen months. The bronze work, which constitutes the frame for this enormous curtain, was designed and executed in the Tiffany Studios Metal Factory at Corona. In this frame the same careful attention to detail has resulted in a suitable and harmonious setting. The curtain will be operated by hydraulic pressure, and the time required to raise or lower it seven seconds.

The scene shows the last rays of the setting sun, to the right of Popocatepetl, gilding the icy summits of the volcanoes and



INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE SHOWING THE MOSAIC CURTAIN



THE HUGE MOSAIC GLASS CURTAIN MADE BY THE TIFFANY STUDIOS, NEW YORK



GLADYS HANSON, LEADING WOMAN WITH KYRLE BELLEW IN "RAFFLES"

revealing the prone form of Ixtacchuatl, the upper slopes of the mountain suggesting her streaming, luxuriant hair. Cold and impassive she lies, while the consuming fire that burns in Popocatepetl's breast is depicted by the glowing vapor from the volcano opposite.

In the foreground fir trees stand out in bold relief, and in a gorgeous harmony of tone are displayed the variegated leaves of the bougainvillia and aralia. These and the giant cacti present a color picture truthfully portraying the tropical charm of the country. At the base of the foot hills of the mountains, a stream of water wends through the fertile valley. Above is the vast expanse of sky, the glory of the blue changing to a deep purple

as night approaches. On viewing the curtain the spectator is impressed with the deftness of the artisans at the studios who executed this poem in glass. The minutest details, such as the stem of a flower or the needle of a fir tree, are as realistically pictured as are the glistening sides of the snow-covered mountains. The completed curtain illustrates the decorative and ornamental possibilities of the Tiffany Favrile glass. Its opalescence, iridescence, and the beauty of its finish lend a touch of reality to landscape scenes and pictures of natural beauty.

The curtain was on exhibition at the Tiffany Studios in this city before being shipped to Mexico, and attracted a great number of persons.



Photos Bangs, N. Y.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM IN THREE CHARACTERISTIC POSES

It was a queen who pointed to Kitty Cheatham the way of her success.

## The Art of Kitty Cheatham

By no stately ceremonial was the way shown, but at an unceremonious tea, where Miss Cheatham had been invited to "meet some nice girls." One of them was a tall, fresh-complexioned, rosy-lipped girl who wore a lavender challie frock and a white straw hat trimmed with lilac ribbons. Her manner was cordial yet a bit shy. The name was twice repeated to the American woman before it was clear to her that the tall girl was the Princess Ena, of Battenburg, who less than a year later married King Alfonso and became the Queen of Spain.

"Miss Cheatham, won't you sing a few plantation songs for these girls?" asked their hostess, and Miss Cheatham, taking her seat at the piano, sang the weird old melodies that she had learned first from her black mammy's lips in Memphis. The "girls," each of whom was a princess royal, listened with eyes that bespoke enjoyment. Princess Ena asked with an accentuation of her shyness: "Miss Cheatham, do you ever sing *The Dollies' Dialogue*?"

"I think I remember it." Miss Cheatham struck some chords, hummed a second, then began the fantastic little melody. As she sang it she heard girlish, but politely subdued, little exclamations from the three princesses. She saw the royal, youthful heads nod now and then, saw them look at each other and smile. When she had finished they told her that the girl in the lavender challie gown, the Princess Ena, had sung *The Dollies' Dialogue* at a charity entertainment at Osborne in the Isle of Wight the summer before. "The pleasure of those young girls at the little song made me wonder whether a program of songs and recitations for children might not be successful. I tried it," and a modest little smile from Miss Cheatham, who likes the nickname "Pussy Cheater," given her by a seven-year-old boy in her audience, who sent her a photograph so inscribed. "That was five years ago. It seems I have not stopped for a moment since."

Kitty Cheatham is a Christmas and an Easter gift to New York. Every year she gives a recital the Monday following Christmas and on Easter Monday, and the little folk regard it as a part of their holidays. She has entertained fifteen thousand children. In Buffalo, where a woman of wealth had persuaded her husband to spare her a gift of jewels or an automobile, and

instead allow her to gather together at Teck's Hall all the poor children of that city for

one of Kitty Cheatham's entertainments, she held the interest of the children gathered from the highways and byways for two hours.

A charity teacher of that city said to her: "Knowing how hard it is to hold five of them for one class recitation of a half hour, I don't understand how you held this mob for two hours."

"It was by being one of them," was the reply. "I try to meet them on their own plane."

"Once an enthusiastic young woman said to me: 'I suppose, Miss Cheatham, you get your inspiration for your entertainments from children.'"

"No," replied this chief entertainer of little ones, "I get it from the childlikeness within myself, and that is within everyone if you but find and cultivate it. But one must be careful that it is childlikeness. That is sincere. Childishness is not."

"I have wondered myself, as others have, why I did not take up this work before, since I seem to be adapted to it and have been so fortunate in it, but my answer is that I was not ready for it. I had not become worthy to do it, for to be worthy I had to become as a little child, to get the fresh viewpoint in mind and the happiness in the heart. We are all just little children in this great kindergarten of infinity. And what does it mean to become as a little child? It means to be unimpeachably sincere, and to have undimmed faith and simplicity. It is these qualities that I am humbly and earnestly trying to nurture within myself, and to find in my fellowmen. So what does it matter whether they are six or sixty?"

I studied Miss Cheatham's face for tokens of the childlikeness that bridges the years between her and her juvenile audiences, the childlikeness that is not of the transient mood but of the enduring nature. I found it in her lips and eyes. Her mouth is youthful—the smile that wreathes it has the candor of childhood. Her eyes have the wide, trustful gaze, the interest in all things seen, of the child.

"Children are as unlike as grown-ups," she said. "Some have minds so clear and hearts so tender that they inspire us as the story of the child in the manger inspired all who saw Him. Others

are poor little creatures whose growth has been stunted by their environment. Don't fancy that their lives are stunted by poverty. Often it is quite the contrary. I sat in the drawing-room of a London hotel and a pretty little girl of five came to me, making overtures for acquaintance to which, you may be sure, I responded. Though I have never had any children of my own, I have always loved them. I feel that inside my soul are a million children. I am not discouraged by the fact that I have not been a mother. Do you know that the four greatest writers for children never had children of their own? Lewis Carroll was childless. To grown persons who met him he was reserved to unapproachableness. But some of the persons who thought they had been 'snubbed' by him met him afterward at the beach in a seashore town and found him with big, awkward fingers trying to pin back the frocks of the tots so that their clothes would not be wet when they waded in the surf. He loved them so. Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote most tenderly for and of them, had no children. Kate Greenaway was childless. So is J. M. Barrie.

"But the little girl in the London hotel drawing-room? She plucked at the lace around my neck and lisped, 'Ith that lathe real? My mamma and my grandmamma never wear any but real lathe. Neither do I.' What inspiration could be drawn from that poor little rich girl?

"At the same hotel a few days later I met a little boy scarcely older than this little girl. He stood at the window looking out at Green Park. The only human being in sight was a child sitting on a park bench, where its nurse had evidently left it. The little boy looked at the picture of the child with its background of tall trees, the rich, thick grass at its feet. 'Alone with Dod,' he said. There were sympathy, reverence, imagination. That was an inspirational child.

"Children differ as grown persons do. I always take that into account in handling my audiences. Boys and girls are much the same sort of audiences, except that girls cry more easily, and the



White  
 VIVIAN MARTIN  
 Now appearing in "The Spendthrift" and shortly to be seen in "A Child of the Desert"

cases of hysteria I have met have always been among little girls. Children have imaginations, a sense of humor, as well developed as their elders. But this I have learned about child audiences. They are severe critics, for they instantly detect a lack of sincerity. You cannot fool a child.

"They are marvelously attentive. They like, first of all, a story. They follow a description, if it is vivid, rather more closely than an adult mind does. For instance, I was entertaining an audience of a thousand children at a benefit. In a front seat beside his mother sat a little boy with a sailor collar and quarts of violent ribbon tie. I was describing a pair of twins, telling of their charms and their loneliness and homelessness. The little boy sprang to his feet and with the superb, beautiful unconsciousness of self, of childhood, cried: 'Mother, let's take the twins. You take one and I the other.'"

By several stages of evolution this greatest of child entertainers arrived at the threshold of her appointed work. She was born of one of the old families of the South. In the human tapestry of her background there were generals and judges of the revolutionary period, more jurists and generals of the Civil War. There came the dance of the butterflies period, the early society stage. It ended when she came to New

York and found that theatrical managers had never heard of these great folk her Memphis kin, and didn't want to hear about them. In this new soil she must begin a new growth, humbly begin. The plant received much stern pruning in four years at Daly's, when she was of the company that contained John Drew and Isabel Irving. She retired from the stage. It was while she

sang a plantation song to an English guest in Paris that, accompanying the new need, came the call to return to the stage. The call came in the guise of her friend's question: "My dear, why don't you do those charming things in public?"

"I wonder if I could, and if they would like them?"

Confidence in her power to dominate an audience had departed, as the memory of the four years at Augustin

**DRAMA LEAGUE OF AMERICA**  
**Boston Committee**

✱

**Do you believe in the Theatre as a potential influence for good?**  
**Do you believe the American Theatre can be improved?**  
**Do you desire to see better plays given in Boston Theatres?**  
**Do you wish to be kept informed when good plays are here?**  
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Card sent out by the Drama League of America on the endless chain plan, to gain adherents to the cause

Daly's theatre dimmed in the social life she had resumed. "I know you could, and I know they would," encouraged the friend.

The Duchess of Somerset offered her house for the first recital. Kitty Cheatham's negro songs and recitations became the fashion in London. They became the vogue in Paris.

She came back to her own country, and the popularity of her ingenue and soubrette days at Daly's was renewed and increased.

Then occurred the meeting with the fresh-colored princess who has become the harassed Queen of Spain. Kitty Cheatham's career is a synonym of success. ADA PATTERSON.



HARRISON BLAKE HODGES, OF THE PLAYERS, AS THE MOODY DANE



EDWARD FALES COWARD, OF THE STROLLERS, AS THE PRINCE OF DENMARK

## Playing Hamlet for Points

It was a warm evening in early June, ten years ago, that a party of Strollers were playing pool in their old clubhouse at 67 Madison Avenue. One of those yielding a cue was T. Francis Sykes, also a member of The Players. To Edward Fales Coward, who was sitting on the side lines watching the play, he extended the cordial invitation to join the game.

"Come in, Eddie," said he, "I'll play you a game of pool for \$5 a ball."

"I can't play pool," responded Coward, "but I'll play you Hamlet for \$5 an act."

"If you'll let me pick my exponent of the moody Dane, I'll go you, and the match shall come off here in the club theatre upstairs."

The arrangement was accepted, and so it came about that on the evening of June 20, 1901, a Shakespearian contest for points was brought about. "Hamlet" was, of course, the play selected, and Scene II of Act I, the encounter with the Ghost, and Scene IV of Act III, the interview with the Mother, were the excerpts selected for competition. Mr. Sykes chose as his champion, Mr. Harrison B. Hodges, of The Players. His umpire was Mr. David Torrence, also of that club, while the late Col. Franklin Bartlett agreed to officiate in a similar capacity for The Stroller's entry. On account of illness, his place at the last moment was assumed by Mr. George Newell Hamlin. Mr. Franklin H. Sargent, long associated with the budding idea in stage development, kindly agreed to act as referee.

The articles of agreement were then drawn up. The same supporting company was to appear with each actor, and a pro-

fessional, Miss Josephine Morse, who had played with the late Lawrence Barrett, was engaged to impersonate Queen Gertrude. All rehearsals were to be separately conducted that each might present, uninfluenced by the spirit of the other, his especial viewpoint of the Dane, as the final decision of the judges and referee was to be based on points, scored for superiority of make-up, costume, stage business, execution, elocution and accuracy. The supporting company was a most capable one. William Duncan Preston, who for years played prominent rôles in the early Charles Frohman successes, doubled Horatio and the King; Otho Cushing, the well-known artist, was the Marcellus, and Hevlyn D. Benson, since successfully turned professional, was the Bernardo. The principals tossed a coin to see who should go first, and Coward won. His facial make-up was modelled after the mask affected by the great French actor, Fechter; although the hair was auburn rather than a pronounced blond. The costume was patterned after that worn by the late Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Hodges' dress was similar to that which Charles Kean put on as the Prince of Denmark, while the full beard and dark-brown wig which he wore likened him to the pictures of Mounet-Sully in the same rôle. After Coward had finished, the two scenes were repeated, with Mr. Hodges in the title rôle, and in spite, too, of this absolute iteration and the warmth of the evening, an audience that crowded the theatre generously applauded the efforts of the players. The decision was awarded to Mr. Coward, and thus concluded a theatrical event unique in Shakespearian annals. X.Y.Z.



Thursday Evening, June 20th, 1901

The Entertainment Committee announces a  
**Shakespearian Contest**  
for points between

HARRISON BLAKE HODGES } and { EDWARD FALES COWARD  
of THE PLAYERS } of THE STROLLERS  
as the Moody Dane } as the Prince of Denmark

In Excerpts from

### HAMLET

The Supporting Cast will be made up as follows

HORATIO	WILLIAM DUNCAN PRESTON
THE GHOST	
MARCELLUS	OTHO CUSHING
BERNARDO	HEVLYN DIRCK BENSON
QUEEN GERTRUDE	MISS JOSEPHINE MORSE

#### Scenes

Scene II of Act I and Scene IV of Act III

#### Referee

MR. FRANKLIN H. SARGENT

Judge for THE PLAYERS  
MR. DAVID TORRENCE

Judge for THE STROLLERS  
COL. FRANKLIN BARTLETT



Bangs MAUD BURNS  
Appearing in "Thais," recently at the Criterion

Matzene EVELYN VARDEN  
With Zelta Sears in "The Nest Egg"

Bangs GRACE WASHBURN  
Who is appearing at the Winter Garden

## WHEN the art of acting is taught in the high schools of the land, what will the histrionic harvest be?

# The High School Theatre Arrives

Ten years ago the asking of this question might have been regarded as a delving into the visionary. To-day it is a live and pertinent issue—made so by the inclusion of fully appointed theatres as important parts of the equipment of recently erected schools. They mark the first step toward the establishment of the municipal theatre in America.

When metropolitan cities such as St. Louis and Cleveland built the auditoriums of their new schools in theatre form the significance of this innovation in educational architecture attracted no more than passing notice. The sloping floor, the balcony, and the stage were regarded simply as improvements upon the old assembly hall arrangement. When, however, a conservative smaller town like Grand Rapids, Mich., one-third of whose 112,571 inhabitants have been touched more or less by old world anti-playgoing religious influences, builds a regular theatre in its high school, supplies it with complete theatrical accessories, and dedicates it with a typical theatrical performance given by pupils, it seems time for students of the drama to begin to figure on possibilities.

The Grand Rapids school theatre—some persons already speak of it as a municipal theatre—is a distinct feature of the model Central High School just completed. The entire building is in the form of a quadrangle which incloses two large courts. The auditorium forms a pavilion dividing the two courts.

The principal entrance of the building is directly opposite the doors of the auditorium, and the school corridor serves as a theatre lobby. Exits at both front and rear conform with the requirements of the public safety ordinances. Moreover the theatre is of fireproof construction.

The auditorium is of imposing appearance, the general style

being simple but dignified. Four great oak trusses span the ceiling

with oak beams joining them together. The walls are of pure white. The only ornamentation is the staff-work around the proscenium arch. The length of the main floor is 130 feet and the width sixty-two. From the sloping concrete floor to the trussed ceiling is a space of fifty-two feet. The balcony extends over the rear of the main floor. Arches of electric lights parallel the trusses.

One striking distinction sets this school theatre apart from the professional playhouse. The sidewalls, instead of being of solid brick and plaster, are of opalescent glass. Six great windows, each thirty feet high and ten feet wide, flood the interior with light. Smaller windows range back above the gallery floor.

The reason for the windows is apparent. The auditorium will be used more often for chapel exercises and assembly purposes than as a theatre, and daylight is cheaper than electricity. When it is desired to darken the theatre for dramatic performances or stereopticon lectures curtains are rolled out from hidden receptacles in the window-sills.

Fourteen hundred opera chairs, numbered, lettered, and charted, provide a seating capacity rivaling the professional playhouses. There are more than 800 seats on the main floor, the remainder being in the gallery.

Special care has been taken to make the ventilation perfect. Fresh air is drawn in from the roof, heated by steam coils, and then discharged into the theatre by means of

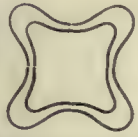
radiators placed beneath the seats. The foul air is drawn off through ventilators in the ceiling.

The stage is built to accommodate any style of attraction, amateur or professional. Indeed, it is claimed that it is equally adaptable to grand opera and to a stereopticon travel talk. The proscenium opening is forty feet

(Continued on page vi)

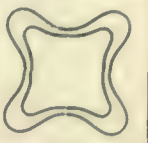


REGULAR THEATRE, WITH STAGE, CURTAIN AND SCENERY, BUILT FOR THE USE OF THE STUDENTS OF THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN



# EUROPEAN SUPPLEMENT

BY PETRONIUS



PARIS, May 5, 1911.

THE theatrical season of 1911 is a thing of the past. The lights are turned off. So now that the summer season is in full swing, the vitiated atmosphere of the theatre can be exchanged for more salubrious surroundings. After the great events of the racing world, the French Derby and the Grand Prix, I shall follow the Parisians to their favorite watering places, such as Aix-les-Bains, Vichy, Trouville, and Biarritz. Thanks to the coronation of His Majesty George V, of England, American visitors are more numerous than ever; visitors who, so soon as the coronation is an accomplished fact, are certain to cross the channel, and to visit the fashionable watering places and "cures." But while planning for the future, I must not neglect the present.

In my last I mentioned the Concours Hippique, and I must add that it was unusually interesting this year, thanks to the admirably arranged course which bristled with substantial obstacles, whereas in former years the performances of the gentlemen riders have been of rather infantile proportions. It must be acknowledged that all kinds of sports have shown an extraordinary development during the past few years.

From the United States come your best known boxers, Great Britain sends us her most formidable football teams, and it is worth noting that the French race, once opposed to sports of this kind, now holds its own most effectually. The agility of the Latin race is supplemented by the Anglo-Saxon biceps.

But to return to the Paris season. There are two salons of painting held each year at the Grand Palais. The day before the official opening the privileged few are invited to what it is customary to call the "Vernissage." As its name indicates, the guests formerly assisted at the last toilette of the selected works of art. As a matter of fact, the ceremony of varnishing no longer exists, most painters preferring not to do it under public scrutiny. However, for lack of the actual ceremony, the "Vernissage" has lost nothing of its traditional elegance, for

all Paris attends in its newest and daintiest finery.

Another custom that has been lost with the passing years was the habit on Varnish-

the salmon is no longer fresh, or that the green sauce has been illicitly combined with the spinach of some of the paintings; the simple fact is that the picturesque luncheons are a thing of the past!

The official names of these rival art exhibitions are the Salon "des Artistes Français" and the "Nationale." This year the two together give us the opportunity to look at—I dare not say to admire—between five and six thousand canvases. That is a figure eloquent if not of quality at least of quantity.

I have often wondered what becomes of this average of six thousand squares of metres, added to about the same number of metres of the Spring, Autumn and Independent Salons, making, if I am not mistaken, the fantastic total of twelve thousand metres of painted canvas; and, above all, I have wondered about the unlucky artists who try to live by a profession of which the majority are ignorant of the simplest rudiments. To others, I leave the clearing up of this mystery.

By virtue of the quantity the majority of the works shown are inevitably poor. This fault must be laid to the Jury on Admissions, who by their regrettable complaisancy encourage men to continue a vocation for which they are not fitted; young men whom it would be more humane to discourage from the beginning, to their own great salvation as well as for the public good. This weakness of the Jury on Admissions is the flagrant cause of the regrettable decadence noticeable in both painting and sculpture.

A more general cause of artistic decadence is progress! Progress and art do not work well together; progress is certainly the enemy of art. There is something of a contradiction between art and virtuosity. Art and the material processes which artists employ to realize their thoughts are in opposition. The easier the process is made the more the quality of art declines.

This is quite natural, after all. A work of art enchants us if we find in each of its parts, each of its details, and even in its defects, the trace of a will, the sign of invention. The mere success



Photo Boissonnas & Taponnier  
MME. CHERUIT  
The great dressmaker of the Place Vendome and her daughter

ing Day to lunch in the open air at the Champs Elysees restaurants, and to partake of the traditional salmon with green sauce. History tells us not if it is because



Photo L. P.  
CHATEAU DE BAGATELLE  
The scene of the Exposition Retrospective de Modes



Photo Felix  
The "Muguet" street costume of striped supple taffeta.  
Made by Doeuillet

of the best methods and the most flawless dexterity are not interesting.

"For example, take Roty's famous "Se-meuse." I cite this recently deceased artist because his work is spread over the world by means of French stamps and coins. Compare this modern medal with the most ordinary of antique medals, and it must be acknowledged that the latter are far the more beautiful. There is more relief in them, the light and shadow are more cleverly mingled. However, the ancient medalists had only the most rudimentary tools at their disposal; two reglets with a hole at one end corresponding to one of the faces of the coin. Between the two grooves was placed the metal ball, the upper reglet being struck with the hammer until the crushed ball became the coin. Thus the edges were often chipped, and inequalities and defects were frequently visible on the surface. To-day the method of coining has been perfected, so that the piece is precise and absolutely exact. That is why the modern piece is not so artistic.

It is the same case with window glass. We cannot imitate the antique glass of certain cathedrals. To-day there are many wonderful processes in the manufacture of painted glass, thanks to which colored glass can be obtained of any desired thickness, of

exquisite transparency, without a flaw, and the cutting of the glass is facilitated by the use of the diamond, which was unknown in olden times. However, in the ancient windows, the light does not penetrate all at once, but gradually, in different degrees, and so is diversified. Through modern glass the light passes rapidly, it comes through tinged with blue, with yellow, with red, and so is debased by these glaring tones. That is progress!

But the lovely society women who were present at the Vernissage did not care for my theories on art. The opening was for them the occasion to appear in public arrayed in their most beautiful costumes, and truly at the tea hour the view of the different buffets was a fairy-like sight. Mme. Jane Henriquez, of the Opera, was wearing one of Doeuillet's latest creations. Mlles. Lantelme, Madeleine Dolly, Lucienne Guiett were clad in costumes made by Paquin. Mme. Pierrat, of the Comédie-Française, wore a charming tailored suit by Redfern, while Mme. Simone, of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, was beautifully gowned by Mme. Cheruit. I must not forget the many wonderful hats made by the great milliner, Mme. Lenthéric. *Noblesse oblige!*

Since I have mentioned fashions, I must speak of the *jupe-culotte*, of which I foretold the opening as well as the failure. In Germany and Spain the apparition of the *jupe-culotte* was the cause of many incidents and violent polemics, which can be explained by certain æsthetic and historic reasons. The dominance of custom in Spain has brought

into use the phrase "foot modesty." For in that country ladies hide from public view the lower extremities. It is a custom many centuries old. Even to-day Spanish ladies do not consider it elegant to raise the skirt. The hobble skirt was barely tolerated, and the *jupe-culotte* was too great a crime against the oldtime "foot modesty."

In France as in Berlin and Madrid, the manifestations against it were many. I myself saw on the Avenue de l'Opera a well-known marquise rescued from the mob only after blows from her husband's cane. But as I may seem too prejudiced, I have

asked the opinion of a great dressmaker, whose good taste is acknowledged by all.

"The prevailing fashion is frightful and incoherent. In fact, fashion does not exist. It cannot be said that any one thing is accepted, or that there is any general tendency. In order to satisfy the demand for something new, for which the foreign buyers and all women are so avid, certain dressmakers have launched fantastic and odd innovations. When fashion seeks only to satisfy such demand, when she is no longer swayed by knowledge and reason, mistakes are certain to be made. That is what happened this spring with the *jupe-culotte*. Such a fashion should not have been launched at the races or in the streets. If that mistake is made, everybody, including the caricaturist, copies it. Besides, it is not so much fashion itself that is concerned, but the good name of French taste. Dresses incorrectly worn produce a disastrous effect, and assuredly the first to suffer are those who wear them.

"In my opinion the dressmaker should dress a client in harmony with her own nature and character. When a customer asks me for a costume for herself, I am delighted. To blindly repeat a model is the work of a dressmaker who does not love his business."

Naturally, I am glad to air this opinion, since it is so identical with that I have expressed in former letters. Doeuillet, Paquin, Redfern, Cheruit and some others are true artists, because before establishing themselves as dressmakers they studied the technic of their business, they consult old prints and paintings, they comprehend the law of colors, and the anatomy of woman.

The leading dressmakers have decided among themselves that they will no longer



Photo Felix  
MLLE. LUCIENNE GUIETT  
As Josephine in "Rivoli" at the Theatre de l'Odeon. Costume by Paquin



send to the race courses mannequins arrayed in the fashion of to-morrow or the day after to-morrow. Such exhibitions were often trying and always illogical, since certain toilettes, created to be seen by the artfully concealed artificial lights of the drawing-room, were thus exposed to criticism in the glaring light of day, in the dust, the sun or the rain of open-air reunions.

Then, too, the greater number of mannequins circulating about the grand stand belong to dressmaking establishments of the second or third order, who are more desirous of having their models commented upon than to launch costumes distinguished by marked elegance.

After all, is not the theatre the ideal place in which to have the dressmakers' creations best appreciated? And are not talented actresses best fitted to bring success to an artistic conception? I can truthfully add that there is more than one society woman who, because of her elegance and her social position, is the mannequin dreamed of by many a dressmaker.

On the 15th of May there will open at the Pavillon de Bagatello retrospective exposition of fashions under the supervision of the well-known painter, M. Jean Béraud. All kinds of pictures that portray the fashions of three centuries will be shown, even to the *jupe-pantalon* of the Restauration, which only goes to prove that there is nothing new under the sun. It certainly is a good and practical idea at the moment when painters and designers are zealous and audacious rivals in inventing and discovering colors more beautiful than Nature's, and . . . apologies for ugliness.

Fashion is the fugitive face of an epoch. Her eccentricity seems odd in the beginning. Later, the observer finds the influences, and the reasons for the evolutions. Fashion traces lightly and impartially chronicles the customs of society.

Here is the main idea of this exposition, given me by the urbane president, M. Jean

Béraud: "We desire to get together a documentary and artistic history of masculine and feminine fashions for three centuries. The exposition will be in two parallel sections, one consisting of costumes, robes, vestments, fabrics, embroideries, ornaments, jewels, and toilet articles.

"The other will include the artistic view,

than their owners had supposed. For instance, one collector loaned us a portrait by David, believing it was a copy, but during the exposition it was proved to be not only authentic, but a beautiful example."

There is no doubt that this interesting exposition will be a great success, and I shall give a more complete account of it in my next letter.

I have already given you the somewhat pessimistic opinion of one of our great dressmakers. It is interesting to hear what Mme. Paquin has to say on the same subject, which is quite a contrast.

"I believe that while fashion should be always new, and bear the imprint of art, it should never be divorced from the aesthetics of the body to which it is fashion's mission to give added value. This season I have endeavored not to become inspired by any one style period. It seems to me that we owe it to our reputation to be creators. What will we leave to future generations who will write our history, if in the art of costume as in that of furniture, for example, we have no other thought than to copy past centuries?"

"Our period has its own character, and we should frame it as harmoniously as possible with textiles having a like character. While our life is active, intense and often masculine, it nevertheless does not exclude the charm of womanly grace nor clever dressing. All these should be combined in our modern toilettes."

So you see opinions are divided, and it is well that it should be so,

if only to incite our great dressmakers to affirm their own individuality, and so to say, to sign their latest creations.

I have already spoken to you of Mlle. Lantelme who, within the past year at the Vaudeville, the Odeon, and more recently at the Renaissance in "La Gamine," has created three parts with great success. Mlle. Lantelme is not content with being one of the prettiest women in Paris, that would not at all agree with her artistic



Photo Felix

#### AN AESTHETIC MISTAKE FOR A PRETTY WOMAN

the interpretation given by paintings, drawings, prints and even sculpture of all these objects. There will be no work by a living artist, all will be retrospective, and will stop at 1900.

"We shall borrow from many collections, from our own, but chiefly from the collections of amateurs, who are well satisfied with the results of former loans they have made us. For our expositions often bring out the fact that articles are of more value



Photo Felix

MLLE. DORNEY, OF THE THEATRE DES NOUVEAUTES

Large hat of ruby-colored straw, faced with black and ornamented with black Chantilly and three red roses. Made by Mme. Lenthéric.



Photo Felix

Hat of natural colored tagal, trimmed with a knot of Nattier blue velvet and a branch of roses. Made by Mme. Lenthéric

temperament, but she made it a point, and succeeded in reaching the height of her art, thanks to her talent, which enables her to interpret a great variety of rôles. She is endowed with a tenacity of purpose and an adaptability rarely to be met with.

When I talked with Mlle. Lantelme recently, she spoke of her future plans, plans all the more interesting to the readers of the THEATRE, because they include a tour of the United States in "La Gamine" at a date not yet decided upon. She is devoting much time to the study of English, because she will play "La Gamine" in English, supported by a company of English actors. She counts upon the realization of this plan within a year. Another time I will speak at greater length of this artistic aspiration, which must certainly appeal to the American theatre-goers, who are always so ready to appreciate and applaud our great French actors. In the meantime, Mlle. Lantelme will next winter create at the Theatre du Vaudeville "La Fille," also an unpublished piece by

Mons. Alfred Capus, called "Robinson."

You know Lady Duff Gordon, the aristocratic Englishwoman, who, having suffered reverses of fortune, opened dress-making establishments in both London and New York, under the business name of

"Lucile," Ltd. That fact in itself is nothing new. There are many praiseworthy precedents among members of the aristocracy, who, instead of living an idle and moneyless life, preferred to adopt some profession in accord with their abilities.

What is special in Lady Duff Gordon's case, is that she has introduced into her dressmaking establishments an entirely new and æsthetic idea, one which I predicted in the February number of the THEATRE. This lady noticed that the costumes worn by mannequins lacked the different accessories, such as the hat, parasol, fan, bag, in a word, all which completes the toilet of a lady, and which should be in the greatest harmony with the costume.

By her success, both in New York and London, Lady Duff Gordon owed it to herself to open an establishment in Paris, the source of the most elegant feminine fashions. This she has just done in a small hotel situated in the rue de Ponthièvre. In my next letter I shall describe minutely what there may be of



Photo Rita Martin, London LADY DUFF GORDON

A society woman who is a talented dressmaker



Dear. *Antonin*  
I hope to play "*la Carmine*  
in the "H. S." some day or other  
in English. *Lantelme.*

Photo Reutlinger

Mlle. LANTELME, OF THE THEATRE DE LA RENAISSANCE



Photo Lambert Weston, London  
M. REDFERN, THE GREAT PARIS DRESSMAKER

original ideas in the models shown by Lady Duff Gordon. My impression of her salons is that they are much too small, as is the entire house. "Lucile" should have selected a larger frame, which is really indispensable for the proper exploitation of the æsthetic idea on which the house is founded. Another criticism I may permit myself upon the error in taste, shown in the selection of a sofa and two armchairs covered with cretonne in glaring colors, which swear outrageously at the exquisite mauve tones of the carpet. This mistake is probably due to the hurried installation of the establishment.

There are some rich men and philanthropists who, with the best intentions in the world, do not know how to distribute their wealth to the best advantage, either during their lives or after their deaths. This is particularly true of art amateurs, who will to the national museums their paintings and objects of art, taking special pains to state that the museum must accept the gift in its entirety.

Thus the museum finds itself obliged either to accept or refuse a collection of unequal value, without having the power to eliminate pictures of doubtful authenticity, or those of a quality and school that is not in keeping with the rest of the collection. This was true of the Chauchard collection, which contains several examples of Zeim that are of very inferior quality.

The Count de Camonde has followed the example of M. Chauchard, and has left to the Louvre, the greatest museum in the world, a collection of pictures of the Impressionist School, whose presence in the Louvre is much to be deplored.

Falconet's magnificent clock, called The Three Graces, which is a part of the Camonde legacy, cannot counterbalance the disastrous effect produced by these ultra-realistic pictures among the many priceless treasures which constitute the glory of the Louvre.

The Luxembourg Museum has already many examples of the Impressionistic School

hung in the Salle Caillebotte, which ought to suffice for the public instruction. No true art amateur will be misled by these horrors, but if the Louvre Museum becomes her younger sister's benevolent accomplice, her worldwide reputation will be ended.

Believing that the information will be valuable to you, I recently asked Madame Lenthéric, the celebrated milliner, what would be worn this summer by the most elegant women at the watering places.

"Besides the costume," said Mme. Lenthéric, the two most important details are the coiffure and the scarf. They can be made to add distinction to the toilet, or they will totally spoil it if they are not harmonious. The evening coiffure now in vogue tends to great simplicity. It is less voluminous, and false hair is more discreetly used. The Greek coiffure is very much sought after, but should be adopted only when it agrees with the physiognomy. There are a thousand and one ways of arranging the Greek coiffure, and it lends itself admirably to a variety of ornaments, from the diamond tiara to the bead hair net. The scarf must be well chosen or it becomes commonplace and vulgar. The most attractive are in black, white or flesh-colored Chantilly tulle, with a border embroidered in

beads, and finished with two bead tassels. The scarf must always be of a harmonizing color to the costume, or if the gown is black or white a violent contrast thereto. Then the stockings, the aigrette, the fan, the bag, must harmonize in a manner to show that both good taste and elegance have been employed in their selection." So you see that Mme. Lenthéric is quite in accord with the sentiments expressed by Lady Duff Gordon.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

The foregoing article is another in a series of letters from the French capital, and we have no doubt that our readers have already discovered for themselves how interesting and valuable they are. "Petronius" is sparing neither time nor expense to show our fair subscribers the latest novelties of the leading dressmakers and modistes of Paris.



Photo Felix  
MLLE. SYLVIE OF THE PORTE ST. MARTIN  
Tailored costume of periwinkle silk, with a short jacket braided in the same shade, and a jabot of Alençon lace. Made by Redfern, Paris

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## The New Theatre

(Continued from page 192)

we all know that every new play produced is an experiment, no matter by whom written, produced or acted and in which theatre it is shown, and these experiments must be set off by receipts from the road and the life of the play. So careful are managers of this that they fight in making contracts to retain an interest in the stock company rights. It might have been well to have given commissions to dramatists of authority throughout the world and not depended upon the open market, always well supplied with freak plays. Seven and a half plays a day throughout the year is their daily average of receipt at the New Theatre. Many of them contained good ideas, but most were half-baked plays. Such productions as *Miss Nethersole* and *Miss Tempest* should never have been allowed within its doors. These were fruits of the managerial alliance. In the future it might be well to curtail the number of productions to five or six in a season, to give four consecutive performances in each week of the first two plays produced; at least fifty performances of each of these plays (if successful) before another production is made. Why? This is first attractive to the author whose work is in demand; be it remembered that it is the author who keeps open theatres, although he also closes them. It gives the play a chance to anchor itself in the affections of the public, time to properly place a continuance of the run in another theatre; also no rivals and classic productions until the close of the season, give the best of it to the new plays. When productions are made for utilitarian, or purely artistic, reasons, it is well to have a well filled treasury of *earned money* back of the proposition. Losses are then met in a chastened spirit.

A perfect hailstorm of censure has been directed towards Mr. Ames. But the record has not been consulted. Any manager who has to his credit "The Nigger," "Don," "Sister Beatrice," "Strife," "The Blue Bird," "The Piper," "The Arrow Maker" may greet his critics with a smile. When one considers that one important manager after twenty-five years' experience has produced this season seventeen foreign failures in New York, it seems to us that Mr. Ames is vindicated.

The old New Theatre, to be renamed the Century Theatre, passes for next season, at least, into the hands of Liebler & Co. Another New Theatre is to be built by the Founders in Forty-fourth Street. In this new building it is now proposed to provide a permanent home for the Society of American Dramatists and Composers, and where they may install the Bronson Howard Collection for American Dramatists, which promises to become the most complete theatrical library in the country. Experience is a dear teacher, yet it is the only one. So let all well wishers of the American stage hope that the New Theatre may have learned its lesson.

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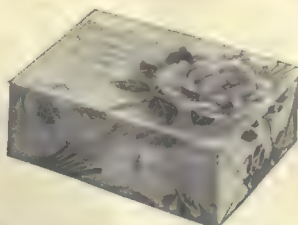
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## High School Theatre Arrives

(Continued from page 212)

across and twenty-eight feet high. The stage is thirty-three feet deep and 100 feet in width. The gridiron is fifty-two feet from the floor. Dressing rooms, a rigging loft, a fly gallery, and a fine switchboard add to the professional appearance of the stage.

Out in front is a regulation orchestra pit. Here, upon the occasion of dramatic performances, is stationed the High School orchestra.

The scenic equipment was purchased from a professional studio in Chicago. The outfit includes an asbestos curtain, a complete library set, and an exterior. It is expected that the stage furnishings will be added from time to time. As a matter of fact the proceeds from the dedicatory performance went toward the purchase price of a handsome stage carpet.

The Grand Rapids Central High School does not teach acting directly—as yet. It does, however, teach public speaking, and it is in this connection that dramatics are encouraged. The Sock and Buskin Club is the immediate medium through which theatricals are fostered. It is made up of pupils who have a leaning toward the amateur stage, and is directed by Prof. Edward J. Eaton, of the department of public speaking. Before Prof. Eaton became a high school teacher he trod the professional boards, and so his instruction has the backing of technical experience as well as knowledge.

ARTHUR W. STACE.

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## AT THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from page 183)

and embodies a number of novel features, which may make it popular, but the American public is so fickle that while the idea of dining, smoking, seeing a show, resting a few minutes, then eating and smoking again, all for the modest sum of four dollars, plus the restaurant check, may make a strong appeal, only the future will tell if an institution of this character can be made profitable.

The managers have certainly done things on a lavish scale. New York has seldom seen a more striking array of beautiful girls decked out in all kinds of ravishing costumes. Of the show itself it is neither better nor worse than a great many of the so-called "Revues," which have occupied the local stage in recent seasons. It has, moreover, some redeeming features, and the clever acting, singing and dancing of some of the principals, including Ada Lewis, Elizabeth Goodall, Otis Harlan, W. C. Gordon, may carry it to financial success.

It was with pleasure that the audience saw Ethel Levey again on the metropolitan stage. Her long stay abroad has given her a wider experience, and her voice shows good training. This clever artiste sang *I Beg Your Pardon*, Broadway, in a way that brought down the house, and her other song, *Down the Strand*, was also a hit. Mlle. Lencud, late of Paris, pleased her audience, and a genuine hit was made in the Cabaret Show by Mlle. Denardin, a grotesque *chanteuse*, who does not hesitate to appear in repellantly ugly make-up in order to carry out the impersonation. In a few days this artiste mastered enough English to enable her to amuse her audience.

The theatre, which was built by Henry B. Herts, was finished in pink gray and turquoise blue, relieved in brown and gold.

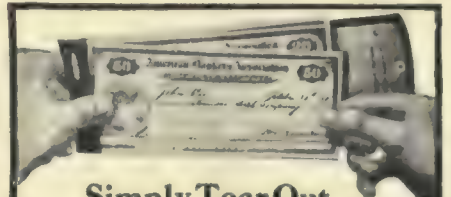
## Houbigant—Paris PERFUMES AND SOAPS OF HIGHEST QUALITY ONLY

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BIJOU. "THE CLOUDS." Drama in three acts by Jaroslav Kvapil. Translated by Charles Recht. Produced May 15 with this cast:

Father Matoush.....John Maurice Sullivan  
Mariana Kocian.....Laura Linden  
Andreas Kocian.....Harry L. Fraser  
Maria Zeman.....Sara Biala  
Dr. Votava.....L. Rogers Lytton

The necessity of educating the American public in high art and advanced thought by means of foreign plays occurs only to foreigners. Certainly "The Clouds," by Jaroslav Kvapil, a more or less distinguished Bohemian, translated by Charles Recht, the stage version by Charles Swickard, put forward by Julius Hopp, does not serve the purpose. It is not altogether stupid in intent, but it is in effect. It is impossible to arouse our interest in the conditions of life in a little village in a little corner of remote Bohemia. It is possible that the play has its use among its own people, who understand the characters and the conditions. A mother has dedicated her son to the priesthood. She knows nothing of the world outside of her village, and her meek and ambitious boy is equally ignorant of it, with a prospect of growing more ignorant of it, and more prejudiced against it, in the years to come. Suddenly there appears on the scene an attractive young woman, who had left the village long before she had grown to womanhood, and who is now an actress, with the manners of the outside world, full of ambition, and freed from the narrowness of the village life. She inspires the youth with ambition. He will go with her out into the world. His mother takes to her bed when she hears of this. His uncle, a priest, convinces him that he is unfit for any other career than the dreary one offered him at home. The boy persists in his intention, but the young actress cures him of his hopeless illusion of possible success in the outer world by pretending that she had been trifling with him. The play derives its name from a talk the lovers have while watching the clouds. It is possible that the play is a satire on the hard conditions of life in a village in Bohemia, but it is wholly uninteresting to us, because not understandable by us, and is absolutely unconvincing in the affair between the lovers. As acted, the meek youth could not inspire love on the part of any woman. The sacrifice of the girl in renouncing her own love in consequence was absurd. We have many plays written by imitative dramatists which have all the symptoms of a play with no substance back of them. They have all the business of emotion with nothing to justify it. It is the



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## Here Is the Danger

The Falls have "unquestionably been seriously injured by the diversions already made" by the Power Companies, to run their giant turbines. This is the formal report of the Chief of Engineers of the United States Army, after two years of accurate measurements and records. And he reports that "additional diversions, now under way, will add to the damage." The American Fall is very thin in places. The Bridal Veil is less in volume. Hundreds of feet on the Horseshoe Fall are barely covered. Portions of the Rapids are much less impressive.

The Power Companies, seeing an opportunity to increase their income more than Five Millions of dollars annually, are fighting the reenactment of the Burton Bill, **which expires June 29, 1911.** They want now the maximum limit of water allowed under our Waterways Treaty with Canada. This would mean an **INCREASED DRAIN** on the Falls of **SIXTY-EIGHT PER CENT** beyond the amount of water now taken by these corporations. They also want the limit removed on the transmission of power from Canada.

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to have Mr. Burton's Senate Joint Resolution 3 passed **without amendment**, thereby preventing the passage of measures that would benefit only a few private corporations at the expense and the shame of the whole American people.

The Burton Bill, passed in 1906 and extended in 1909, was **more than fair** to the Power Companies. It gave them all the water they could then use, or were preparing to use. It did not stop any going enterprise. The Burton Resolution will continue permanently these fair, just, and protective provisions of the original Burton Bill.

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to save this great National Asset from the Aggressions of Forty Millions of power-company capital? Write or wire your Senators or Representatives in Congress. **DO IT TODAY.** Write for further facts to the American Civic Association, which first called President Roosevelt's attention to the National ownership of Niagara. Send us copies of the replies you get. We are fighting for your rights and we need your assistance. Protect your own interests by using a dozen postage stamps. Tell your friends.

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business of actors to simulate emotion, and they act it out just as seriously, and with just as much feeling in the absence of real emotion, as when it exists in the real play. In this view of the case, Miss Sara Biala, as the actress, was extremely capable and attractive, denoting lightness of spirit as well as emotion with true feeling and considerable art. The play was not badly done in any way, but, like many, many foreign plays, forced on our attention by foreigners, it is hopelessly and unchangeably foreign.

The proposal to establish an open-air theatre in one of the parks of the city of New York, when considered seriously, at once becomes amusing, and when regarded as a comical aberration of official activity it becomes serious. The idea probably originated in the rapid and visionary talk of more or less gifted theorists, whose habitual mental domicile is in the upper air. A new form of drama would have to be devised to meet the unusual conditions. The greater the number of people in the vast or boundless auditorium the less effective would be the performance; plays of intimate life, or of the home and fire-side, would be impossible. Spectacles such as the Kiralfys used to give, or shows like Buffalo Bill's, are the only kind that have been found practicable in modern times. Their tendencies are toward armies and battles and pageants. Gigantic pantomime is the medium of such art, dramatic only in a dumb sort of way. It may be claimed that some of Shakespeare's plays are suitable for such performances. But they were not written for such purposes, and there is no repertory at hand even if the literature of all ages were searched. A theatre of any kind under municipal management is out of the question. A small, open-air theatre, conducted in the usual way, is always possible, but it would be discovered that the open-air has no moral curative virtue not possessed by that of a well ventilated enclosed theatre of the ordinary kind erected according to the specifications of the Building Department.

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#### Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (May 20th): "As a Man Thinks," at the 30th Street; "Everywoman," at the Herald Square; "Excuse Me," at the Gaiety; "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at Geo. M. Cohan's; "Little Miss Fix-It," at the Globe; "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," at the Lyceum; "Nobody's Widow," at the Hudson; "Over Night," at the Playhouse; "The Bachelor's Baby," at the Criterion; "The Clouds," at the Bijou; "The Concert," at Belasco's; "The Deep Purple," at Maxine Elliott's; "The Dictator," at the Comedy; The Folies Bergere; "The Hen-Pecks," at the Broadway; "The Lights o' London," at the Lyric; "The Pink Lady," at the New Amsterdam; "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty; The Winter Garden.

#### W. A. Brady's New Theatre

William A. Brady's new theatre, the Playhouse, provides additional security from fire by the use of "Kompolite" in its interior construction. This building with its fireproof, acoustic and sanitary properties, as provided by "Kompolite," is the first theatre in the United States to adopt an entirely new character of interior construction. The seats are screwed directly in the elastic floor, the latter being a perfect sound deadener, and allowing the smallest sound which passes over the footlights to be heard free from echo. All clattering and scuffling in the upper part of the house, which is characteristic of most theatres, is done away with in the Playhouse. Because of the elasticity of "Kompolite," the sound of persons entering the theatre late does not afford sufficient noise to disturb those already watching the performance. There is not a wooden beam in the entire theatre, and, because of the method of fastening the seats, even the wooden strips or sleepers ordinarily used are dispensed with.

Richard Strauss' latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier" has been secured by Fred C. Whitney for England and America. The New York Metropolitan Opera Company were after the piece, but Mr. Whitney's offer of \$22,500 down and \$40,000 within a month secured the prize. The opera will be translated into English immediately and will probably be presented in London during coronation week.—*New York Dramatic Mirror.*



**Prize Opera for Metropolitan**

The successful competitor in the opera contest, conducted by the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, is Horatio W. Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, whose grand opera, "Mona," according to the rules of the contest, will have production at the Metropolitan next season. The librettist is Bryan Hooker, Yale, 1899, of Farmington, Conn. To them goes the \$10,000 prize.

Twenty-four grand operas were submitted, the librettos to be in English. Some consternation was felt when it was announced several months ago that the operas had been lost, but they were recovered later. Each opera was submitted un-



HORATIO W. PARKER

Who won the prize offered by the Metropolitan Opera House for an American opera

der an assumed name, the fictitious and real name of the writer being inclosed in a sealed envelope. When the selection had been made by a committee consisting of Walter Damrosch, George W. Chadwick, Charles Martin Loeffler, and Alfred Hertz, the envelope was opened and the author discovered.

The scene of the story is laid in England during the Roman invasion. Gwynn, son of the Roman governor and a British captive, is in love with the Britain, Mona. She loves him and yet hates him because he is a Roman. The tragedy ends with the death of Gwynn at Mona's hand and her subsequent remorse.

The judges were pleased with fourteen of the operas submitted. According to Mr. Hertz they displayed many commendable points.

Professor Parker, says the *Dramatic Mirror*, was born in Auburndale, Mass., in 1863. He studied in Boston and Munich, remaining in Germany three years. He became professor of music at Yale in 1894. He is author of "Hora Novissima," an oratorio, sung at the Worcester Festival, England, in 1899.

Ferruccio Busoni, the well-known pianist, dislikes newspaper notoriety and the other day administered a rebuke to an enterprising newspaper reporter. The pianist was just about to sail for Europe on the S.S. America when he was approached by the representative of a Philadelphia paper and asked the usual foolish questions. The musician eyed the scribe severely for a moment and then he said:

"I do not expect that a young gentleman who has to interview people following hundreds of different callings, should be able to report me correctly speaking on such topics. On the other hand, I cannot and will not consent to speak about such trivial objects as the number of concerts I have played, the money I have earned and so forth. But least of all will I tell them my opinion of myself, my personal concerts, my family, my poverty, my wealth, my real castles or castles in the air, and other favorite subjects of the ever-recurring interview with arriving or departing artists. You must not blame me."



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**Churchmen Honor the Stage**

The shackles of the slavery of prejudice were riven from the members of the theatrical profession in most dramatic manner recently, when, by official action, the Protestant churches, the Roman Catholic Church, and the Jewish Church, gathered to do honor to the stage. The occasion was a luncheon given by the Actors' Church Alliance to the members of the theatrical profession, the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop of New York, being in the chair, and the Rev. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, Chairman of the Hospice Committee of the Alliance, being toastmaster.

The tremendous significance of the gathering may be appreciated when it is borne in mind that at the Speakers' Table, in addition to Bishop Greer and Mr. Rolt-Wheeler, Miss Amelia Bingham, Miss Laura Nelson Hall, Miss Mildred Holland and Miss Constance Collier, there were also present Dr. Talbot Smith and Dr. Joseph Silverman. Dr. Talbot Smith, whose name is well known as an authority on dramatic matters, attended the luncheon with the express permission of the Most Rev. John M. Farley, archbishop of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of New York, and spoke of the value that lay in this *rapprochement* between the Roman Catholic Church and the stage, instancing, moreover, that a day or two before Mr. Rolt-Wheeler had received a letter from the Roman Catholic archbishop of Chicago, and from the Catholic Church Extension Society, granting their support.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman's presence was no less vital in its import. As founder and president of the great Jewish Emanu-El brotherhood, and as rabbi for the last fourteen years in Temple Emanu-El, Dr. Silverman stands for the highest thought in the Reformed Jewish Church today, and since so large a proportion of the members of the profession are of Hebrew origin or of Jewish faith, his advocacy of the cause binds all together.

This luncheon, given at the Hotel Astor on April 25th last, was the closing social affair of the Actors' Church Alliance for the season. Work, of course, will be continued through the summer, and an effort will be made to secure sufficient funds to begin the Actors' Hospice, which has been discussed so frequently of late.

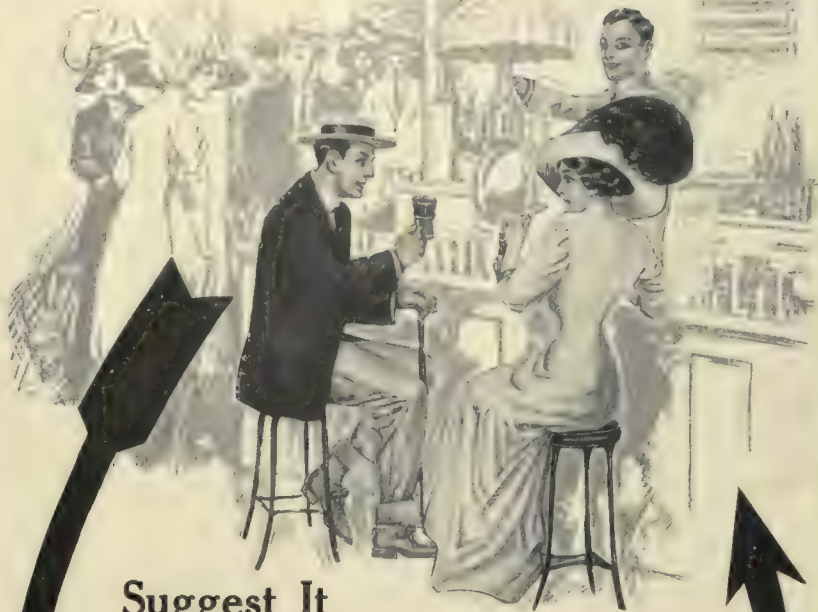
Mr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, as toastmaster, introduced Bishop Greer with a reference to the magnificent broad-mindedness displayed in connection with the opening of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, when ecclesiastics from all churches were present, and again at the great Peace Conference, when the great Cathedral was given over to purposes of national and international import. Bishop Greer, in opening his address, dwelt upon the manner in which the stage—the daughter of the Church—little by little had ceased to fulfil the intimacies of so close a kinship and had drifted away, at first within the churches, then in the churchyards, then in companies, going from parish to parish for ecclesiastical festival, thence to mystery plays, to morality plays, and so to the modern stage.

"The stage is scarcely a profession," Bishop Greer said in part, "that is too mechanical a word, it is a vocation, a vocation as the Church is a vocation. These two vocations, then, should not only be allied, they must be allied if each is to fulfil the highest aim. The power of the stage is very great, and its congregations numerous, and no effort should be left undone which would increase the worth of the appeal." The bishop proceeded with his ideas concerning the modern drama and its readiness to welcome every new idea, and spoke of the welcome the Church always was ready to extend. "Indeed," he said in closing, "I stand ready now to offer you all free tickets to all the churches in New York."

Mr. Robt. Mantell, learning that Bishop Greer had to leave for another engagement, spoke on behalf of the profession his thanks for the Bishop's presence as their principal host, and his appreciation of his gracious courtesies to the profession.

Mrs. Amelia Bingham, in a happily worded speech, spoke of the value to the profession of having the ministers of the country fully in accord with the work of the theatre, and instanced a gathering of ministers at which she spoke in Chicago, the result of which had been to improve greatly theatrical conditions in that city.

The Rev. Dr. Talbot Smith, after a brief reference to his official presence at the luncheon, and expressing his pleasure that he had been



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lected a member of the National Council of the Alliance, spoke wittily of the incidents connected with the stage that had come under his notice, and dealt strongly with the need that the stage had for the Church. He affirmed that "ideals rather than ideas" were needed for the stage, and expressed his regret that he could not undertake to baptize anew all "actors, dramatists and managers, especially the managers."

Miss Laura Nelson Hall gracefully and simply told of the difficulties she experienced in her early years by reason of the prejudice of some of her relatives and friends who reflected the religious ideas of a small town, and showed how the growing friendship between the Church and stage had eliminated a factor of hardship which a few years ago had been a difficulty of no small moment.

Rabbi Silverman spoke aggressively and powerfully on the approaching "moral reformation." "We have seen," he said, "all kinds of reformation, there has been a reformation in mechanical art, there has been an industrial reformation, there has been a reformation in the methods of transportation, there has been a reformation in the educational world, and the time is at hand for a moral reformation. It cannot come till all churches are agreed more than they are to-day, it cannot come while religious prejudice, and race prejudice and class prejudice stain our boasted civilization, but the moral reformation is coming, none the less, and such a force as the Actors' Church Alliance, uniting all churches and two great professions, is a power in bringing about the moral reformation which seems so near at hand."

The toastmaster, Mr. Rolt-Wheeler, closed with a brief summing up, and after expressing regret that other speakers could not be heard from, because of lack of time, he proceeded to deal succinctly with the purposed work of the Alliance. "It is not because of any special actions of my own in this matter," he said in part, "that I outline the work, but because, perhaps, I can concentrate the ideas and put them forward in a few sentences. We intend to secure a building which shall be used for the several purposes of the Actors' Church Alliance, including a small number of rooms in refined surroundings where the less well-paid members of the profession can live comfortably. There should also be a large rest-room after the pattern of the Rehearsal Club, of London, in which Mr. Ben Greet has so large an interest—and to whose advice and counsel indeed much of the present plans may be traced—and possibly in the future, if the plan seems feasible after careful consideration, a school for the stage child. It is earnestly hoped that some measure of these plans may be achieved during the next dramatic season."

**New Opera on Tour**

When the English version of the grand opera, "Quo Vadis," goes on tour next season, a special train of eleven baggage cars will be required to carry the scenery and baggage, while another special will be needed for the company and orchestra. The entire personnel will number nearly three hundred people. A corps of sixty stage hands and twenty electricians will be needed to operate the scenery at each performance. Over forty thousand feet of painted canvas and set scenery is required to stage this spectacular grand opera, and it will require six mammoth sets, the largest being the Coliseum scene, where Nero entertains his nobles and the Roman mob by feeding the Christians to the wild beasts. The panoramic back curtain for this one picture contains four thousand feet of canvas alone.

**Theatre Re-Named**

The Century Theatre is the name that has been chosen for The New Theatre when George C. Tyler becomes the tenant of that house and puts on Liebler & Co.'s productions there next season. Several names were considered by the directors of the playhouse before this was chosen. The first of the Liebler & Co.'s offerings to be made at the Century will be Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah." Mr. Tyler, Mr. Hichens, Hugh Ford, general stage director for Liebler & Co., and Edward Morange, the scenic artist, are now in Biskra obtaining material for the presentation of the scenes of the play.

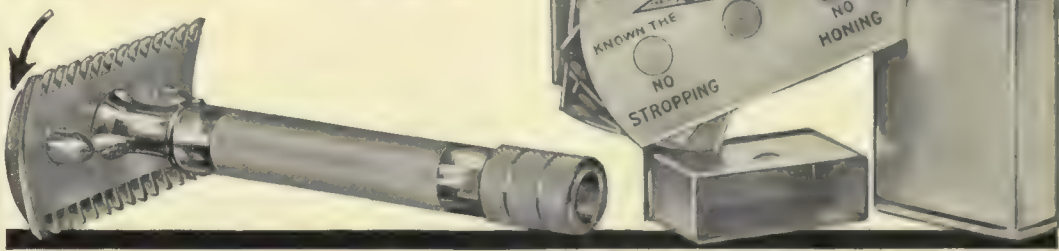
When an author kisses his family good-by and starts for the first night of his play, he never knows whether he will return in a cab or in an ambulance.—George Ade.

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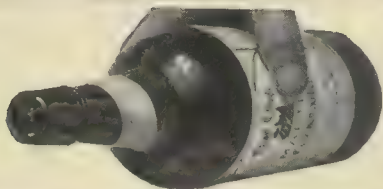
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### Chantecler and Rostand

At the Berkeley Lyceum recently Mme. de Kermen made an interesting address on the subject of Rostand's "Chantecler." In part, she said:

"It is evident that M. Rostand is opening a new road on the stage. He said himself in his reception speech at the Académie: 'We want a theatre where the auditors may be exalted by lyricism, morally influenced by beauty, consoled by grace, and where the poet will give lessons of the soul.'

"We see him following that road from his early youth; but as he advances each work is more powerful. First with 'The Romanesques,' when he was 23; then with 'La Samaritaine,' 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' and finally in his work of complete maturity, 'Chantecler.'

"M. Rostand sanctifies the theatre, and while the churches begin to be empty, while the dogmas of religions are slowly dying away, he prepares another temple, where the souls can soar towards the ideal, without any mysticism, however, for he is essentially a practical idealist.

"And this conception so new, so full of promise for the future, for it will have followers, is still more completely realized in 'Chantecler' than in the preceding works.

"There Rostand brings out what is ailing the world, in the moral field at least (for, contrary to Hugo, he has kept away from the economic questions), what is killing the soul of men and women. Patou, in a magnificent speech, explains to Chantecler that the two evils by which the soul of humanity is oozing out are the spirit of mocking laughter at any cost, personified by the blackbird, 'the commercial traveler of the laugh that corrodes,' and the spirit of snobism, sham and fashion, represented by the Peacock, 'the stupid ambassador' of fashion.

"Chantecler is the poet, the enlightener, in reality, M. Rostand himself, as shown by these words of the poet: 'My cock is the personality I have used to express my own dreams, and to make vibrate in front of me a little of my own self. Chantecler is my god!'

"Chantecler, or M. Rostand, is sometimes very contented with himself, when he is sure of his destiny of enlightener, and of his fulfilment of it. But often he is tormented by a lack of confidence in himself, which makes of his life a momentary martyrdom. Will he be able to bring another rising of the sun, to compose another great work, 'to find again his song in his heart,' is he really the enlightener? And while those tormenting thoughts besiege him, the blackbird carelessly reveals to him that the owls, the birds that love night and darkness, the protection of all crimes, hate him because he is the enlightener, and intend to kill him at the reception of the guinea hen. This reassures him as to his own destiny: since the lovers of darkness hate him so much as to plot his death, then surely he is the enlightener.

"And his heart is full of faith in his magnificent destiny, and like his predecessor Cyrano, whom he resembles, but to whom he is superior, because more logical and more practical, he will go to meet his enemies at the tea of the guinea hen.

"Chantecler comes out a vanquisher. But feeling that if he remains in that ugly world he is in danger of losing his cocorico, that is to say his poetical inspiration of enlightener, he goes with the pheasant to the forest.

"There he finds again his song and meets the gentle songster of sentiment, fear and alarm, the nightingale. Both ally, in spite of the envious toads, which retire, and, in front of that alliance, harmony will reign supreme on earth and hatred will disappear. But the nightingale is killed, and Chantecler, betrayed by the pheasant, discovers that the sun can rise without his cocorico.

"The most awful pangs of sorrow and despair seize his soul, in seeing the object of his tremendous efforts destroyed in an instant, all crumbling down around them; everything in ruin: his life has been only a life of illusion. He is almost mad with pain. But suddenly, rallying his courage, he launches his cocorico with more vigor than ever. All at once the reality has replaced the illusion, and now he understands that his destiny is far superior to what he thought it was. No, no, it is not the light of the sun that he brings out, the physical light that we all can see, but it is the light that illumines the soul, it is the light that fights ignorance and sham, the cause of all evil, and creates the real man and the real woman.

"And this time Rostand joins hand with the

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greatest among the great, for he foresees the future of humanity advancing painfully and slowly, it is true, but advancing towards a goal of happiness and justice. "If each songster," he says, "in each country, in each tongue, sings to put one more star in the dark sky above us, some day there will be no more dark sky, some day we will have the great universal light, and darkness, that is to say, evil and ignorance, will be vanquished! Some day!"

**New Dramatic Books**

**MORITURI.** Three One-Act Plays. By Hermann Sudermann. From the German by Archibald Alexander. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1910.

Sudermann is writing too much. Everybody is writing too much. Here are three little plays by a distinguished author that will be widely read because naturally they will be supposed to be worth reading. In "Teja" we have the young king of the Goths beleaguering a city with an insufficient and famished force. The Byzantine Eunuch has surrounded this little army, and they must perish unless ships arrive with food. The camp watchers are up there high on the Milchberg, with an outlook of twenty miles on the sea, to report the approach of the succoring fleet. It must be coming behind the Misenian hills. It comes, but the crafty Eunuch gathers it in. In the meanwhile Teja has been provided with a wife, a slip of a girl of the Griselda type or of the loving and submissive kind like Kaetschen of Heilbronn. He loves to kill; he is not of the loving sort. There is a more or less pretty scene in which he awakens to love. It would seem that in the end they all sally forth, men, women and children, to meet death by getting impaled on the spears of the Byzantine Eunuch. The idea of the play has its roots in mediaeval soil. It is wholly Teutonic. No doubt it is very pretty at bottom, if you can get to the bottom of it.

"Fritzchen," we may readily assume, concerns something German. Fritzchen is the son of a retired Major and his wife. The wife is in delicate health and much disturbed by the infrequent visits of Fritzchen, a Lieutenant in a command stationed nearby. Agnes, her niece, is disturbed also. She should have married the young man, but the Major had told him to defer the matter, to go out into the world and get a little experience before thinking of a wife. The Major had been rather celebrated in army circles for his experiences, particularly with other men's wives. Fritzchen comes, but says that he must return forthwith. In an interview with his father he explains that when he goes he will not return. Why? He must die. The husband of a woman had driven him out of his wife's bedroom at three o'clock in the morning, and lashed him through the streets. He must kill himself after this humiliation unless a Court of Honor decides that he is entitled to fight a duel with the gentleman of the whip. The messenger arrives with the glad tidings that he will be allowed to fight. We have been told that the outraged husband is a dead shot, and when the young Lieutenant goes off it is to his death presumably, although the Major tells his son that his own nerve used to be steady in like circumstances. Sudermann's play "Die Ehre" was directed against false ideas of honor, so that "Fritzchen" may have a purpose.

The third play in this volume, "The Eternal Masculine," is fantastic. The Queen holds audience, with present, the Marquis in Pink, the Marquis in Pale Blue, the Sleepy Maid of Honor, the Deaf Maid of Honor, a Child as Cupid and the Painter. The Painter, in a private interview, is led to confess that he loves the Queen. The courtiers understand that she is in love with the Marshal, and say among themselves that the Painter will die for his temerity at the hands of that fierce person. The fierce person and the gentle Painter have an interview. The Painter is willing to die after painting his rival's portrait; the Marshal must feign to be killed, with a bloody sword by his side. The Queen enters and scorns both of them; the Painter will accompany the warrior to the fields of war, expecting to have his artistic tastes gratified by what he will see. The Queen goes off calling for Jean. Jean is the Valet. The Queen, it may be observed, has a King, but in this case the Queen takes neither the King nor the Knight, but the Pawn. Jean is the eternally Masculine. This

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little play is probably a satire. It seems to be too fantastic to have modern application.

THE DRAMATIC INDEX for 1910 is the second annual issue of this valuable publication. A volume of 260 pages, bound in dark red buckram, the book forms a complete index to everything pertaining to the stage that has appeared in the periodicals in the English language during the year, and it claims to cover the entire field. All the general periodicals, weekly, monthly, and quarterly, are included, as well as several devoted to the stage especially. Owing to the great interest in the contemporary theatre, this Index should be invaluable in any library, or to anyone interested in the stage. It shows the authorship of plays produced, has criticisms, synopses of plot, record of first performances, illustrations of scenes, etc. All the portraits and notices concerning actors, actresses and playwrights, are indexed, and the birth and death dates and full names are given where possible. The dramatic books of the year 1910 are also included, arranged in the same alphabet by subject, and usually a review or criticism of the book is recorded as well. The volume will help in staging pageants, outdoor plays, or arranging costume parties, for there is an index under the names of Shakespeare and grand opera characters to costume pictures that have appeared. As a book of reference for authorship of plays and full names of playwrights and actors, it should be worth its price.

Boston Book Co. 1911. \$3.50 net.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

DAU'S NEW YORK BLUE BOOK, 1911. New York: Dau Publishing Co.  
WHAT'S-HIS-NAME. By Geo. Barr McCutcheon. Price \$1.20 net. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

#### New Victor Records

It is but six years since the management of the Tivoli Opera House in San Francisco first brought Tetrassini to the attention of the English speaking world. Other countries had already discovered in her work qualities of supreme excellence; but it remained for San Francisco to make her "world famous." Her triumphs in London, New York and elsewhere are too well-known to require further mention. Tetrassini's present tour, embracing twenty of the largest American cities, has been a succession of triumphs. Everywhere she is recognized as the true successor of Patti, and some rôles that made Patti famous have never been successfully sung since her retirement until Tetrassini appeared upon the scene. The two Tetrassini records issued this month are most interesting ones. The Proch air is one of the diva's most famous numbers, her singing of it approaching the marvelous; while the favorite *Last Rose*, being the first record to be sung in English, is certain to attract much attention.

The latest addition to the Victor's list of famous opera singers is Alma Gluck, the youngest of the Metropolitan Opera Company's prima donnas. The public knew very little of this young singer until one morning two years ago, when, after making her first appearance as Sophie in "Werther" at the Metropolitan, she awoke to find herself famous. Since that time she has sung in various operas with much success; among them "Bohème," "Pique Dame," "Orfeo," "Bartered Bride," "Faust," "Rheingold," etc. Mme. Gluck has agreed to make records *exclusively* for the Victor.

Signor Sammarco has a baritone voice of unusual richness and power. He is as much at home on the concert as on the operatic stage, and his first London recital last autumn was a brilliant success. His operatic repertoire is most extensive; among the rôles which he sings may be mentioned Falstaff, Iago, Rigoletto, Amosro, Scarpia, Sharpless, Marcel, Jack Rance, Figaro and Germont. The records which we now issue, *Uocchie de sonno* (Sleepy Eyes), a Neapolitan Song by Costa, and *Adamastor, rè dell'onde profonde*, from Meyerbeer's "Africana," are perfect specimens of Sammarco's singing. All the roundness of tone, the volume, the perfect phrasing and technique for which he is celebrated, are perfectly reproduced.

It is curious that it should have been left to a French composer to find out the musical possibilities of our English hymns. What he has done with them is a striking testimony of the genius of Gounod, and his setting of the beautiful hymn, *There Is a Green Hill Far Away*, by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (1823-187—) is an admirable example of this skill. It is perhaps the most popular of all Gounod's sacred songs. Mme. Homer sings it with true devotional spirit; and her noble contralto is shown at its best.

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Queries Answered

Hazel C. B., Denver—Q.—Where was William Faversham born? A.—In London. Q.—Where was Florence Roberts born? A.—In New York City.

A. G. G., Roxbury, Mass.—Q.—What is the best method of getting a play before a manager? A.—Place it in the hands of a reliable playbroker.

Harriet—Q.—In what is H. B. Warner appearing? A.—In "Alias Jimmy Valentine."

Mrs. H. L. T., Knickerbocker—Q.—Have you published portraits of Geraldine Farrar in private dress or in "Madama Butterfly," and also of Elsie Janis in private dress? A.—Recent portraits of Miss Farrar in private dress appeared in the December, 1910, and January, 1907, numbers, and as "Madama Butterfly" in December, 1907. Recent portraits of Elsie Janis, in private dress, appeared in March, 1909, and in January, 1908.

A. L. H. S., 7th Avenue—Q.—Where is Mme. Bernhardt appearing at present and will she be seen again in New York before returning to France? A.—Mme. Bernhardt is touring the Pacific Coast, and we understand will fill another short engagement in New York before leaving this country.

Evelyn B.—Q.—Where and when was Jenny Lind born and when did she make her first appearance in America? A.—In Stockholm, on October 6th, 1820. She made her first appearance in America in 1850.

E. L., Bryn Mawr—Q.—Is Frederick Warde still living? A.—Yes. Mr. Warde is at present appearing in the West in Shakespearian repertoire.

R. W. J., New York—Q.—Can you give me an outline of Miss Geraldine Farrar's life? A.—Born in Melrose, Mass., at the age of fourteen she went abroad to study. Lilli Lehmann was one of her teachers. Her first appearance in grand opera in America was on November 26th, 1906, when she appeared in "Romeo and Juliet." Since then she has become a regular member of the Metropolitan Opera House forces.

Frank Emerson—Q.—When was "The Easiest Way" first produced in New York and at what theatre? A.—In 1909, at the Stuyvesant Theatre. Q.—Kindly give the original cast of the play. A.—John Madison, Edward H. Robins; Willard Brockton, Joseph Kilgour; Jim Weston, William Sampson; Laura Murdock, Frances Starr; Elsie St. Clair, Laura Nelson Hall; Annie, Emma Dunn.

Q.—Where can I purchase scenes from the play? A.—We reproduced several in our March, 1909, issue. This number may be purchased at the offices of this magazine, 10 West 38th Street, New York.

Miss H. B. T., Buffalo—To obtain an extra part, temporarily, in a play while in your city, you might apply to the management of the company you wish to be placed with.

H. M., Milwaukee, Wis.—"The Jesters" is the name of the play in which Maude Adams appeared the early part of 1908. She opened in it at the Empire Theatre on January 15th. Miguel Zamacois is the author of the original and it was adapted by John Raphael.

Elise H. W.—For the names of playbrokers consult our advertising columns. A play, when submitted to be read, should be typewritten and the dialogue given in detail.

H. L. Hentz, Brooklyn—The picture of Mrs. Annie Yeamans, which you describe, shows her in the character of Mrs. Sophie Adams in "The Echo." She was seen in this play at the Globe Theatre, New York, in August, 1910.

M. C. A., Chicago—Q.—Who are the authors of the following plays: "The Rose of the Rancho," "Madame X" and "Divorçons"? A.—David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully wrote "The Rose of the Rancho." "Madame X" was written by Alexander Bisson and adapted for the English stage by John Raphael. "Divorçons" by Victorien Sardou.

Julia—Q.—Please give me a short account of the life of Frederick Lewis. A.—Frederick Lewis was born in Oswego, New York. His early stage training was gained with traveling companies, and in 1897 he made his first appearance in New York in a one-act play, entitled "When a Man's Married." He was next seen in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "My Friend from India," "The Heart of Maryland," "Ghosts," "As You Like It," "The Raven," "When We Dead Awake," and was leading man with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe.

A. L. H., Waterbury, Ct.—Q.—Have you published a picture of Christine Nilson? A.—Yes, in August, 1910.

R. D. F., Johnstown, Pa.—Q.—Have you any photographs or art pictures of Mme. Bernhardt for sale? A.—We have reproduced many portraits of Mme. Bernhardt in our pages. In our January, 1911, issue several appeared. We regret we are unable to tell you where the original photographs may be purchased.

M. T., Cortland—Q.—Have you published an autobiography of Julia Marlowe in book form? A.—We have not, but we have several times given short sketches of her career in this column.

H. H., Spokane—As we have often repeated, the only way we can suggest to you to obtain a position on the stage is by applying to managers of the different companies or to dramatic agencies.

Wm. A. G., Brooklyn—Q.—In what numbers have you published articles and pictures about the dancers, Mlle. Pavlova and Mlle. Genée? A.—An article entitled "A Private Rehearsal with the Russian Dancers," and which gives much space to Mlle. Pavlova, appeared in our December, 1910, issue. It is illustrated with many portraits. In March, 1908, appeared an illustrated article, entitled "Mlle. Genée, of the Twinkling Feet."

C. W. G.—Q.—What is the price of your 1908 numbers? A.—50 cents per copy. Q.—When did you recently publish a portrait of Julia Marlowe? A.—In January, 1911, as Lady Macbeth.

W. C. J., Waco, Texas—Q.—What was the maiden name of Mrs. Patrick Campbell? A.—Beatrice Stella Tanner.

E. T. H., St. Louis—Q.—In what is Blanche Ring appearing? A.—In "The Yankee Girl."

M. D., Washington, D. C.—We are unable to tell you where the original photographs of players may be purchased.

O. K., Detroit—Q.—How may I secure a position on the stage? A.—As we have often repeated, the best way is through a dramatic agency. Q.—In what is Christie MacDonald now playing? A.—In "The Spring Maid," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

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COLONNA RAMANO IN A COSTUME OF WHITE MOUSSELINE DE SOIE WITH A BEADED NET TUNIC

## Comments and Criticisms on Women and Fashions



Photo Felix  
Mlle. Lucienne Guiett as Josephine in "Rivoli" at the Odéon. Deshabille of pale green mousseline de soie, ornamented with a band of emerald green with crystal embroidery

**N**OW that every one is arrayed in all the glory of the new spring costumes, it is opportune to call attention to a defect in dressing, which is becoming all too prominent. For years American women, and especially those who live in New York, have rejoiced in the reputation of being among the best dressed women in the world.

Is the New York woman to-day living upon a past reputation? Does she think that having once gained that reputation it is unnecessary to continue the line of conduct that will continue to deserve it? Certainly, such would seem to be the case, judging from the women to be seen upon the fashionable promenades, at the theatres, and at the favorite rendezvous for five o'clock tea.

It is not that their garments are not just as fashionable as ever, for they certainly are up to the top notch of the present-day styles, so far as shapes are concerned. Indeed, one sees more women arrayed in the prevailing fashions than ever before.

However, there is a monotony about these very shapes that is far from admirable. Women of all ages and figures array themselves in styles that are best suited to the girl of sixteen years.

The woman who is more than the average thirty-six figure should think twice before she adopts a skirt that is more than two inches from the ground. She should ere now have realized that

the coat that is intended to produce attractive figure lines in the slightly developed woman will, unless built upon different lines, produce the same results with her already too redundant flesh.

But it is not alone the choice of styles inappropriate to her figure, of which the average woman is guilty. In her great desire to appear clad in the latest shapes, she selects for their exploitation materials of such poor quality that not only do they scarcely last a season, but become wrinkled and creased after being worn a few times. This has been particularly noticeable during the past two months in the new tailored suits made of black satin and dark blue serge.

Time was when the American woman's great aim was to be well groomed, to present that neat, tidy, trim appearance that is the hallmark of the well-dressed man. The present-day styles in women's tailored suits are admirably adapted to set off to the greatest advantage this well-groomed appearance, and the lack of it is therefore all the more remarkable.

"Conspicuously well dressed" was the phrase recently used by a newspaper reporter in describing the costuming of certain well-known residents of Washington. Now a well-dressed woman ought not to be conspicuous in the ordinary acceptance of the term. She may be distinguished by the elegance of her attire and manner. But that she is conspicuous, quickly visible, only goes to prove



Photo Felix  
Costume of wool voile worn by Mlle. Bareilly, showing the happy combination of printed with plain voile

# Lenthéric

THE KING OF PERFUMERS



*J'adore les parfums,  
particulièrement ceux de Lenthéric*  
Paris 1911 *M. Chenal*

(Translation)

Mademoiselle M. Chenal of the  
Grand Opera, Paris, says:

*"I love Perfumes, especially those  
of Lenthéric."*

## Lenthéric

245 RUE ST. HONORÉ

PARIS

## GENUINE HAND-LOOM CHINESE PONGEES and JAPANESE WASH SILKS UNSURPASSED FOR STYLE and DURABILITY FOR SUMMER GOWNS

THERE is always a place in the well appointed wardrobe for one or more suits of Chinese Pongee. It makes the most serviceable costumes, shedding the dust easily, and neither creasing nor crushing. It fills the paradoxical position of being both appropriate for the strictly tailored suit, or for wear in the morning and on informal occasions, as well as for the more dressy afternoon costumes.

Chinese Pongee is a handloom material which is delightfully soft and clinging, and yet with sufficient body to hold the tailored lines well. Motor coats made in this material of heavier weight are likewise most appropriate. Chinese Pongees can be obtained in the natural color 34 inches wide from \$1.00 to \$4.50 per yard.

The very attractive Pongee Crêpes come in all colors. Soft and very silky, 27 inches wide, \$2.00 a yard.

Canton silks are a little rougher than the Pongee and have a higher lustre. They are very smart to wear into town during the Summer for luncheon or an afternoon bridge. Come in thirty-seven different shades, 27 inches wide, selling for \$1.25 a yard.

In genuine Oriental wash silks the greatest variety of neat stripes and checks is obtainable. These silks, though imitated, have never been equalled by the products of the domestic manufacturer. They are superior for outing suits, shirt waists, children's dresses and men's shirts; 27 to 32 inches wide, 75c. to \$1.50 a yard.

Printed Habutai silks are especially favored this season for their adaptability to the soft draping effects of prevailing fashions. They are sent from Japan to Lyons to be printed and dyed in the exclusive designs sold only at Vantine's. They are also made rainproof.

Both beauty and serviceability are combined in this delectable material, as they are light, strong and durable. Habutai silks are inexpensive, 27 inches wide, selling from 85c. to \$1.75 a yard.

You will enjoy a visit to the store, and a personal examination of our exclusive dress fabrics, and this is cordially urged. If it is not possible to call, we will be pleased to send you samples of the particular silks in which you are most interested. State your preference in colorings and weaves, and liberal samples will be mailed you at once.

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Photo Felix  
Mlle. V. Lavergne in a wrap of silk broche, interwoven with gold threads, and scarf of heavy lace

the fact that the majority of women are not well dressed.

It is the lack of elegance, both in attire and manner, that is so much to be deplored. It is women's insensate desire for something new, something quite different from what she has had before in the way of attire, that is at the bottom of the lack of elegance in the present-day fashions. This is the opinion of no less an authority than the great Worth, of Paris. But these same styles can be made elegant, can be adapted to the requirements of the most refined of American ladies. As I have said many times before, a two-yard skirt can be cut so that it is by no means vulgar. But many of them are not so cut, and that they are not so cut is because the women evidently like them as they are.

It may be said in reply that the French models brought over this season were of this nature. I grant you that the majority of them were. But I venture to say that the American lady who arrays herself in skirts of such description while in the French capital this summer, will either be mistaken for a *demi-mondaine*, or with a shrug of the shoulders will be dismissed as "an American." For French ladies have not adopted the extremely narrow skirts.

When Madame Callot was asked at the beginning of the spring season why her models were so extremely narrow, scarcely one yard and a half, when French ladies at the race course were wearing them fully two yards, she replied, "This collection is for the foreigners. To-day, every American buyer wants extreme things. That fish-scale costume to which you object we did not expect to sell, it certainly is extreme, but we have taken one order on it for your native town."

Now, whoever is engaged in the distribution of feminine fashions, whether it be the Paris dressmaker or the American merchant, caters to the taste of his trade. So if the American buyer did not believe that the French models he brings over would suit his trade, he would bring something else. To be sure, the Amer-

ican merchant who makes his annual or semi-annual trip to Paris has little, if any, chance of seeing the more elegant of French ladies. When he does encounter them he passes them by with scarcely a glance. But he makes copious notes of the costumes and millinery worn by the mannequins sent out by even the third rate dressmaking establishments, or certain of the new establishments who crave the free advertising that is certain to come to them by the launching of eccentric modes.

Furthermore, instead of trying to find out what the American ladies resident in Paris are wearing, when in the fashionable restaurants, he glues his eyes upon the some more or less notorious American girl, who has made the latest sensational marriage to one of our multimillionaires, and whose face has become familiar to him through its many reproductions in the sensational daily papers. The majority of buyers are of this ilk, and those who are not deplore both the fact and the method. They ask why should they gaze with awe and wonder at some chit of a girl, and think to gain fashion suggestions from the attire of one the horizon of whose wardrobe was so recently bounded by the shirt waist and the sailor hat.

These same perspicacious buyers declare that they can judge of the costumes worn by the mannequins much better in the salons of the great dressmakers, their fitting environment, than at the race courses.

To sum up, when the majority of American women indicate by their purchases that they want the more refined and elegant Paris fashions, the American buyer will perforce cater to that desire, and not until then. When in the same manner they indicate that they appreciate the fashion value of fine quality of materials they will regain something of their old prestige of being well-dressed women.



Photo Felix  
Costume worn by Mlle. Destrelles, of straw colored satin veiled with mousseline de soie of the same shade; a wide band of bead embroidery ornaments the corsage and tunic. Wrap of Eastern printed cachemire de soie



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Do not think that you are compelled to buy imported fabrics in order to get a fine quality of material. There are made in this country cloths, silks and cotton dress materials that compare favorably with those made in any other country in the world. Do not think that all the good broadcloth comes from France, England or Austria, the gingham and zephyrs from England and Scotland, or the silks from Lyons. The foreign textile manufacturers make certain dress goods that are not made in this country.

Because the American woman has had the idea instilled into her mind that imported fabrics are the best, there is a vast quantity of materials being passed out to her at imported prices that never paid revenue to Uncle Sam. What do you think of a merchant buying velvet for \$1.25 a yard and selling it to you for \$4.50, \$5 and even \$7? Or a broadcloth at \$1.45, for which you are asked \$3.50? How do you know when you ask for imported fabrics that you are getting them? Isn't it time you woke up and did something about it?

Do you imagine that the lowering of the tariff is going to make the materials for your gowns cheaper? If you do, I am afraid that you will find that you are sadly mistaken, for the bulk of the materials worn in this country are made here. Because you insist upon Scotch tweeds, English homespuns, French broadcloths and silks you enable the retailer to take a greater profit than he is justly entitled to on domestic made goods.

There is a new material coming out this autumn. It is called wool velours. Now the best made in this country is better than any made abroad. It is a soft, uncrushable wool fabric that, in its finish, somewhat resembles velvet, for it has that same soft bloom. You ought to be able to buy this splendid quality of wool velours for \$4 a yard, but it is dollars to doughnuts that you will be asked \$5 or \$6 for it, and told that it is imported.

Our grandmothers were judges of fabrics. The woman of to-day takes the word of the man behind the counter, or depends upon the reputation of the firm.

That is all very well, you say, when goods are bought by the yard, but what are you going to do when you buy a ready-made garment? How is one to judge of the quality? Well, if your eye and your finger are not educated up to quality, then you must depend upon the guarantee of the establishment from which you buy. If women were as insistent as men are about buying dependable quality in their ready-to-wear suits, they would get what they demand. But the majority of women want a stylish suit at a price. They sacrifice quality of material to trimming.

Every woman must know that the material from which her suit or costume is made does not cost so much as the work of constructing the garment.

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